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THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS IN INDIA.

From Jugannath to the Himalaya Mountains.

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BY

WILLIAM TAYLER, ESQ.,

RETIRED B.C.S., LATE COMMISSIONER OF PATNA.

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WITH 100 ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

Z d 38

VOL. II.

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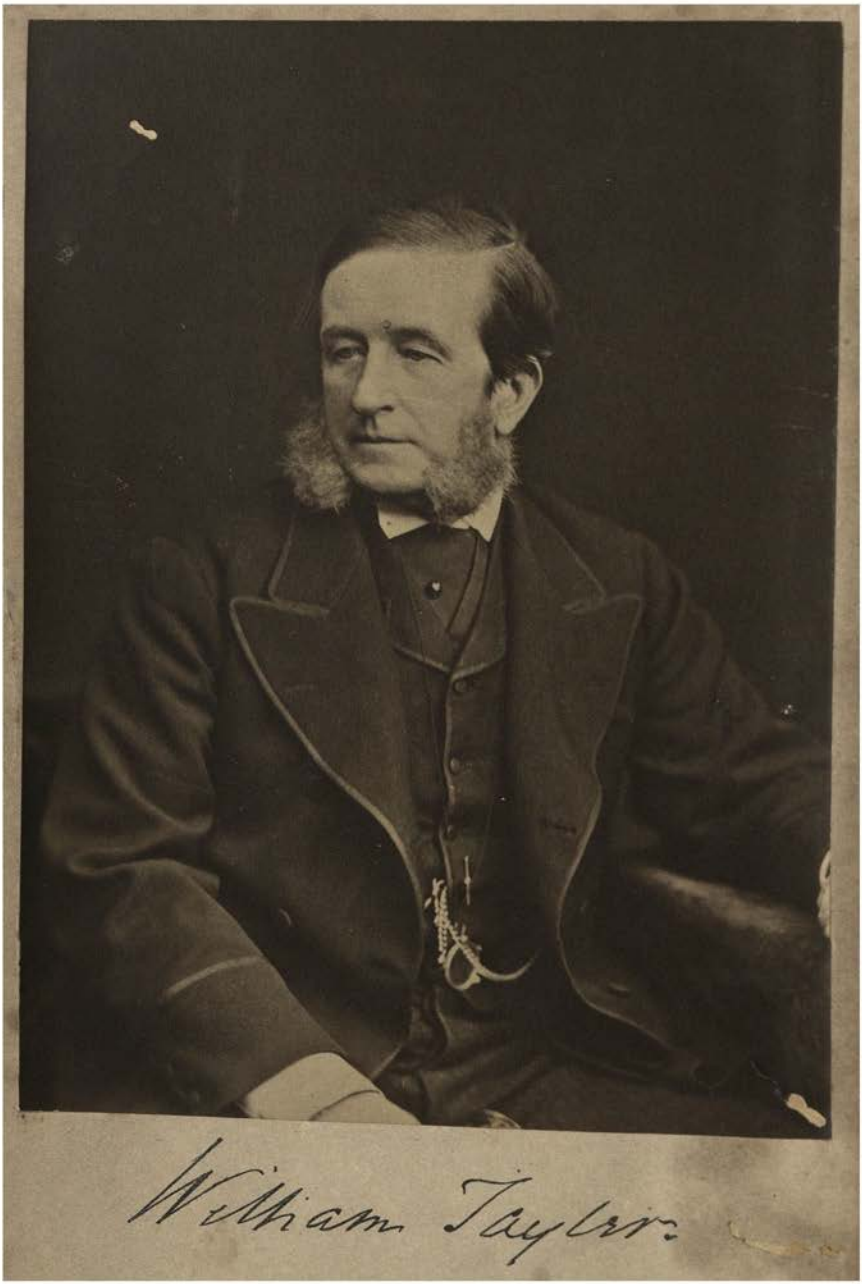


William Taylor.

PREFACE.

In presenting this second volume of my autobiography in India, I must take the opportunity of offering my sincere thanks to those who have so generously supported the publication, as well as to the editors of those journals who have honoured it with their approval.

Full of defects as the work is, it is, I venture to say, an honest autobiography, in which, in accordance with its name and professed purport, "self" is the all-pervading topic, whether for good or evil.

I mention this because some even of my friends have expressed disappointment that I have not entered upon sundry subjects of general importance, which they kindly think I might have been qualified to discuss.

To prevent further misunderstanding, therefore, I would wish to point out that, with the desire to make my work what it professes to be, I have abstained from entering upon *any* subject, however important or sensational, in which "αυτος," or *ego*, is not at least to some extent concerned. Thus, the crow which I watched from my window finds his place in my pages, whilst the Afghan war and the Bengal famine are unnoticed.

Hoping that my principle, as thus explained, may be

understood, and that the omission of great subjects may not be set down to indifference or self-sufficiency, I will now call attention to a rather choice specimen of a "review" so-called, which I think it desirable for many reasons to exhibit.

The position of a "reviewer" in the present day is a remarkable one. He enjoys and exercises a privilege which would not be allowed to anyone else; but that privilege, I venture to say, is confined to the criticism of what is stated in the work which he is reviewing. To travel out of the facts or incidents related, or to pervert or misrepresent them, and then, under the pretence of reviewing, make them the ground of personal abuse and vilification, is, I imagine, an unjustifiable abuse of the privilege conceded to him by the public.

A painful instance of this abuse has taken place in connection with the first volume of my work.

The *Saturday Review*, after a series of puerile and foolish criticisms on trifling points, has ventured to make the most palpable misrepresentation of facts stated in my book, and then upon these misrepresentations has based the most malignant remarks, injurious in the last degree to my official character.

Under ordinary circumstances, I could well afford to pass over such malicious dealing with the contempt which it deserves, but there is, as my readers generally know, grave matter at the base of my autobiography, and misrepresentation affecting my official character, secretly conveyed to high quarters, might be prejudicial to my cause.

I have, therefore, thought it right to protest against this calumnious "review," and I now in explanation

publish a letter which I addressed to the editor of that journal.

This letter will speak for itself, as it quotes several of the passages in the "review" which I have thought it right to denounce.

Some correspondence has since taken place between myself and the editor on the subject, and though he has received and answered my letters with courtesy, no satisfaction has been given, and an attempt at explanation given by the "reviewer" himself has only made matters worse.

To turn from this unpleasant subject, which I have most unwillingly introduced, I would wish to say a few words regarding the illustrations in my work.

I confess myself to have been disappointed with those given in the first volume. The fact is, that the process was new to me, and I did not fully comprehend its peculiarities. Further trial and experiment have now given me a more correct appreciation of it, and I trust that my readers will recognise a considerable improvement in the present volume.

The several portraits given in this volume appertain by right to the period embraced in the first; but I was not sufficiently familiar with the process till it was too late to introduce them. They are all likenesses of well-known individuals, and their autographs will show their identity.

W. TAYLER.

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE SATURDAY REVIEW.*

SIR,

I do not know whether it is etiquette for an author to address the editor of a paper in which his book has been reviewed, but I trust you will not object to my writing a few lines in regard to the article published in *The Saturday Review* of the 17th of January, criticising the first volume of my *Thirty-eight Years in India.*

I readily plead guilty to the smaller mistakes in words and letters, which you have so carefully pointed out; I confess to having written "Sir John," instead of "Sir Henry" Lefroy, and I am truly ashamed of having deprived Colonel Hillier of one of his "i's," especially as he will just now, as head of the constabulary in Dublin, require them both; but I do not quite take in your charge of "egotism," as "ego" is my avowed topic, and as to "Cheek," I can only say that for the twenty-years during which I knew the family, and was intimate with them, their name *was* "Cheek," and nothing else.*

With regard to your grave displeasure at my calling myself an "extensive grandfather," I will only say that as since those words were written I have become a *great* grandfather, the word "expansive," or "superabundant," might be a more appropriate epithet.

Having briefly touched upon the minor peccadilloes, so carefully catalogued by your impartial reviewer, I must now revert to other and more serious matter.

* The reviewer accused me of converting *Cheke* into *Cheek* "comically."

I find it written in your article—"Mr. Tayler is made a scape-goat for others. Some mysterious persons had a positive distaste for the fine arts, and passed their time in devising cunning excuses for not promoting Mr. Tayler to high honour."

Now I appeal to yourself to say whether this is not pure invention. Not one hint or allusion to such a state of things is to be found in my book. Where, I ask you, do I refer to "mysterious persons"? I specify *one* individual, and point out that, for an object of his own, he endeavoured on *one* occasion to deprive me of an appointment on the plea of my "love for the fine arts."

The person I mentioned, and by name, was Mr. Halliday, not a "mysterious" but a very substantial person.

Can misrepresentation further go? I do not here allude to the misstatement regarding my having "no turn" for music, as I did not in my book mention what was the fact, that I had sufficient "turn" to enable me to play the flute at the Philharmonic concerts.

But totally irrespective of these minor criticisms, which, though exhibiting a persistent spirit of hostile disparagement, are too puerile to deserve any lengthened notice, I consider it due to myself, and perhaps to you, to point out another instance of misrepresentation, so serious as to be altogether unjustifiable.

I refer to the description you have given of my resumption proceedings. I here quote the passage:—

"The most malevolent critic, the most vicious of those unseen and spiteful foes whom Mr. Tayler is always conjuring up, could never have penned anything more

damaging to his reputation than the account of this memorable transaction, as given by himself, after the lapse of more than forty years."

And again—

"What is this to an official (not a sub-commissioner under the Irish Land Act) who can knock off cases by the hundred, none of which could by any possibility, as in rent suits, turn on the same points. For each tenure of land there must have been a separate sunnud."

This is the version you have taken upon yourself to give to the transaction.

Allow me to point out to you that it is from first to last an unjustifiable misrepresentation, exhibiting a sublime ignorance or malignant enmity.

For, firstly, *every one of the suits did "turn on the same point,"* namely, the absence of the party, who failed on due notice to appear.

And, secondly, there were *no* "sunnuds" whatever to be examined.

The perusal of my narrative, if you had condescended to read it, would have shown you the real facts.

Perhaps you will now refer to it, and you will then find that on the transfer of these suits to my Court, finding that all preliminary proceedings had been completed by my predecessor, and that the parties had failed to appear, or produce any proofs of their titles, I did what was the only thing possible under the circumstances, viz. passed the order for resumption.

The number of suits thus disposed of, I may here observe, had obviously nothing whatever to do with the principle or process, whether 7, 700, or 7,000.

As to the "unseen and spiteful foes," which I am

"always conjuring up," where, I ask you again, is there sign or symptom of such "conjuring"?

"Foes" I have, and, no doubt, "spiteful" ones, and some "unseen," though not unsuspected—none but a "foe" could have written or suggested your review—but my "foes" I can count on my fingers; friends, I venture to say, are many, and not "unseen," as will be apparent when my book is finished.

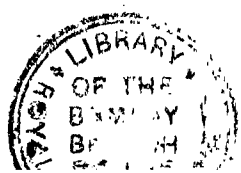
I now appeal to you, as a gentleman and public journalist, to take such steps in the matter as you may see fit, and as truth and honesty demand, and at all events to publish this letter.

A reviewer, I am well aware, can criticise, ridicule, or abuse both book and author with impunity, but he may *not*, with impunity, misrepresent *facts*.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM TAYLER.

March 19*th*, 1882.



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THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS IN INDIA,

FROM JUGANATH

TO THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER I.

TRIP TO SEGOWLEE—JOURNAL RESUMED.

Wish Eden good-bye, and start for Segowlee.—Visit to Mr. de Meiss's Factory and others.—Cross the Lake at Moteeharee.—Drive to Segowlee.—The Eccentric Buggy-horse.—Reach Segowlee.—Meet my old friend Colonel Martin.—Review of the 4th Regiment of Cavalry.—Take Picture of Troop and of Officers.—Grass-cutters.—Scene with Sick Camel.—"Muhabeer" the Idiot.—Major Rowland Hill joins me.—Start from Segowlee for Nepal.

HAVING, after my return from Sonepore, as described in my first volume, renewed the daily journal of my wanderings, I think it as well to reproduce it as it stands, as, though to some it may appear tedious, it gives a better idea of the places, mode of travelling, and occasional incidents, than any I could compile at this distance of time, and may therefore be interesting to those who care for the details of Anglo-Indian life.

On the conclusion of the Sonepore festivities, I returned to Dinapore, and after a day or two passed with my young friend Eden, I wished him good-bye, and on the 26th of November 1848, embarking on a light skiff, crossed over from Dinapore to Punahpore Ghat, opposite Nasreegunge.

The only incident worth mentioning, during my short stay at Dinapore, occurred on the first night, when at Eden's house. I had retired to bed in peace and comfort, and not a little sleepy, when, in the middle of the night, I was suddenly aroused by an awful sound of rattling in the room, first in one spot, then in another, with occasional pauses, followed by still louder crashes. Eden's pet monkey, which was fastened at one end of the room, had suddenly broken his chain, and was rushing about with half of it at his tail.

A pleasant ride of about eight miles, through a tract of verdant and richly cultivated land, brought me to Mr. De Meiss's factory, just as the glorious unclouded sun sank to rest behind a grove of luxuriant mangoes.

This factory is situated on the banks of the "Mahee" river, a most picturesque and pleasing spot, said to be remarkably healthy. Mr. de Meiss told me they had never known a case of cholera at the factory, even when it was raging in the neighbourhood; but, strange to say, that very evening a coolie had been seized with it.

Mr. de Meiss, besides managing his indigo plantation, breeds horses on a small scale. He has two promising little well-bred colts in his stable, which call the celebrated Arab "Ecarté" father.

On my way I was much struck by a magnificent species of grass, which rises to the height of eighteen

or twenty feet, and bears a large and noble head, or spike of flowers, from two to three feet long.

When in early florescence, the blossom is of the most beautiful bluish-pink hue, which gradually melts into silvery white.

It is called "falsu" or "kanra" by the natives, and is used for various purposes. The flowers are made into ropes, the leaves are used for thatching. The grass is generally planted on the banks which separate and surround the cultivated field, as, if in the field, it would impoverish the soil.

The country about here is densely populated, and though every inch of ground is under cultivation, all the produce is preserved for home consumption; so at least says my host and his companion, Mr. Fitzgerald, a highly intelligent gentleman.

After a sound and refreshing sleep, which lasted until the morning, coffee brought to my bedside aroused me to consciousness. I went out with Mr. de Meiss, and took a sketch of part of the indigo works, river, &c.—a characteristic view, comprising realities peculiar to the spot.

My servants started at 10 o'clock, and I followed at half-past 1 in a buggy of my host's.

The turn-out was decidedly local: a high buggy of unknown antiquity, with stiff springs; a hood tattered like a gipsy's tent; a bony horse with a distressed tail and melancholy face, but an unmistakable goer.

This combination shook me and my companion over eight miles of a highly phrenological road, with strongly developed bumps, to the banks of the river, where a pony of Mr. de Meiss's awaited me; four miles on him,

and as many more on my own "Dumpling," brought me to the Ghat, on the banks of the Gunduk, on the opposite side of which was my pet "Eothen," whose portrait I have given in my first volume, with his mild big eyes, who brought me comfortably in at fall of eve to Mr. Studd's factory at Seraiah. Here a good dinner and a warm bed closed the day.

The country through which I passed, save some few green spots, was low and uninteresting, chiefly covered with paddy.

The most remarkable fact I saw *en route* was a little imp, counting certainly not more than four years of existence, riding a burly black buffalo, whom he guided and punched, as fancy suited him, with the most autocratic nonchalance. No lady on a couch could have appeared more comfortable, or lolled with greater luxuriousness of ease, now at full length along the beast's back, now with the legs hanging down, and the chin pillowed on the dorsal vertebræ; every attitude and pose imaginable this little brown nudity, with enviable ease, attained and changed at will.

November 28th. — Rode out with Mr. Inglis before breakfast to see and reconnoitre pictorially the celebrated lion of Seraiah, "Bheem Singh's stick," about two miles from the factory.

This is the myth:—Bheem Singh (giant, hero, itinerant, origin and family unknown) was taking a walk with a banghy load on his back. This being a voluntary task, he became sick of it, deposited his load in one place, and, after another stride or so, stuck his stick into this spot, where it has ever since remained.

The banghy loads are represented by two large

mounds of earth at some distance from the stick ; these I had not time to visit. The stick itself is a lofty column !

I returned to breakfast, and afterwards, at the solicitation of my host, drew a rough sketch of his horse "Nimrod," the winner of the hurdle-race at Sonepore.

We then went, accompanied by cold meat and beer, to the "lathee" (stick), where I drew the pillar, my companions making a very comfortable drawing-room for me in the buggy, the shafts of which were supported by two Hindoos and a bamboo.

We then refreshed ourselves under the banks of the magnificent Peepul, and I started in Mr. Studd's buggy for my next halting-place, Dooriah, while my comrades went off in another direction with horses and dogs to seek for hares, which are numerous in this district.

A drive of four miles with a capital horse, by the Kalpoorah factory, brought me to "Eothen," who had been sent before. He carried me merrily on to the Dooriah factory, where I was hospitably received, fed, and cherished by Mr. Gale, in return for whose kindness, dreadful to relate, I upset and smashed a monster bottle of gin, inundating his table and carpet with the odorous contents, and in self-retribution staining my own drawings, which will smell of gin for the next month.

Wednesday, November 29th. — I make it a point during this weather never to stir till the world is decently warmed, not only because it is more comfortable, but because, both for myself and servants, I am convinced it is far more healthy.

Fog, damp grass, and nipping cold are ungenial and unwholesome comrades to an empty stomach.

"To shake hands with the newly-risen sun" is said by an old writer in *Blackwood* to be a very fine thing "after a night upon the heather." The sentiment is poetic, but in the cold season in India the sun newly risen is a most unpleasant sun. He gets up with a dirty face, and his hands are cold and clammy.

So if travellers in India take my advice, they will make much of themselves in bed (I speak of cold weather, of course); at 7 o'clock rise and dress comfortably, and not sally out upon their way until fortified with breakfast. This I did this morning. When I left my room the whole house smelt violently and reproachfully of gin, and I observed servants scrubbing the victimised table frantically.

Three horses of Mr. Slade's transported me in a buggy to Mr. Daunt's house, the prettiest spot I have yet seen.

The place is called Sahibgunge, and is a large mart for saltpetre and grain.

After a luncheon of praiseworthy wild-duck, beer, and salad, Mr. Daunt drove me in his dog-cart half-way to Rajpore (about three miles), where I took horse, and rode leisurely in. Mr. Slade had dined, so I joined him at his tea, and finished at 9 o'clock with a beef-steak, and that happy termination of all our troubles—bed.

There is in this neighbourhood, some five miles off, a very curious and extensive mound of earth, with a large brick-built circular edifice at the top of it, touching which tradition says that it is commemorative of the deposit on the spot of one of the divine Boodha's quarters, when that deity was divided into four parts. *Credat!*

Thursday, November 30th. — Left Rajpore after breakfast, Mr. Slade driving me the first stage, and then leaving me with his buggy and two horses to make my way to Peepra, some fourteen miles from Rajpore.

I reached Peepra at about 12 o'clock, and finding that Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt were in the district, I mounted "Eothen" and rode on at once to Moteeharee, where I was kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. Here, to my great delight, I received the last two budgets from my dearest wife, which had been following Lord Dalhousie, and then me, for the last fortnight, having been sent in his private packet with Sir J. Hobhouse's despatches.

Friday, December 1st.—Paid visits to the residents of Moteeharee—two families—and inspected the post-office, after which we crossed the lake and had an hour's shooting.

I bagged three brace of partridges, a quail, and a hare. We crossed in an extremely ricketty vessel called a boat, but in truth merely a "tar" tree (fan palm) scooped out.

To preserve an unbiassed equilibrium in a standing posture in such an affair required some dexterity.

Moteeharee, or "the Pearl Necklace," as the word signifies, is remarkable for a series of horse-shoe lakes which form a corresponding set of peninsulas. They are supposed to be meandering points of a former river, but how cut off and isolated deponent sayeth not. They form beautiful sheets of water, and are a great ornament to the station, which consists of three houses, one sugar-factory, and a bridge.

Saturday, December 2nd.—Took a view of the lake

from Fletcher's house, and after luncheon drove with him to Segowlee, a distance of fourteen miles, where we arrived just as the shades of night closed around us.

I had here the pleasure of shaking hands with my kind and excellent friend, A. P. Martin, whom I mentioned in my first volume, and whom many years before I had known a thin bachelor, now a stout father and husband. He received me as his guest, and the pleasure of our meeting, I need scarcely say, was mutual.

The horse which had brought us in the last stage of our drive belonged to Major Rowland Hill. A note, alluding briefly and mysteriously to a certain impetuosity and waywardness of disposition, and giving sundry admonitory hints as to his management, was sent to me from the animal's proprietor by the hands of a "shutur sowar" (camel-driver).

This account of our steed was confirmed by the syce, who begged us in an under-voice to enter the vehicle quickly and cautiously, because the horse "stood up!" accompanying the intimation with an action of his hand intended to represent the movement.

These warnings did not serve to inspire confidence, and it was with some inward misgivings, bravely disguised by our outward seeming of indifference, that Fletcher and I entered the buggy, I undertaking the steerage; and, sure enough, no sooner were we in than the beast commenced a series of undulating plunges, presenting us with a succession of different views of his back and tail, the latter part of him, with its supporting quarters, being (apparently with *malice prepense*) pointed at us first on one side, then on the other, with alternate wriggles and an incipient elevation, as if threatening

each time a plant with his heels, and it needed the constant and repeated assurance of the syce to convince us —what, however, proved to be a fact—that he "never kicked" and had "never killed anybody."

We continued, however, to make ourselves small, and, like "Bob Acres," sit "edgeways" in each corner of the vehicle until these spasmodic undulations and threatening bounds (after a cruel episode in which the crupper parted company), gradually subsided into a steady and slapping trot of at least twelve miles an hour.

Sunday, December 3rd.—A quiet day. Rode out in the evening to choose a spot for an intended picture of the 4th Irregular Cavalry.

Enjoyed this day the delights of another long letter from my beloved wife, which had again been following, first Lord Dalhousie and then me, for some days.

Monday, December 4th. — Early this morning there was a stir and excitement throughout the station, and between 7 and 8 o'clock a large troop marched by my tent, with camels, standard, &c. &c., the soldiers in full accoutrements, and the native officers in picturesque attire.

After breakfast we all adjourned to the grove previously selected, and after forming a *tableau vivant*, under the trees, of the actors I intended to introduce, I set to work and got through the composition of the group (which comprises twelve or fourteen principal figures) on the ground.

Tuesday, December 5th. — The whole day passed at the picture. Drove with Hill in the evening, and had half an hour's "scene-painting" at the trees after dinner.

Wednesday, December 6th. — Encore le tableau. As we rode through the lines in the evening I was much amused with several scenes.

It is now the time of the Mohurrum, the great Mahommedan festival, and all the Mussulmans are relieved from duty, and more or less in a state of excitement.

Here and there groups were seen in their yellow quilted dresses engaged in the elaborate genuflexions peculiar to the sect, while the strange, wild cry of "Allah el Allah" sounded at intervals.

We stopped for some time to watch a process which I had never before seen.

A rebellious and obstinate camel had lain down where he had no right to lie, in the opinion of his attendants, and refused on any terms to rise, and there was accordingly a gathering to raise him, willy-nilly, and the scene was absurd.

Two bamboos were cleverly inserted under his belly, one just behind the elbow of his fore-legs and one was just before his hind ditto, cross-ways. Five or six fellows on each side seized each end of the bamboo, and at a given signal commenced a hearty "heave all together," while the whiskered trooper, with a rope fixed into the recumbent's nose, pulled away like grim death at that tender organ, diverting the monotony of his task by an occasional punch on the head or kick under the jaw, as his caprice or convenience might dictate.

The old camel, however, was not to be had. "Grinning horribly a ghastly smile," until his "open countenance" appeared likely to split, and uttering an unearthly groaning, he contrived to make such a dead

weight of himself that the assembly were fairly nonplussed.

Once, aided by an extra strong heave, they succeeded in raising him a few inches, when—crack went both bamboos, and down settled our friend firmer than ever.

We left him *in statu quo*.

I am told that this is not an unfrequent trait in the camel character.

In the evening we all adjourned to a large bungalow to witness a troopers' "tomasha," which consisted of sword and buckler playing of sorts, &c. &c.

Thursday, December 7th. — Strolled into the lines in the evening in search of the picturesque.

I have done injustice to the camel. He is dead. It was not therefore *obstinacy*, but exhaustion, and while his tormentors were punching and kicking him, the poor wretch was dying, and had no friends!

Friday, December 8th. — Perpetual picture, which progresses well and satisfactorily. Dined at R. Hill's.

The officers of the regiment are very anxious that my picture should be engraved, and are exerting themselves to obtain sufficient subscribers to meet the expense.

Segowlee is celebrated for idiots, cripples, deaf and dumb, and the goitre! There is an amiable fool who frequents the house here, and is on high terms of privilege and intimacy with the officers; a sturdy, well-built fellow, with a frame of iron and a right merry countenance, with a ringing jovial laugh that is pleasant to hear.

His great amusement seems to be to follow one or other of the officers and chat every now and then,

charging a tree like a bull with his shoulders, uttering at the same time a sort of invocatory shout to Ram or Mahadeo, while the concussion of his shoulders against the tree sounds like the distant boom of a twelve-pounder.

There appears to me a considerable "method in his madness."

Another of his fraternity is a woman who walks about and howls horribly.

Saturday, December 9th.—This evening Major Hill held a parade of his regiment, and a pretty and exciting sight it was. The bright yellow dresses and red breeches, high boots, and steel caps, form an extremely picturesque costume, and are seen to great advantage when the men are in a body. The regiment was nick-named the "Yellow Boys."

Being just after the Mohurrum, the troop was a little out of practice, and as many of the men had been newly-mounted on unbroken fillies (purchased at the Sonepore fair) and other untamed steeds, there was not so great steadiness in their movements as there might have been.

Indeed, it is to me a marvel and mystery how they managed such rabid quadrupeds at all.

It was all very well while they were standing still, and even at a steady walk there was no outrageous outbreak—nothing, at least, beyond an occasional shriek, plunge, kick, or such trifle; but no sooner was the word "Trot" given, and the movement commenced, than the most frightful screams and uncontrollable caracolings and plunges commenced, far beyond human power to control.

Anyone acquainted with the real nature of the Indian horse will understand the scene. I have treated of him and his peculiarities in my first volume.

Barring these accidents and unavoidable defects the regiment appeared in gallant trim, and went through its manœuvres beautifully.

"Eothen" became highly excited, and his master little less so. The only rather ludicrous part of the scene was afforded by the trumpeter, a great big fellow in rich crimson.

Now in these corps the word of command is given by the trumpet.

This man was mounted on a great white horse, with a Roman nose, oyster eye, and pink nostril, not highly educated. When the manœuvre of retreating by alternate squadrons commenced, and the sham shooters (the native troopers so call them) were rattling and scrimmaging over the field, firing away at imaginary foes like so many fire-spirits, the trumpeter's horse became unpleasantly restless, and every time he raised the trumpet to his lips, or rather, stooped his lips to the trumpet, and slackened rein, away scuttled old nosey and splutter went the trumpet in broken and incoherent gaspings, like an asthmatic madman.

Sunday.—A quiet day. Wrote and closed my letters to my dearest wife.

I start for Nepal on Monday.

Though it is not my habit to draw on Sunday, I was tempted with a sketch of some grass-cutters' tattoos returning with their loads, as they are decidedly objects worth recording.

There are some hundreds of grass-cutters, one for

THE NATIVE GRASS-CUTTER.

almost each trooper; and early in the morning these fellows sally out in troops, bestriding their plucky little steeds in eccentric and unimaginable attitudes.

They remain out all day, and in the evening there are seen the same number of what appear, at a short distance, to be itinerant or locomotive haycocks, but which, when nearer, are found to be the identical tattoos toddling along under an enormous load of dhoob-grass, their little blood heads bobbing and nodding under their supernatural load; a tape fastened to the bridle passes over the top of the haycock, and is tied (*more orientali*) to the pony's tail, and he is thus steered from behind.

Monday.—Martin's dear little baby was christened by the Patna clergyman, who came over for the occasion. Major Hill was one of the godfathers, and I stood proxy for an absent friend.

The next day I bade farewell to all my friends, excepting Major Rowland Hill, who, to my intense satisfaction, had proposed to accompany me on my trip to Nepal.

At 6 P.M. we both entered our palankeens, and when we reached the river, some half mile from the house, we suddenly heard, to our astonishment, a loud and hideous howl. It was "the idiot Muhabeer," who was evidently waiting for us, and who escorted us to the banks with his usual musical accompaniment.

He was not to be shaken off and I heard his merry laugh in jovial confabulation with R. Hill, as we started from the other side of the river which he had crossed with us.

CHAPTER II.

MY JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Journal continued. — Preparations against Cold. — Start with Rowland Hill from Segowlee. — Detention on the Road. —Reach Bichakho. — The River Raptee. — Escort sent by the Rajah to meet us.—The Bhanrea, or Hill Porter.—His form and character.—Dinner and bed in Tent.—Picture of my companion in early morning.—Start on Elephants.—Rowland Hill's fishing efforts.—Disappointment.—Skill of Native Fisherman. — Sheeshuguree. — Muharoodru - Khutree. — The "Dandhee."—Arrive at Chitlong.—Find the Seraee occupied by a "big" Captain.—Refuses to turn out.—Are received hospitably by a "small" Captain.—The Nepal Troop leaves the Seraee on a Shooting Excursion.—Approach Kathmandoo. —Are met by a Brother of Jung Buhadoor.—Affectionate embrace.—Reach the Capital, and are received at the Residency.

AWARE, before I commenced my official tour in the cold season of 1848–49, that my postal wanderings would lead me to Segowlee, near the frontier of Nepal, and well knowing how much Nepal itself contains which is new and interesting to a traveller and artist, I had resolved to visit the far-famed valley of Kathmandoo.

Major Thoresby, the resident, to whom Sir John Low, my fellow-passenger on board the steamer, had written on my behalf, was good enough to facilitate the expedition by a clear description of the route, with distances, time, and manner of travelling, and promised to depute an escort on the part of the Nepal durbar, with an elephant, to accompany my steps and aid my progress.

On my arrival at Segowlee, as described in the last chapter, I was fortunate enough to secure a *compagnon de voyage* in the person of Major Rowland Hill, commanding the 4th Irregular Cavalry; a gentleman not unknown either to fame or to fortune, a tried soldier, untiring itinerant, inveterate sportsman, cherisher of a beard rivalled only by the *homo barbatus* of Father Mathew, and last, though not least, a right merry companion.

At Patna, acting on the considerate advice of Major Thoresby, I had laid in an extra store of warm and consolatory vestments, being tenderly alive, personally, to the pain and discomfort of cold.

One particular device in this branch of my preparations I shall ever pique myself upon, and strongly recommend to travellers in general, and Nepal visitors in particular.

From a piece of warm, thick, and comfortable soft English horse-blanketing, I manufactured, in addition to thick coat and waistcoat, a pair of extra pantaloons, exactly a size larger in all points than those which I ordinarily indued.

The satisfaction derived from this outer article, removable at pleasure, was beyond description.

At first starting on a morning's march, my legs,

thus made much of, preserved a very endurable temperature, and afterwards, when a risen sun and walking exercise induced a conscious sense of superfluous cloth, relief was simple and obvious. I recommend the hint to Mr. Murray, if ever he publishes a hand-book or guide to Nepal.

"Here the traveller removes his coat; here he takes off his trousers"—would be a striking passage in such a work.

The evening before I left Patna I had exhibited myself in my elaborate costume for the amusement of my hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Loughnan, and their guests, and I here present the contrast in the two equipments.

Tuesday, the 12th.—We had started from Segowlee in the fond anticipation of reaching "Bichakho" at early

dawn, and thence making our first march at once; but these delusive hopes were rudely dispelled. At 7 o'clock in the morning our palankeens were bumped down on the ground, and we found that we had still twelve miles to go, while our petarahs* were yet far in the rear.

The glorious snowy range, with its fore-ground of dark and frowning mountains, was before us. We exchanged looks of undisguised chagrin, as we poked our night-capped heads from the palkee doors; but we determined, at all events, to wait for our petarahs, as in them were all the *edibilia* for the next two days.

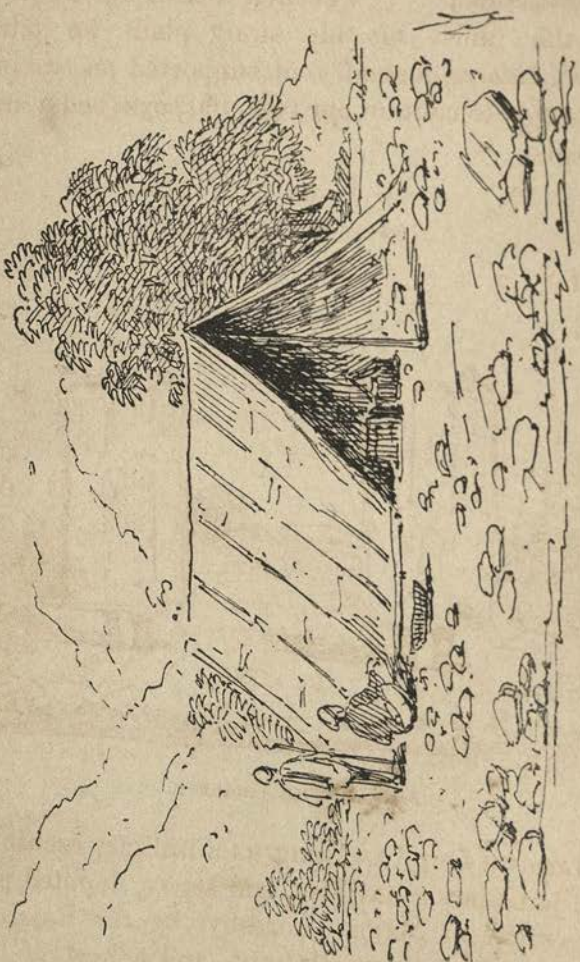
After half-an-hour's patient waiting, the "banghy-walas"† came up, puffing and grunting, and we started for our last stage, first through the long coarse grass, reaching the bearers' heads, and then through thick forests of splendid sál trees, whose crimson flowers glistened gloriously through their green setting. The bearers made great demonstrations, shouting and hallooing vehemently to scare (as they said) any inquisitive and fasting tigers that might be prowling about!

At about 12 o'clock we emerged from the forest, and entered the bed of the "Raptee" at Bichakho. At once the whole features of the scene were altered:—a pawn, or public-house, of an entirely different build; people utterly unlike either Beharees or Bengalees; strange dresses, strange baskets, new language, and stout legs.

The bed of the Raptee is at this season, and at this spot, nearly dry, and presents a large space covered with boulders of moderate size and all manner of

* *Petarah*—tin travelling-box.

† *Banghywalas*—the men who carry the petarahs.



THE SHOULDAREE TENT.

colours, with a meandering stream of running limpid water, pleasant to look at, but it is said to be unhealthy to drink; as the natives describe it, "it takes possession of your stomach" ("Pet men dukhil kurta").

In the midst of this stony plain we pitched our little *shouldaree*, a small tent supported on two poles, just big enough to contain our two charpoys (beds) and a table for meals.

THE CHARPOY.

Here we found awaiting us a military escort consisting of a jemadar, a havildar, and sepoy, deputed at the kind suggestion of Major Thoresby, by the Rajah of Nepal, to escort us, with an elephant, and a host of hill porters remarkable for merry faces and big calves; each of these fellows carries a "dhoka" or basket, made of cane or

NEPALESE ESCORT.

bamboo, like a gigantic pottle, small at the bottom and capacious at the mouth. This he carries on his back, fastened by a band, which crosses his forehead. When he stops for breath he frequently rests on his stick, which he places under his basket, illustrating the riddle of Œdipus, by exhibiting the τριτατον ποδα, or third leg of his mystic being.

After the basket itself is crammed, they heap all sorts of things at the top.

When really fatigued, the bearer rests by leaning backwards against the rock or bank, and relieves himself by gasping exhalations.

τριτατον ποδα.

"Bhanrea," or hill-porter, is "homo canephoros" entirely. He is never seen without his "dhoka" or basket, and if Buffon's theory is right, will, in the course of ages, have a hunch on his back, a dorsal callosity like a camel, sign of perpetual bearing. "*Khoosh-mookh*," "merry-faced" rascal! however heavy his burthen, his head is light; the fellow, unless scratching, is always laughing. Row him, and he laughs; kick him (as I have seen), and he laughs all the merrier.

No fleshly antithesis can be more striking than that which is represented by the sturdy mountaineer of Nepal when compared with the native of the plains, but more especially the Bengalee.

There is an independent straightforward "look-you-in-the-face" abandon in the one, the very antipode of carriage and expression to the other's supple "jo-hookm"* servility. This contrast is rendered more

* *Jo-hookm*—"Whatever your order."

forcible when you are suddenly put down, as we were, in the midst of them, and for the first time, after long association with the other Indian bipeds.

Directly I got out of my palanquin I was surrounded by the fellows, each with a grin, more or less merry, on his dirty face—bold, and yet not a bit impudent. They all had caps on their head of coarse cloth, somewhat like an Englishman's soiled night-cap of days gone by.

Family Group of Peasants.

Our long journey gave us a voracious appetite, and attractive as were these groups of dirty fellow-creatures, we turned to our breakfast at once, and with exceeding relish. After that, as it was far too late to start on our march, we consoled ourselves with sketching. I took a rough view of the *Serai*, and booked a group of peasants.

We then took a quiet stroll along the bed of the river, and after a simple and most enjoyable dinner, turned into our beds and slept soundly.

Wednesday, the 13*th*.—My first impression on awaking in the morning was the picturesque effect produced by my companion in bed, with a Neapolitan night-cap of cerulean blue, tipped with a bright red tassel; his own extensive beard slightly dishevelled by nocturnal repose; pipe in hand, a cup of coffee on the charpoy, with a number of *Vanity Fair* before him. "Fop," a pet spaniel, on the bed, and "Grouse," another, below it; petarahs, camp-table, empty bottles, sanguinary raw joints of mutton suspended on the poles, and blending harmoniously with the more subdued red chintz of the "shouldaree" lining, and all the other paraphernalia of an Indian itinerant. This unusual and romantic combination produced a most picturesque *ensemble*, which I have faintly pourtrayed in my sketch, and to effect which I made a great martyr of myself by heroically exposing my hands and arms to the tender mercy of the cutting air.

Acting on the principle laid down in a former part of this journal, we scrupulously comforted ourselves with chops and other hot meats before we started. Our intention was to ride on ponies, but the Nepalese jemadar

made it a particular request that we should mount the elephant, evidently with a view of outward seemliness and dignity; and, partly to please him, and partly because it did not otherwise jump ill with our own ideas, we suffered ourselves to be elevated to the "howda"—a most uncomfortable seat, covered with black velvet, and an uncompromising iron rail, evidently intended for Baboos, and not for gentlemen with straps to their trousers. When fairly mounted, away we went, over big stones, and then through rich forests, every step showing us a diversified and widely romantic scene.

Half-way we dismounted for luncheon, and by 5 o'clock we reached Hetounda, a most picturesque place, entirely surrounded with noble mountains, and on the banks of the Raptee, the stream of which was here much larger than we had yet seen it.

My companion, who was enthusiastic in piscatorial propensities, rushed to the stream with flies and rod, and fished till dark, but without catching a single fish. I went to bed with a terrible rheumatic head-ache.

Thursday, the 14*th.*—At Hetounda we left the tent behind us, being informed that we should find a most comfortable hotel at Bheempedee.

We started, on our established principle, after breakfast, on the elephant, and passed through a diversity of romantic and picturesque scenes. The irrepressible Raptee presented its sinuous stream every five minutes, and we crossed it some twenty-five or thirty times. At a place half-way we astonished the minds of some unsophisticated natives in an assemblage of about five huts, dignified with the name of village, by the ceremony of tiffin, spread out in great form along the

squared trunk of a tree. Before we arrived at this spot we had encountered a native angler, whose movements and devices afforded us much amusement. He had a very delicate rod, a single piece of hill bamboo, with a line and a little clumsy brass hook, which he baited with a most unpleasant-looking sort of grub or maggot, found by the river side; but his skill was marvellous; he knew every likely spot in the tortuous Raptee, and running a few yards before us, had generally caught a fish or two before we came up to him.

He was accompanied by an active wiry boy, who aided his operations in a manner entirely new to civilised fishermen. At each chosen spot the youth rushed into the water and grabbed wildly at the stones, just at the point of the rapids or falls, for the purpose, as afterwards explained, of rousing such of the piscine tribe as might have sought for refreshment and repose under them.

Why fish thus disturbed and excited should more readily be taken in by fictitious baits is not to me only, who am a novice, but to my companion, experienced in the ways of the finny tribe, a marvel—but it was clearly successful.

The whole of this march we passed through the most romantic scenery—rich forests, stern and frowning mountains, with the restless, fretting Raptee, winding and gushing along, making wild music among the stones. As we approached Bhempedee, there was an appearance of partial cultivation, varied by a few patches of green and yellow, with enclosures of low stone walls, exactly like what I remember in Derbyshire.

The resting-place or Seraee (*Anglice*, Hotel) at Bheempedee, so called because the deity Bheem put his foot

in it during a walk, was a two-storied brick building with sloping tiled roof, at the foot of a stupendous mountain with a narrow path, the route of our next march, discernible from below.

The upper story, reached by a precipitous ladder, was occupied by ourselves and various perambulatory Orientals; and the mud floors, bare walls, and ricketty pillars, combined with the noise, the dirt, and the smoke, afforded a combination of disagreeables under which it reflected high credit upon us to come out jolly.

Friday, the 15th.—At Bheempedee we bade farewell to our elephant, and started at about 7 o'clock, after a breakfast lamentably but necessarily light (as we had almost exhausted our edibles), to breast the ascent of Sheeshuguree.

We accomplished the ascent manfully, and though we occasionally turned round, pretending to be smitten with love of the picturesque (which might by cavilling minds have been considered open to suspicion), to admire the "view" below, yet, taking all circumstances into consideration, we did, as I said, accomplish the ascent manfully.

At Sheeshughuree we were met and greeted by Captain Muharoodru-Khutree, who has charge of the fortifications, consisting of two or three stone walls with embrasures for a gun or so, and a narrow inlet with a sentry mounted upon it. He was a pleasant-faced and very gentlemanly man, and conducted us into a cosy room, with a warm carpet and a very comforting fire-place.

Here we concocted a scrambling but most acceptable breakfast, and I took the opportunity of a vacant hour to draw a sketch of my host and his little boy.

MUHAROODRU-KHUTREE AND SON.

After breakfast we again started on our march for Chitlong. Descending the hill we had just toiled up during the later part of this descent, which is extremely precipitous, we both trusted ourselves for the first time to the tender mercies of the 'dandhee,' the character of which is illustrated in the sketch. To ride in this little bit of dirty canvas, fastened only with two hooks to a

PLEASURES OF THE DANDHEE.

wooden pole, and thus suspended, helpless and ungraceful, to trust oneself to the support of men with only human powers of equilibrium, down a narrow pathway of two feet wide, covered with loose and ragged stones, with a precipice of several hundred feet at your side—to do all this voluntarily requires decided pluck, courage, and a most confiding disposition. To be happy under such circumstances and scream with laughter, as myself and my companion did, is a high flight of heroism!

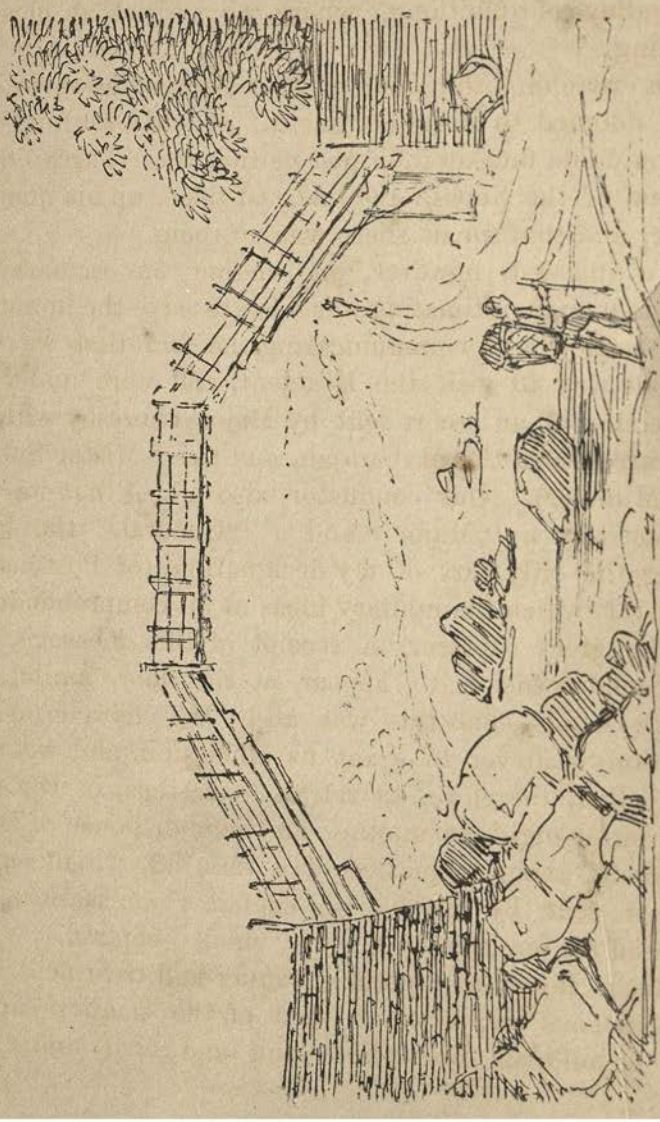
At the bottom of the pass, and as soon as ever I was delivered from the canvas prison, thankfully conscious of solid bones, and while the peril passed was fresh in our memory, I portrayed my companion as shown in the picture.

Immediately beneath the Sheeshuguree Ghât is a noble stream, which dashes and roars along over masses of rock, its translucent waters positively animated with fish (trout and muhaseer). My comrade here again essayed the capabilities of his tip-top rod, but without success. Whether from the cold, or the transparency of the water, or from a deliberate and malicious pleasure in baffling a civilised fisherman, the victims would not bite, and the fisherman was in despair.

While these efforts were in progress, I completed my sketch of the dandhee, and astonished an old woman in a most picturesque village built on the very edge of a foaming stream, by requesting her to sit for her profile!

When the piscatorial efforts were fairly completed, we started once more on our ponies, and after a few yards progress saw a very curious specimen of a wooden bridge, the only one of the kind I have ever witnessed.

A very pleasant ride, diversified only by my getting



THE ECCENTRIC BRIDGE.

up to my knees in crossing the river, brought us to the valley of Chitlong, where we arrived at close of evening.

On reaching the door of the Seraee, however, we were doomed to disappointment. A surly sentinel with a formidable musket informed us that the "burra" (big) captain of the Nepal force had just taken up his quarters there, and that for us there was no room.

We insisted, however, on sending our salaam* to the great man, intimating our wish to have the honour of an interview, and communicating the fact that we were on our way to visit the Resident, and were under the protection of an escort sent by Major Thoresby with the concurrence of the Maharajah, and the "Mister Sahib" (or Minister). Our conductor also added that we were respectively a "Major" and a "General," the latter being the only part of my designation (of Postmaster-General) which his military ideas at all comprehended!

The great captain, on receipt of this message, had the condescension to appear at the door, smile, and shake hands—but this was all! He showed no disposition whatever to grant us admission, and we were compelled, therefore, to retrace our steps, in the dark and bitter night, to another and smaller house of entertainment about a quarter of a mile off, which, under orders sent by the "big" captain's emissaries, was vacated for our reception by a "small" captain.

But if the great captain's manner and treatment were discourteous and cavalier, that of the smaller captain was beyond all description kind and civil under the

* *Salaam*—compliments.

highly trying circumstances of compulsory ejection on a cold night, just after he had made himself comfortable!

This most gentlemanly and unselfish of men greeted us with unfeigned cordiality, turned out his followers, bag and baggage, with zealous alacrity, led us himself up a break-neck ladder, and inducted us with smiles and soft speeches into the very corner where he had himself been just nestling; and oh, superhuman effort of benevolence! with his own hands he put on more wood to the fire, whose genial warmth he had just been enjoying, and was about to quit for the cold and nipping air.

"Look on that picture and on this."

Saturday, the 16th. — I awoke, alas! with a most violent bilious headache, an old accustomed enemy to which I am much subject, and had hardly the will or the power to look out of my window to see the "big captain" with his troop pass by.

They were on their way towards the Terai on a grand shooting excursion, in which the Rajah, the Minister, and the Resident were to participate, and several regiments were ordered off to join the battue. This movement has already given rise to a suspicion of sinister intention, and the Calcutta papers mentioned it as a significant circumstance at the present crisis. Of this we shall hear more on our arrival at Kathmandoo. The sepoys are stout-made fellows, each carrying a musket, sword, and the perpetual "kookree," * but their style of marching was exceedingly slovenly. They wrapped themselves up in any old clothes they had, over their regimentals, and thus presented an unmilitary and particularly

* *Kookree*—hill-knife.

seedy appearance as they passed. I was so ill that I was compelled to resort to the "dandhee" again, and such is the force of habit and the confidence inspired by the stout calves and unerring feet of these sturdy mountaineers, that I felt no misgivings, but, with the reposing faith of a child, actually dozed on my journey up the great Chundagiree, or Mountain of the Moon. At the summit of this noble mountain a grand spectacle burst upon us, the valley of Kathmandoo.

It is a glorious sight. A succession of majestic mountains, of a stern and sombre character, both in form and colour, rises, range over range, from the base of the valley, in the form of an amphitheatre, the whole being crowned by the sublime range of the snow-capped Himalaya—the dazzling whiteness of whose peaks, at the moment we first saw them, made the white clouds which hung around and below it appear almost grey. A grand and sublime sight, which must ever mock pen and pencil, and makes man feel his own littleness and the greatness of his Creator.

The city of Kathmandoo, at a distance of about six miles from the base of Chundagiree, is not a striking object from the summit of the mountain, and this is owing chiefly to the dull and sombre colour of the houses and other buildings.

After passing an intervening village, we were met by an employé deputed by the Resident to conduct us to his house, and about a mile further on by Juggut Shumsheer, one of the brothers of the Minister, who was on his way to join the shooting-party. Here, under the instructions of the lieutenant, we performed for the first time the ceremonial usual on introduction to

a Nepal big-wig, viz. the embrace in true theatrical style, like the "appeased father" in the play, first over the right and then over the left shoulder. This affectionate salutation, *malgré* my inexperience, I accomplished with considerable skill.

Another hour's ride brought us to the city, which we entered at the eastern, and emerging at the western gate, shortly afterwards reached the Residency.

CHAPTER III.

NEPAL.

Brief Account of Nepal at the time of our Visit.—Epitome of past Events extracted from Dr. Daniell's History.

It is not within the scope of this autobiography to enter into a historical account of Nepal, but it may be useful to give the reader some idea, if not of the country itself, at least of its relations with the British Government at the time of my visit.

From 1765, when the first Goorkha invasion of Nepal took place, and we gave assistance to the Nepalese, up to 1801, no events of any importance occurred.

In the latter year, however, a British Resident was appointed by the Nepalese, but he was a failure, and was withdrawn in 1803, and the relations between the countries became gradually worse till 1814, when war was proclaimed by the British.

It was during the wars which succeeded that the name of Gillespie and others, but especially of Ochterlony, became notorious.

In 1816, the Goorkhas submitted, a treaty was signed, and portions of the Nepalese territory were conceded to the British.

A Resident was again appointed, in the person of Mr. Gardiner; and pending his arrival Lieutenant Boileau officiated for him. Not long after this the country itself became the theatre of the most appalling outrages. The young King died, and his wife, as in those days it became her, and six female slaves, immolated themselves as sutees. The King himself was a cipher, the whole government being vested in one Bhema-sena Thápá, who, after ruling Nepal for five-and-twenty years, was eventually murdered and his corpse flung upon a heap of rubbish in the streets.

A continued succession of intrigues and struggles succeeded the death of Bhema-sena, and war with the British was, in 1843, only averted by the skilful management of Mr. Brian Hodgson the Resident.

In 1843, one Matabar Singh, the nephew of the deceased Bhema-sena, returned from exile, effected the destruction of his enemies, and rose rapidly in favour with the court and the army.

At this period, the celebrated Jung Bahadur appeared on the scene. He was a nephew of Matabar Singh, described at the time by Major—afterwards Sir Henry —Lawrence, as an intelligent young man, expert in military matters and profoundly versed in intrigues.

These characteristics were shortly afterwards exhibited in no ordinary manner, and as the events connected with them had occurred only a short time before my visit, I will give them more in detail, quoting for the purpose the narrative given in Dr. Daniell's admirable *History of Nepal*, published in 1877 :—

"He (Jung Bahádur) continued to ingratiate himself with one of the Ránís, who held the chief power in the Court, and at last,

finding himself in a firmer position, he began to develop his ambitious projects. On the 18th of May 1845, Mátabar Singh, who, though prime Minister, had become unpopular at Court, was summoned to an audience, where he expected to find the King: he was killed by a rifle-shot fired from the zenana gallery at the end of the room.

"His body was then thrown out of the window, and dragged away by an elephant to the banks of the Bagmati at Pashupati. Next morning Jung Bahádur reported the circumstance officially to the Resident; but for the time the King was said to have been the slayer of the prime minister, and the deed was acknowledged and even boasted of by the King.

"Subsequently, however, it appeared that Mátabar Singh was killed by his nephew Jung Bahádur, at the instigation of the Queen; and the King, who was little better than an imbecile, was made to take the credit of the deed.

"Jung Bahádur now took a prominent part in the government, though not actually included in the ministry, which consisted of a sort of various factions, the prime minister being Gagan Singh.

"In 1846, Sir Henry Lawrence left Nepal, and was succeeded by Mr. Colvin, who, however, was soon obliged to quit the country on account of ill-health, leaving Major Otley in charge. On the 15th of September 1846, the Resident was surprised by a visit at midnight from the King, who in much agitation informed him that a fearful tragedy was being enacted in the city.

"This is what is known as the Kot massacre, and as it is an important event in the history of Nepál, it may be as well to give a detailed account of it.

"The King at this time was a mere tool in the hands of the Rání, who, after the murder of Mátabar Singh may be said to have been the actual ruler of the country. In the coalition ministry she had one especial friend named Gagan Singh. This noble, on the night of the 14th of September, was shot in his own house while he was in the act of performing his devotions in a private room.

"Who instigated this deed has never been satisfactorily determined, although afterwards a person named Alí Jáh, said to have been the murderer, was executed. The Rání at once blamed her

enemies in the ministry, and insisted on the King assembling all the ministers and nobles in council to find out the assassin.

"Fath Jung and his colleagues, surprised at the untimely summons, hurried to the place of meeting at the Kot, a large building, somewhat in European style, near the palace. Here, in the meantime, were assembled the Rání, Jung Bahádur, his band of brothers, and his faithful body-guard armed with rifles. The Queen's party was carefully arranged and heavily armed, whereas the members of the council came as they were summoned, in a hurry, each from his own house, and with no weapons but their swords. There is no doubt that the whole affair was arranged beforehand, and that written orders were given by the Rání to Jung Bahádur.

"A stormy discussion ensued, insults were freely exchanged, and when Fath Jung laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, it seemed to be the signal for an attack by Jung Bahádur and his faithful soldiers, who in the meantime had guarded the entrance of the building. In a few minutes thirty-two of the nobles of the country and upwards of a hundred of the lower ranks were shot down. The poor King, alarmed by the noise of the struggle, mounted his horse and rode off to the Residency. On his return within an hour, he found the gutters around the Kot filled with the blood of his ministers, and what little power he possessed in the State was gone for ever.

"Jung Bahádur, backed by his band of brothers and the army, was now the most powerful man in Nepál. A few of the old Sirdárs, however, still tried to make head against him, but without success. On the 2nd of November, thirteen more of the Sirdárs were put to death, and in December the King fled from the country to Benáres.

"The Rání, who had hoped by means of Jung Bahádur to establish her own power and to secure the succession to her own children, found herself bitterly disappointed, and was soon obliged to leave the country and take refuge at Benáres.

"In 1847 the King made an attempt to regain his power, and advanced as far as Segowli. Several plots were formed to assassinate Jung Bahádur, but without success, and the only result of them was that the agents were put to death, and the

King declared by his conduct to have forfeited his right to the throne. Accordingly, on the 12th of May, he was deposed, and the Heir-Apparent placed on the throne. The King now determined to make one struggle more, and entered the Terai with a small force, but he was attacked and easily taken prisoner.

"From this time Jung Bahádur has been the undisputed ruler of the country. The old King is a prisoner in the palace. The present King is kept under the strictest surveillance and not allowed to exercise any power whatever. The Heir-Apparent is also kept in a state of obscurity, being never permitted to take a part in any public business, or even to appear at the Durbárs to which the British Resident is invited. In fact, one may live for years in Nepál without seeing or hearing of the King."

The above extracts will give a tolerable idea of the rather peculiar state of affairs of this country at the time of our arrival.

CHAPTER IV.

KATHMANDOO.

Arrival at Kathmandoo.—Interview with the Ministers.—Proceed in Carriage to Palace.—The Rajah.—Jung Buhadoor.—His Costume.—Bhooteas.—Description by Ctesias.—Promenade in the Garden.—Jung Buhadoor's Show-room.—Chandeliers and Guns.—The Gun.—Lelit Patun.—Abode of deposed Rajah.—Jung Buhadoor sits for his Portrait.—"Narayan" floating on Tank.—Nautch Girl sits for Portrait.—Unsuccessful.—The Lama.—Wild Dog.—Newar Woman and Child.—Expedition of Army to the Terai.—Alarm in Calcutta.—Portrait of Nepalese Girl.—Nepal Dog and Sheep.—The Chilmeer Pheasant.—Leave Kathmandoo.—Reach Chitlong.—Fountain.—Loss of R. Hill's little dog "Fop."—Group of Monkeys.—Baby in Basket.—Reach Segowlee.

Sunday, December 17th.—Five days before we arrived the Maharajah's lady had presented him with a son, being the second of the gender, and the fourth, counting noses, of his family. This being the sixth day from the birth, and that on which the deity is supposed to write the child's destiny ("Nuseeb") on its forehead, a grand durbar was held at the Palace, and we all attended in such state as we could muster. Between 4 and 5 o'clock P.M. a carriage drove up to the door, and a stout

individual, in turban and shawl, was announced; he entered the room, where our party (Major Thoresby, Major R. Hill, Captain Cripps, and myself) were assembled, and embraced us affectionately in turns; we then marched out, Major Hill and Captain Cripps with the visitor in the Rajah's carriage, and myself with the Resident in his buggy.

On reaching the Palace we were greeted by a discharge of motley music, poured forth, with greater zeal than taste, by a numerous and emulative band. Jung Buhadoor descended from the steps with his brothers, and after a fraternal embrace all round, marshalled us into the grand hall of audience—the Minister taking the Resident by the right hand, and myself by the left, and the other two gentlemen being conducted in like form by the younger brothers. Here we were introduced to the Rajah, who was contented with a mild salaam, as it is not etiquette for him to embrace males. The scene was interesting and picturesque.

The King himself, good-looking, though not intellectual, was clad in an elegant dress of gold and pink, and a turban glittering with diamonds; he was seated in Eastern graceful repose, on a gorgeous red velvet bed (for it was neither throne, chair, nor pillow), richly bordered with gold braid. One leg was on the seat, the other hung down with easy negligence, and exposed, in sad incongruity, a dirty worsted sock. Nautch girls were introduced, and went through their monotonous cantation and movements for our amusement. After *half an hour* we received our *congé*, and both H. and I were presented with a handsome *kookree* by the hands of His Majesty. I was much

struck with the manner and bearing of Jung Buhadoor, the Minister; there is a promptness and decision about him that quite corresponds with the determined energy he has displayed in the late exciting events. His countenance is shrewd, his ways open and prepossessing, and "*savoir faire*" considerable. His dress was extremely elegant, consisting of a splendid robe of real sable trimmed with gold, a turban set round with diamonds, and a necklace of real emeralds round his throat; his nether garments were not quite in keeping, being a light pantaloon of common material, with black leather shoes, but as the robe was long this was not observable.

The only mistake in the costume was the cruel addition of an English silk neckcloth, which his brothers had adopted as well as himself.

Monday, the 18*th.*—This morning I had my first subject, a "Bhooteah" man and woman. Among a peculiarly filthy community, the Bhooteah is pre-eminently dirty. To almost all the lower classes of Nepal, water, as an ablutory medium, is a myth.

The Bhooteah is said not only not to wash, but never to change his clothes, wearing them until they drop from him by voluntary segregation.

My two specimens fully sustained the character of the class, of whom more hereafter. Ctesias, a Latin author, who lived some 400 years B.C., described the inhabitants of Bhotan thus:—

"These people," says he, "inhabit the whole range of mountains as far as the Indus to the westward. They are very black, but otherwise remarkable for their probity, as other Hindus are, in general, and with whom there

BHOOTEAHS—FROM LIFE.

is a constant intercourse. They live by hunting, piercing the wild beasts with their darts and arrows, but they are also swift enough to run them down.

"They have the head and nails of a dog, but their teeth are longer, and they bark like dogs, having no other language; yet they understand the Hindus, but express themselves by signs and barking. They have also tails, like dogs, but longer and more bushy.

"The Hindus call them calystrii, or 'dog-faced.' They live upon flesh, dried in the sun. The men *never bathe*, the women only once a month. They rub their bodies with oil. They generally live in caves. Their clothes are of skin, except a few of the richest, who wear linen."

So far *Ctesias*, who has apparently mixed up men and wild dogs in his brain together; but whatever fables he has swallowed, in one point he is unmistakably correct, "the Bhooteas never bathe." My two specimens fully sustained the character of the class; they were horribly dirty, and their "caparisons" most "odorous," as Mrs. Malaprop would say.

In the afternoon we went to pay our *dcvoirs* to the Minister, General Jung Buhadoor, at his own house. He received us, as usual, at the door, hugged us tenderly, as before described, and we started off hand-in-hand, like a parcel of school-girls, and promenaded round his garden to the tune of "Nancy Dawson," and "Drops of Brandy," played by a troop of violent musicians.

The garden was a square piece of ground rudely dug and lately planted with trees, which, however, we could not admire, because they were concealed by a covering

of straw laid over each to protect its infant years from cold and snow.

Our walk savoured of the ludicrous. Major Thoresby, the mildest and most excellent of men, rather quaintly got up, held fast to the Minister; I was clawed by Colonel Bam Buhadoor, who inserted his fat fingers, clad in worsted gloves, through mine, and held up my hand most inconveniently high; Hill was grabbed by a short stout man, named Coolman Sing; and Cripps struggled on in the clutches of another, Khubeer-Khutree.

In this order we marched on the narrow raised walk of the garden, making convulsive efforts at conversation, feeling supremely ridiculous, and horribly cold—the band blowing and banging away, taking short roads and cutting us off at stray corners, each individual straining his nerves to attract attention and blow himself into notice. We then ascended to the top of a tower, some five stories from the ground, up a succession, not of stairs, but ladders, when rifles were brought, and sharp practice commenced at targets below.

This diversion being concluded, to the great relief of our party, we adjourned to the Minister's large room, and, after a few minutes' chat, took our leave.

Hill and I were again honoured with a fur cloak and a musk deer (deceased) containing the bag of precious scent untouched. The Minister's room was a handsome hall, larger and wider than that at the Palace; large chandeliers were ranged down the centre on each side of the wall; at the very top of the room were two rows of engravings, comprising some of the best of modern works, which were almost undistinguishable from the height at which they were hung; below, and at a very

THE MUSK DEER.

good viewing distance, were some absurd pictures, by a native artist, of the Minister and his brothers.

Several cupboards with glass doors contained guns and rifles, and on a table were spread out several boxes with pistols by different masters.

The walls of the room were painted with coarse unwholesome paint, the windows and cupboard-doors being dark green; a billiard-table was among the heterogeneous furniture of the hall.

Jung Buhadoor paid me the compliment of showing me several of his choicest guns, and one especially, among the number, which he said was a "very good gun." When I looked at it, he added, in a careless, indifferent tone, "This is the gun I shot my uncle with"; a pleasant little announcement, highly characteristic of the man.

Another amusing sight was a picture of a royal durbar, by a native artist. The Rajah was seated at the farthest part of the room, fronting the spectator, while the members of the Assembly sat in line on each side; but as it was thought disrespectful to make the Rajah smaller than his subjects, his figure, distant as it was, was the largest of the group.

The same principle was observed in the attendant group—those of the highest rank, being nearest the Rajah, were made the biggest, and decreased in size as they approached the eye—a style of grouping which was novel and peculiar. Perspective and politeness being antagonistic, the first necessarily gave way.

My excellent host was one of those ancients of India, who was accustomed from the first years of his Indian career to follow the bad practice (then universally

prevalent) of rising long before the sun—while Aurora was still comfortably tucked up in Tithonus's bed. Under the influence of this, his second nature—for the climate of the plains affords the only reasonable pretext—he thought it necessary to continue the evil custom even in Nepal at Christmas, when the cold is intense, and when there is, even between 6 and 10 in the morning, a thick drizzling mist, which totally obscures your view and cuts up your miserable mortal frame with shivers and rheumatics.

Even in the plains I had always eschewed the untimely disturbance of rest, and risen decently when the world is warmed. It was, therefore, with no little struggle that I could bring myself to face the mist and frost and piercing wind of a Nepal morning at 5 o'clock, while the cold moon was still hanging her light out in the grey heavens.

Major T. took a sort of savage delight in witnessing my misery, asked me whether I felt it cold, gave impossible consolation that I should "soon be warm," and indulged in other inhuman pleasantries at my expense.

Having, however, very few days before me, and being anxious to see all I could, I made up my mind to brave this combination of miseries, as I should otherwise have seen but little, and lost the benefit of Major T.'s ciceronism.

Thus one day, at the awful hour of 5 A.M., Major Thoresby and myself started on foot for the city of Patun, formerly called Lelit Patun. The prefix is now lost, and its meaning hidden in obscurity. Lelit is said to have been the name of a Lapoo, or household servant, of a former Rajah, who built a temple in the vicinity of

the town, which has since been named after him. It is situated about two miles and a half from Kathmandoo, to the south-east, and, like the former place, contains many curious and interesting temples, most of which are of the same peculiar form and character as those in other parts of the valley. Hunooman, Bheem Singh, and Garoodh seem (next to the mighty Muhadev) to be the most popular divinities in Nepal.

The monkey-general's image, incarnadine with bright and polished paint, an ape's face, and a preposterous tail, is very conspicuous. A pillar with a very shiny image of this divinity stands exactly opposite the Minister's new palace.

Two figures of Bheem Singh's lion, neither couchant nor rampant, but in an upright sitting posture comprising a little of either, are seen before numerous temples, and behind these grim door-keepers are frequently another pair, with legs and tail and attitude corresponding, but the nose converted into a peak, and the mane into wings—a sort of questionable hybrid between the "Singh" and the "Garoodh."

The largest of the temples at Patun contains, at present, the captive person of the deposed Rajah, Rajendra Bikram Shah, whose person, in default of a "Habeas Corpus" Act, is in durance vile, under the surveillance of a military guard whose arms and accoutrements are perceived hanging up in a temple opposite.

One of the temples contains carved representations of a series of tortures, a mode of punishment which seems to have afforded amusement to former potentates.

Some men were *in extremis* of decapitation, others

suspended by the heels, apparently to facilitate the same operation. One unfortunate was in a great jar, into which he was apparently being pressed down like sardines, or preserved tamarinds, by ruthless little stone men. Another was being pounded and smashed in a cauldron.

We returned to breakfast, and at 12 o'clock General Jung Buhadoor came for his portrait, attended by the usual stout satellites privileged to embrace and be embraced.

General Jung was splendidly arrayed. A light-green silk turban, tastefully adorned with pearls, diamonds, and emeralds, a splendid diamond pearl in front, with emerald-pearl drops, out of which sprang a single bird of paradise feather, formed without any exception the most elegant head-dress I ever saw or dreamed of.

His coat, a kind of frock, was a dark-blue velvet, broadly edged with gold, the sleeves of red velvet, and the upper richly embroidered with gold; a gilt belt with a square plate of diamonds across his breast, and another with a still more splendid centre of diamonds encircled his waist.

In the evening H. and I went to the country house of the Rajah to see the Bala Neel-Kunth, a prostrate figure of Narayun, lying on his back in a dirty tank, the whole carved in grey stone, some eighteen or twenty feet long.

The figure, built up from the bottom of the water, is so formed that it appears to be floating, and by the dim light on the tank, enclosed with water and overshadowed by trees, looks very awful and ominous. His pillow is formed by cobras' heads—more painful than pleasant.

THE FLOATING NARAYUN.

The deception is clever, and multitudes visit the spot and pay for the entertainment.

There is here a square court-yard, enclosed on three sides with large houses fantastically and rather richly carved, the northern side being enclosed by a wall, in which are inserted twenty-one water-pipes of stone, with alligators' mouths, one large one in the centre and ten smaller on each side. Through these pipes the mountain stream is made to pass, so that a fountain of water is perpetually playing through the mysterious "muggers'"* mouths on the ground below, and causing a pleasant and refreshing splash and murmur, which in hot weather must be delightful.

In another tank were hundreds of the Seer-mahee, tame as calves, swimming about in the clear transparent water. They were tended by a deformed man with fingerless hands, who fed them daily.

Wednesday, the 20th.—Turned out again at light, which might be called crepuscular, and in a thick fog, to see the celebrated Sumbonath, a Buddhist temple held in high veneration by the Bhooteas, who daily visit it, and demonstrate their devotion by circling round all the temples, great and small, contained within the same precincts.

Snow had fallen during the night, and was visible on the summit of Chundagiree. The top of the snowy range, tinged by a blush of celestial rosy red, was glorious.

It is a most strange place, crammed with miscellaneous and inconsistent sanctities, and indicative of the mixed religions peculiar here, Gunesh and Mahadeo being side

* Alligators.

by side with Boodh. An ascent of 550 steps leads to the great temple. At the bottom of the steps is a great monster, Boodh. At the summit are the temples, figures, and columns; but the first object is a brazen thunderbolt (Bujra) on a circular pedestal containing brass relievos of all sorts of animals.

After breakfast the Lieutenant and Aide-de-Camp brought a celebrated nautch-girl, a slave of the Minister's, for her portrait. We had noticed her at the Palace, not only as a good-looking and rather graceful girl, but as possessing all the characteristics of a Nepal face. But we were sadly disappointed on a closer inspection. She was almost plain, and her mouth was black with pawn. They had, moreover, decked her out with "jewels and silk attire," and she was uncomfortably conscious of her finery, sat in awkward and ungracious attitudes, and, in short, both she and I made a mess of it.

Thursday, the 21*st*.—Again a matutinal excursion, the ground covered with a heavy hoar frost. We visited the celebrated Boodh temple, but were unfortunate in the day, most of the Bhooteas being absent. We met a magnificently dirty group on our road, accompanied by a lama, and made an assignation with them to come to the house for a sitting, but they were faithless. Another party, however, came, and I got a good sketch.

An hour afterwards, a wild jungle-dog, which I had asked General Jung to send for his picture, arrived, but alas! dead. He had gone off suddenly on the road, as his conductor said; but as he was cold and stiff when he reached the house, we were inclined to suspect the truth of the story.

THE LAMA WITH ROSARY.

He was an exceedingly fine specimen, the image of a large jackal, the nose a little shorter, the ears a trifle rounder, and the legs longer and more muscular, and altogether more noble-looking.

This specimen differed in some respects from one that I drew years before at Cuttack, of which I then made a sketch (here appended), but especially in the tail, which was more bushy.

THE WILD DOG.

The Durbar moonshee, named Luchmee Das, who came in shortly afterwards, while talking of their dogs related to us the following credible story of their habits.

He said their dogs were in the habit of silently approaching other animals in the jungle and tickling their tails, and then, watching their opportunity, drawing out their victims' entrails. Another trait is that they are in the habit of surrounding and drawing animals into a corner where there is only one exit; a number of them in some way poison this path, and the devoted

animal who passes, licking and browsing the grass and shrubs, is driven mad, and, like the sculptor, "makes faces and busts," and perishes in convulsions. Luchmee and Ctesias might run in a curricle!

In the evening we rode slowly through the city, and were thus enabled to appreciate the odour of the drains, which are certainly the foulest I have ever witnessed. Other towns are content with leaving their refuse in their drains; Kathmandoo's drains are ostentatiously filthy, full to the brim, and flowing over with black beastliness indescribably foul.

Friday, the 22nd.—No morning excursion. To-day, after breakfast, composed a tableau of a Newar woman and children for a picture.

This is the day fixed for the departure of the Maharajah and the Minister on the first stage of their great hunting expedition.

The hour and movements having been duly prescribed by the astrologers, at about 5 o'clock we heard the guns booming forth a royal salute in honour of His Majesty's exit. Major Thoresby ridicules the idea which has been widely disseminated touching this expedition, and as the Nepalese have nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by collision with us, he is, perhaps, right.

But, looking at the critical position of our affairs in the Punjab, the late discovery of conspiracies, the actors in which, however despicable themselves, boasted openly of promised aid from Nepal, and the known disaffection of large bodies in Behar and Patna, this movement is certainly calculated to excite suspicion. Twelve regiments, with I don't know how many *guns*, have been sent down, and the camp is formed at Kukreehutha

THE NEWAR WOMAN AND FAMILY.

within a few miles of the frontier—a formidable array, *certes*, for a hunting party! But what appears to us a very strange arrangement, the deposed Rajah comes in from his prison at Patun, and takes up his abode in the city during the absence of the reigning monarch. Three regiments only are left him; and if the old gentlemen could bring them over, raise his standard, and block up the mountain pass, he might keep out his rival and the "Buhadoor" brothers with ease. Possibly they wish to entrap him into a scheme of the kind, as an excuse for moving him bodily, *nous verrons*.*

Saturday, the 23*rd*.—To-day I had as a sitting a specimen of a pretty Nepalese—a young woman probably not of the highest respectability, but certainly nice-looking, and gracefully clothed in a red muslin *saree* and long green shawl, which she wrapped round her person in such a way as to form a massive and classical drapery.

The girl was sent specially for the purpose, as Jung Buhadoor said I had painted so many ugly people that they would say in Calcutta there was no beauty in Nepal.

A Thibetan dog and sheep, and a specimen of the small black cattle of Nepal, were afterwards added to my collection.

The animal usually called the Nepal dog is a native of Thibet. He is described by Kirkpatrick as about the

* In Calcutta there was an incipient panic when the movement of the Nepal army was known; but the alarm was somewhat allayed when a leading article appeared in the *Friend of India*, saying that while all Calcutta was alarmed at the idea of an invasion by Jung Buhadoor, Mr. William Tayler, the Postmaster-General, was taking the Minister's portrait in his capital.

THE NEPALESE BEAUTY.

size of our English bull-dog, but he is usually much larger. That from which my sketch is taken is rather below than above the usual size. The head is something like the mastiff's, but the expression is lowering and sulky. The girth is peculiarly deep, the legs powerful, the tail is a thing *per se*, turning over the back and falling down on all sides, so that the root, or caudal insertion, as the scientific world would say, is not discernible. It is a tale in two volumes.

The Minister, I am told, has much finer dogs, but he sends them to the hills, as their life is precarious in the valley.

These dogs are excellent watch-dogs, and are kept for this purpose by the shepherds. There is a fable that during the Nepal war they were used at the pickets as sentinels.

This is probably a confusion of substance, like that made by Ctesias in his account of the Bhooteas. That the sentinels were accompanied by dogs is not improbable.

The sheep is a very elegant animal for a sheep, with a small blood head, large eye, and very long legs.

They are employed as beasts of burden by the Bhooteas, who load them with salt. The flesh is poor, and only used by Europeans for soup. The cattle of Nepal are small, but game-looking, neatly built, with small heads, clean legs, and a pointed elevation on the withers, which is coated with hair, but quite unlike the Bengalee type. They are generally black or red, sometimes spotted.

Sunday, the 24th.—Morning walk to Bala-Neil-Kunth. Sketched a lama in the evening. All went to Pushputee. Here is *the* temple of Nepal as regards sanctity; Europeans are not allowed to enter its precincts shod.

The approach to this sacred building is through an old and desolate-looking town, the single street of which, before paved with brick, is now being re-paved with stone by order of the Durbar. The temple is at the end of the street, and is sheltered by an overhanging hill and grove, the Bishenmutee running between them. It is just the dark, sheltered grove which one can imagine to be dear to the superstitious devotee.

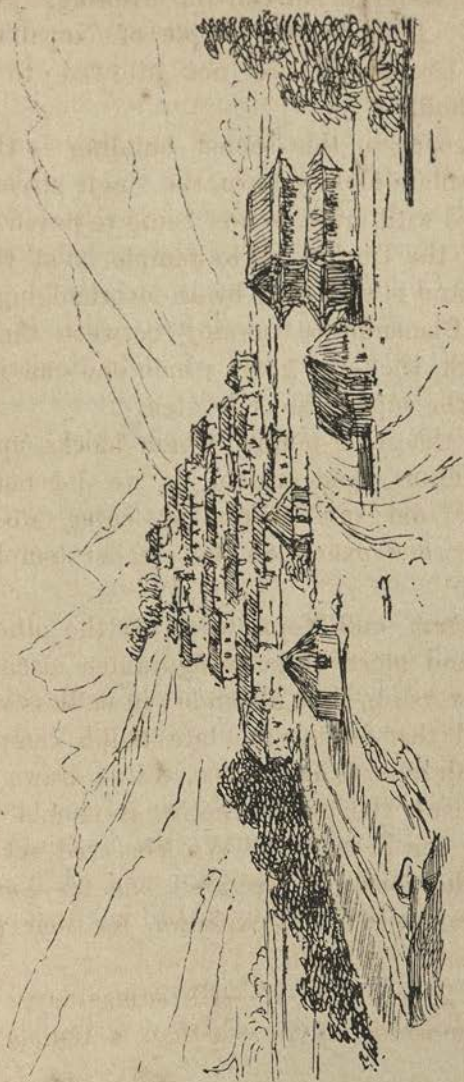
To avoid the great temple, which blocks up the road like a terminus, and which, as we did not wish to unshoe, we did not choose to enter, we made a slight *détour*, and examined the smaller temples at the back.

The Lingam and Yoni, with all the other mystic emblems, and most obscure figurantee attendants on Muhadev's worship, here abounded in endless variety.

It is said that during the late Seikh campaign the deposed rajah went to Pushputee, with a drawn sword in hand, to consult the oracle whether it should be peace or war with the Feringee.* We observed several new temples in the course of erection; one for each of the Buhadoor fraternity, as an expiation for their participation in the late revolution.

Monday, 25th December.—Christmas-day. Paid a visit in the morning to Gunesh-than, a temple built on

* *Feringee*—"European," word corrupted from "French."



NASKUTTYPORE, OR VILLAGE OF CUT-NOSES.

the edge of the Bhagmutee, at the spot where the river makes its exit from the valley. We passed by the town of Kirtipore, famous for its resistance during three sieges by the Goorkha Rajah, in one of which the Goorkha conqueror, Pritinaraim ordered all the people's noses to be cut off, and changed the name of the place to Naskuttypore.*

During the day, drew a view of the Residency and of Sumbonath, and a picture of the uncommon pheasant called the "Chilmeer"—"argus pheasant." We have several times eaten this bird, and excellent it is. In the evening, paid a second visit to Pushputee, and ascended the hill Koilas, where we interrupted a whole tribe of monkeys, who were enjoying the remains of a native picnic.

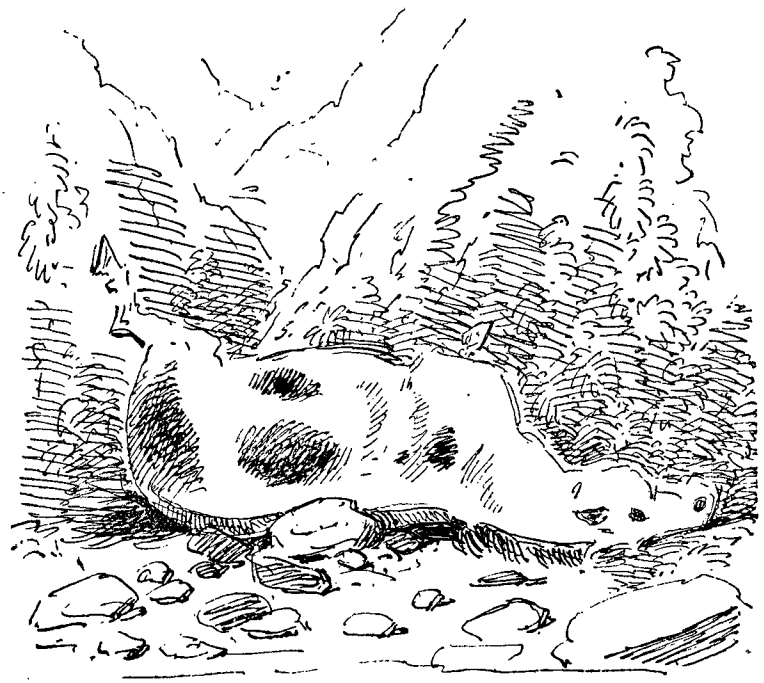
Tuesday, the 26th.—Started at half-past six, our kind and excellent host accompanying us through the town. About ten minutes past nine we commenced our ascent up the mighty mountain Chundagiree. We arrived at the top at half-past ten precisely.

There is a hill held very sacred close to this temple, called "Koilas." Koilas is the summit of the mythological mountain Meru.

On our route we found a dead pony lying on the path. He had evidently fallen during the descent; his hind leg was scarified, and he was quite wedged in among the stones. He was not the only victim in these precipitous passes.

We reached our tent at Chitlong at about 11 o'clock, with appetites not easily to be described. My com-

* Village of Cut Noses.



FALLEN PONY.

panions, Hill and Cripps, with laudable zeal, started out in search of woodcock. I remained, and, seated on a sloping terrace of grass, basking in the sun, the glorious range of mountains on all sides, and the murmuring brooks gently tinkling, like that which gave Mendelssohn the idea of some of his beautiful melodies, at my feet, I passed several most enjoyable hours.

Cripps has part of the Residency Guard with him. We took their tent, and joined it to our own, sending them for shelter into the suraee (or inn), and thus made a

suite, with the dinner-table at one end and the beds at the other, where we passed a very pleasant evening.

Wednesday, 27th December.—Under an accumulation of clothes, such as I have depicted in Chapter II., consisting of three English blankets, an unusually thick wadded quilt, a dressing-gown of the same calibre, and an enormous great-coat made of English horse-blanket, I still felt mournfully conscious of the external cold, from which we were separated by only a single canvas.

We rose at half-past 7, and underwent the operations of the toilet in undisguised misery, my stockings feeling like snowballs, and my shirt being as cold as a Neselrode pudding.

The mountains which surrounded us completely excluded the genial rays of the sun; and thus, while seated at a 9 o'clock breakfast, we continued shivering and shaking with cold, which we attempted to alleviate by rubbing our hands on the hot-water plates, and fondling the warm toast, as it was brought in.

In the midst of these anxious and elaborate devices to procure a decent temperature, a zealous Bengalee Khidmutgar, thinking to surprise and please us, brought in a dessert-spoonful of frost, or, as he called it, ice (burf), which he had in his simplicity scraped from the top of the tent; to him a genuine curiosity.

We started on our march at about 10, and passed the scene of our inhospitable ejection by the "burra captain," where I sketched the fountain or well.

All wells, pools, springs, and fountains are invested with a halo of religious sanctity in the minds of the superstitious Hindus. In Nepal, wherever (as far as my observation extended) a stream issued from an artificial

pipe, the pipe is formed into the resemblance of a gaping monster, supposed to be an alligator, but with the snout turned up, in a style which no alligator can accomplish.

This peculiar head occurs perpetually among the Nepal thaumatology. The great water-pipes near the Bala-neel-kunth are headed with the same ornament.

Shortly after starting, an accident befel Hill's pony, which might have been more serious. In crossing a bridge, composed of a single plank, rendered slippery by the frost, the ill-fated animal slipped and tumbled head over heels into the stream below.

Fortunately he slipped at the first step, and his fall was broken by the bushes on the bank. Had he come down from the centre he would have received his quietus, as a fall of six feet upon hard and pointed stones would have been sufficient to knock his life out of him.

Our march was most enjoyable, the sun was just civilly warm, while a dry and invigorating breeze sported coyly over our faces. The noble range of mountains all around us, the murmuring of the winding river, the patches of cultivation at the foot of the hills, formed a succession of beautiful pictures.

We reached the foot of the Sheeshuguree mountains at about 1 o'clock, and rested for half an hour on the banks of the stream.

A villager came at our request from the village, and caught with a casting-net some fish from the river, which afterwards graced our dinner-table. These fish had all the appearance, in shape and colour, of trout, but their mouths were altogether different, utterly devoid of teeth,

the lower jaw being placed far behind the upper, and from its formation adapted only for suction. They were, however, very nice eating.

At the very summit of the mountain our eyes were delighted with the sight of a splendid rhododendron covered with its magnificent flowers, an unusual sight, as they seldom flower till March or April.

This was my dear wife's birthday; we drank her health, in the Captain's room, with a blazing fire.

Thursday, the 28*th*.—Started after breakfast, as we had only the descent from Sheeshuguree to accomplish.

Before starting, I drew a sketch of the pass, *i.e.* a square aggregation of loose stones on which, by a figure, a sentinel is supposed to stand, in perpetual surveillance of the surrounding country.

Below are the remains of what is called the fort, a piece of black wall, with two or three embrasures for guns, a bank, and some loose stones.

This fort is said never to have been completed, the absurdity of the situation, out-topped as it is by several other hills, being pointed out by some European.

Our horses had been sent down the evening before to Bheempedee, and we found them ready saddled when we reached the bottom of the mountain.

About half-way on our march we met two gentlemen who were essaying an excursion into Nepal; but as the Rajah and all the Court were absent, and the Resident was about to leave the capital himself, Captain Cripps was commissioned to request them to go "bok agin." This he did civilly and privately, but they refused to be persuaded, and after a chat we left them.

Shortly afterwards occurred the only sad accident of our trip—R. Hill lost his pet "Fop," a precious little dog, favourite of all.

The poor little animal followed some jungle fowl into the wood, and was, as we supposed, carried off by a cheeta. While waiting in hopes of his return, we were much amused by watching the antics of a bevy of monkeys. They were assembled in a tree which overhung the river; exactly under the tree was a heap of stones.

As we sat quietly on the stones on the opposite side, I perceived an elderly monkey come cautiously down the tree, then step on the rock, peering round with that busy look that only monkeys can command, and at last settle himself down upon the stone, and, after a few more precautionary glances, the old fellow began lifting up the stones with his hands, grabbed from underneath them something—whether animal or vegetable we could not tell—and popped into his mouth first one, then another, with evident delight. After a short time the rest of the family made their appearance, first middle-sized, then little ones. Down they came, some head foremost, some backwards, clinging on by tails and legs, jumping, skipping, scrambling, and scrimmaging, the young fry taking great liberties with each other's tails, and making great fun of the business altogether; but finally alighting, they turned to the practical part of the diversion with intense gravity, and up went the stones and in went the paws, and munch away did the merry party incessantly. We asked several of the attendants what our friends were enjoying, but they could give no information.

We reached our tent at Hetounda late in the evening.

Towards the end of the march we saw, at a little assemblage of huts by the wayside, one of the large porter's baskets, supported, as they always are, by a stick. The only tenant of this basket was a dear little busy baby, who was stretched at length on a substratum of dirty clothes.

The basket was placed among a thicket of bushes, and the dear little thing, quite unconscious of the

unusual concourse of spectators, was intently occupied in clutching at a twig with two leaves on it, that it just managed to touch but not to hold.

It was a sweet sight. The basket with the bushes reminded me of the legend of the Corinthian capital.

Friday, the 29th.—Started at dawn for Bichakho, and reached Segowlee at day-break of the 30th.

Here ends the Nepal journal.

N.B.—I ought to have made the baby brown, but he looks so dear and bright as he is, that I could not bring myself to cast a shade upon him.

CHAPTER V.

FROM NEPAL TO DARJEELING.

Leave Nepal and return to Segowlee.—Visit to Bettiah.—Christian Village.—Roman Catholic Priest.—Service in the Church.—Take the Portrait of my Host and others.—Also of Muhabeer, the Idiot.—Leave Segowlee for Darjeeling.—Reach Caragola by Water, and proceed to Purneah.—Kishengunge and Titalya.—Description of Titalya.—Great Fair.—Encampment of the Morshedabad Nawab.—Mr. Burg, the Sporting Postmaster.—Leave Titalya for Dinajepore.—Mode of Progress.—Our Elephant bolts in fear of Tiger.—The Vicious Mare.—Reach Darjeeling.—Am received by Dr. Bowling.—Great Disappointment at the Scenery.—Leave Darjeeling.—The Glories of Kinchinjunga.—Alarming Occurrence.—Reach Boornye.—Mr. and Mrs. Barnes.—Purneah.—Child and Calf.—Caragola.—Colgong.—Fable of the Kosi river.—Rajmahal.—Arrival of Steamer.—Re-cross the Ganges.—Reach Malda.—Stay with the Drummonds.—Fisherman.—Report of Tiger.—Reach Dinajepore.—Ramsagur Tank.

Friday, December 29th.—Started at dawn for Bichakho, as we were anxious to reach the end of our stage early. Found our palkees there, and, after a scrambling breakfast, entered our boxes. Hill shot two lovely birds in the snow.

Saturday, the 30*th.*—Reached Segowlee at daybreak.

Sunday, December 31*st.*—Drove with Mr. Macdonald, the well-known indigo-planter, to Bettiah, where there is a Roman Catholic mission, established many years ago. We breakfasted in Father Baptist's house, and afterwards attended mass. Father Baptist is a Capuchin Friar, and preserves in Bettiah solitude the costume of his order. His dress consists of a long cloak of mulberry cloth, confined by a white cord, which, owing to the protuberance of his person, rests just under his chest; beard, shoes, and naked feet are very like those of a Lama. He is a stout little man, of astute and intelligent countenance, twinkling eye, baldish head, and prominent corporation. He is an Italian by birth, but understands and speaks Hindustanee. Mr. Macdonald and he conversed in Latin, and I began to fear that my supposed familiarity with the language "in which Maro sung" was a delusion, as their conversation was utterly unintelligible. I attempted a short sentence of what I flattered myself was not unclassical Latin, when left alone with the worthy Father, saying, while looking at a sketch I had just finished of the chapel, "Ornamenta hœc ab ornamentis templi haud valde differunt." To my horror the fat little man answered irrelevantly, and in evident ignorance of my classical effort, in Hindustanee!

We all went then to the building used as a church. There was a large congregation at the mass, and the usual amount of indifference, listlessness, and apathy which a Christian assembly too frequently presents, but no frivolity or unbecoming behaviour, and among a few, principally aged persons, and some younger women, an

appearance of intense devotion. The sacrament was administered to four recipients, two men of middle age, an elderly woman of peculiarly pleasing exterior, and a remarkably good-looking and graceful girl, who received it devoutly, and the women prostrated themselves with a semblance of sincere self-abasement after they had swallowed the holy wafer. It was an interesting and impressive sight to witness so large a concourse of natives assembled to worship, so far as their knowledge and information went, the true God; and while watching their cleanly appearance, decent and calm exterior, their attention and devoutness, and hearing them chant, not badly, the exquisite strains of the "Kyrie eleison" and "Gloria in Excelsis," I felt my heart swell with sympathy and satisfaction.

The general appearance of the Christian village is extremely favourable. Their houses are neater and more cleanly than those of the unconverted natives. They themselves are well dressed, on the best terms with the other inhabitants and the Rajah. Macdonald tells me their behaviour is excellent, their word to be strictly relied upon. The women are faithful and chaste, only two instances of illegimate birth having occurred during many years.

Monday, January 1st.—New Year's Day. This being my last day at Segowlee, I occupied my time in drawing likenesses of my host and hostess. The whole station met at dinner at Martin's, in celebration of New Year's Day, and a merry round game at commerce concluded the evening.

Being desirous of visiting the favoured station of Darjeeling, I started on January 2nd, at six o'clock,

from Segowlee, and went thence, *viâ* Patna, Bhagulpore, and Monghyr, to Caragola, on the banks of the Ganges, where the road to Darjeeling commenced. My daily journal on this trip is not worth entering, as I have before mentioned the several stations passed.

From Caragola I proceeded to Purnea, and thence, *viâ* Kishengunje, to Titalya, where I arrived on Thursday, the 11th of January.

The name "Titalya," philologists say, ought to be spelt and pronounced "Teetooleah," from "Teetoo," a tamarind-tree, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because there are no tamarinds in the neighbourhood. The place is by no means of a cheerful or inviting aspect.

A large tract of broken and uneven ground, a village and mango tope, sundry black and dilapidated huts, and a dâk bungalow, appeared to constitute all its natural and permanent attractions. I ought to have seen the snowy range; but an obstinate and impenetrable mist, which never removed its envious veil for a single moment during my sojourn of two days and a half, obstructed the view. I arrived opportunely during the celebration of the fair—an infant gathering, established for the first time last year, with a view to promote an interchange and reciprocity of communion and barter between the mountaineers and lowlanders. The scene that presented itself to my view as I approached, elephant-mounted, from the Kishengunje road, was wild and picturesque. Scattered in and among the straggling trees of a large mango grove, were erected the booths of the lowland hawkers and shopmen, chiefly from the neighbouring stations of Purneah, Rungpore, and Dinajepore. The various goods were laid on the ground, and laid out with

as much display and ostentation as their taste and fancy could suggest,—shawls, carpets, cotton-stuffed quilts, countless brass pots and vessels, vidree hookas, sweetmeats, and all the other odds and ends of an Indian bazaar, glittered and smelt as such things usually do; while the scene was greatly diversified by the strange groups of hill folks, Bhooteas, Lepchas, Nepalese, *et hoc genus omne*,—a curious and motley race, who will be described elsewhere. The most striking feature of the whole assemblage was the encampment of His Highness the Nawab of Morshedabad, with a splendid tent of crimson cloth in the centre, and surrounded by hackeries, ekhas, and bylees, with crimson canopies and magnificent and very complete travelling equipage befitting the wealth of the noble owner. But the fair was a failure, from some unexplained cause. The attendance was not so numerous as the year before; the hill ponies were rips not worth buying; there were no arms, no curiosities, nothing that an European could purchase; and it is clear that without better management and greater spirit the adventure will fail!

The Postal Department is represented by an individual who, as far as I could discover, has neither house nor office; a sort of locomotive being of very questionable appliances, but who made a great display at the races in shirt-sleeves and bare elbows. This unusual amusement had elevated Mr. John Burg into such a state of enthusiastic unreason, that his answers on postal matters were wild and unintelligible, and I thought it better to eschew the subject till my return. The man was in an unnatural state, printed himself as "Mr. Short-wind," and on a question arising regarding a cross

in the race, sent into the stewards a sort of post-office map exhibiting his route and final position!

On the morning of the 14th I started, in company with Mr. Scott, the magistrate of Dinajepore, for Darjeeling, and this was the mode of our progress: The first stage, from Titalya to a mile beyond Sunyasee-cottah, we performed in gentlemanly and decent style in an easy buggy with a horse aged but progressive. Thence a baker's cart, and mare of suspicious practices belonging to my companion, brought us to the Siligoree bungalow, sixteen miles from Titalya, where we breakfasted with Brian Hodgson, who has fled from the winter cold of Darjeeling, and is here sojourning. Eight miles more after breakfast, in the cart, showed us a locality called Adulpore, that is, some mud-brick pillars covered with thatch in the middle of the Terai. Here was to have been found an elephant of the Morshedabad Nawab's, which had been sent on for my use; but when we reached the changing-place a frantic man rushed forward to say that the elephant, having "found the smell" of a tiger, had fled incontinently into the jungle, and, for all he knew, had killed the mahout and vanished into unknown regions. This was a decided event, and as the suspicious mare was in a state of manifest exhaustion, the sun's rays maliciously perpendicular, I myself suffering from giddiness caused by exposure, and the next stage (Punkhabaree) eight miles distant, our situation was quite sufficiently disagreeable to satisfy a cockney in search of occurrences.

There was no help for it, however, so on we went in the baker's cart, though slowly and with intervals of pause, and horrible presentiments of a dead stop, which were not, however, destined to be realised.

The mare unwisely weakened our sympathies by kicking clean through the apologetic plank supposed to have been intended for a splash-board, of which it was a faint imitation, and through it wounded her master on the shin. When our compassion was gone we insisted more sternly on progress.

We reached Punkhabaree, the first bungalow in the ascent, in time (as we there found ponies) to push on for our intended resting-place, surrounded by mountains and commanding a lovely view of the plains, and with a murmuring waterfall within earshot. Here a blazing fire, comfortable dinner, and warm bed restored our spirits, and the next morning, January 15th, we had a charming and most enjoyable ride into Darjeeling, which we reached between 2 and 3 o'clock.

At Darjeeling I was hospitably received by Dr. Bowling, made the acquaintance of the several residents, but was sadly disappointed at the general appearance of the station—a constant, unrelenting fog concealing even the outlines of the encircling mountains, and keeping the mighty Kinchinjunga altogether out of sight.

But we had reached our destination. My labours were over for a time, and I went to rest, though disappointed for the moment, yet relieved by recalling the song,

"What shall to-morrow bring who shall tell?"

Or, as Horace wisely puts it, "Quid sit futurum cras —fuge quærere."

The morning presented the same dark and smothered aspect, with little promise of enlightenment; indeed, the weather, throughout the few days I remained at Darjeeling, was without intermission and beyond all description

foggy, so as not to allow even a glimpse of anything beyond the range of our noses. I determined, therefore, to shorten my stay and return to the plains, and then, after inspection of the remaining post-offices, to re-visit Darjeeling in hopes of a more favourable reception and happier view of the great mountain; but I no sooner issued from my room and turned the corner a few yards outward, than I beheld (for the second time only since my sojourn) the glorious peak of the great Kinchinjunga, "rosy-fingered" with the morning sun, the envious mist rolling off in every direction, and all other signs of an unmistakable fine day.

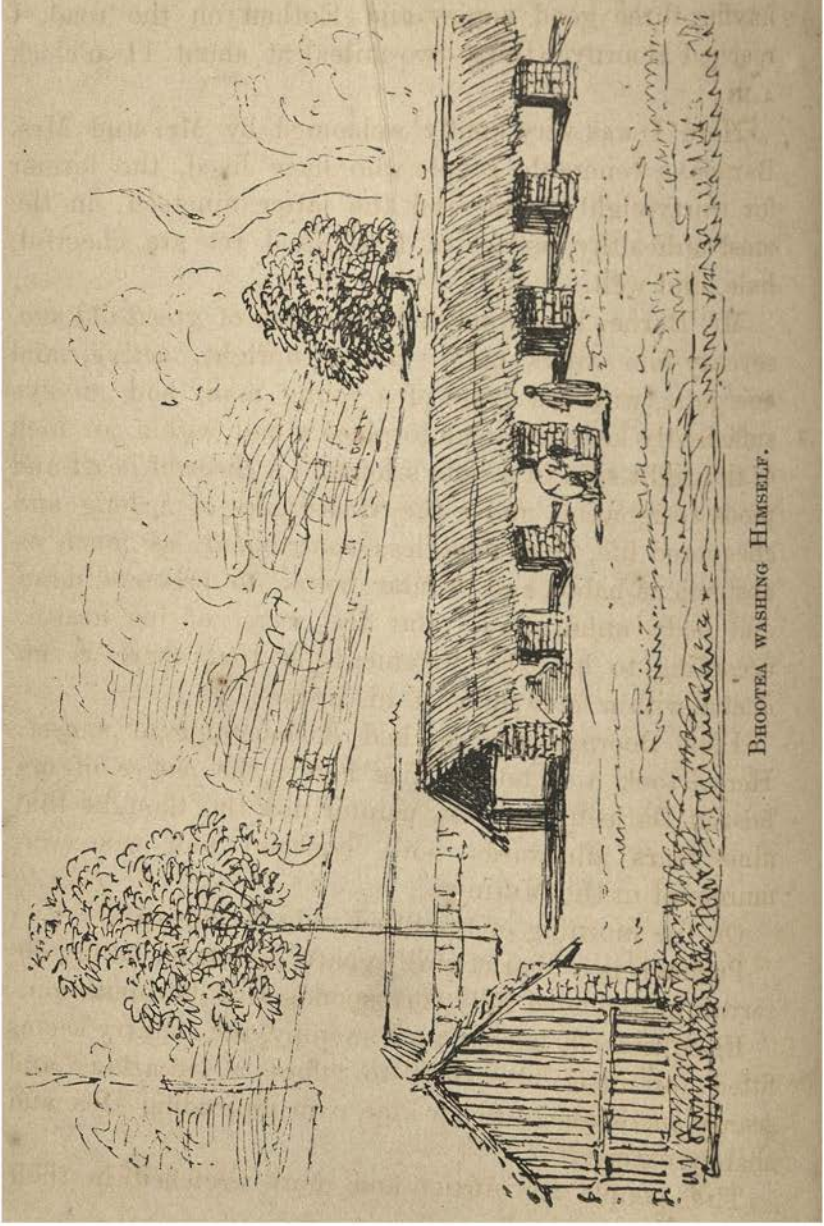
It was too late, however, to change my plans, and I started, lingering over the first half mile of my road, to gaze with wonderment and reverence on the stupendous mass of chiselled snow before me, until a turn of the road concealed it from my sight.

I reached the Punkhabaree bungalow at about 12 o'clock, and here I enjoyed the satisfaction which every traveller must feel when the testimony of his own sense practically convinces him of facts diametrically opposed to the theory of the multitude and the records of history.

I saw a Bhootea washing himself; with earnestness of purpose too, and with apparently no especial cause, dirt counting for nothing. The ceremony was evidently uncommon, as all his companions stood round him with open mouths and wondering eyes.

For myself, I immediately made a note of the fact as an "alarming occurrence," and I hereby solemnly vouch for the truth of my narration.

Early on the morning of the 2nd I left Siligoree, and



BHOOTEA WASHING HIMSELF.

having three good ponies and Eothen on the road, I reached Boornye (thirty-two miles) at about 11 o'clock A.M.

Here I was very kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, a venerable couple who have lived, the former for thirty-eight years, and the latter nineteen, in the most unhealthy district in India, and yet are cheerful, hale, and well.

Mr. Barnes is a wonderful specimen of green old age, seventy-four years old. He is upright, active, and energetic, with the figure of a young man, and an eye sufficiently keen and true to place a ball within an inch of the right spot in a tiger's loins. A cheerful heart and pious resignation under the vicissitudes of a long and chequered life, have doubtless contributed, as much as abstemious habits and regular hours, to preserve mind and body unimpaired. But the secret of his health, according to his own statement, is that there is no doctor within forty miles of his house!

I left Boornye, and reached Kishengunje at sunset. Here I took a sketch of Miss Perry, the *fiancée* of my host at Darjeeling. How painful now the thought that nine years afterwards both husband and wife were murdered in the Mutiny!

On the morning of the 6th I rode to Purneah.

Purneah is a district of ill-repute, and as far as my observation extended fully corresponds with its reputation.

Ill-cultivated, barren, and swampy, the country seems fitted for little else than to afford a precarious and scanty sustenance to lean kine with protruding ribs and shabby exterior.

The people are dirtier and more wretched in their

outward guise than any I have elsewhere seen in the plains—darkest among the dark, low of stature, and with vestments of unvarying mud-colour. They appear as if rolled in moist dirt, like the aboriginal man, as described by Juvenal, "*compositi luto.*"

The district is famous for nothing, unless it be the manufacture of "vidree."

Vidree, or more properly Bidree, as the name is derived from the town and province of Beedra, is a peculiar mixture of lead and tin similar to what in England is commercially known as "spelter." This tutenag is inlaid with silver, in an ingenious and not untasteful manner, and is then used for the manufacture of the bottoms of huqqas, cups, trays, and such-like objects. It is the spelter and its inlay of silver combined which constitutes the "vidree." The subdued grey colouring of the groundwork of spelter, traced over with the harmonising pale tints of the silver pattern, is well suited to the æsthetic taste of the period.

The zemindars are poor and unenterprising, the peasants lazy and apathetic.

There are few or no trees, save on the road to Caragola, which is shaded by a magnificent avenue planted by an English gentleman who rejoiced in the sobriquet of "Chowdree Smith."

One pretty thing only I saw in riding through the country—a tableau which India only could supply. A little dot of a child of two or three years old, coal-black and shiny as patent leather, was squatted down on the grass by the road-side at the outskirts of a grazing herd, and with outstretched arms was grasping the fore-legs of a calf some few days old.

"SURE SUCH A PAIR WAS NEVER SEEN."

The expression of the two infants—the human and the bovine—was charming. There was an earnestness and concentration of purpose in the child as he held on to the loosely-knit legs of the little animal. He looked sternly and uttered threatening sounds, while the soft little velveteen "bos," with its fluffy brown coat and pure white legs, like chesnuts in milk, plunged about undeterminedly, twisting his tail as only calves' tails can be twisted, and staring softly with big lustrous eyes. Altogether a beautiful picture, to be noted and remembered, and one of which Purneah was not worthy.

Homer calls Juno βοωπις, or "cow-eyed," which Pope, for sound's sake, transposes into "large-eyed," thereby losing the force and purpose of the epithet. For no eye, save the antelope's, is half so beautiful as the cow's, excepting the calf's. Liquid, soft, and soul-subduing, a woman with such an eye is a born queen,

and yet it is of the species to be reverenced, if not feared, as Homer adds in conjunction, the "venerable," πότνια, as well as the "cow-eyed." Helen had not cow's eyes, nor Venus; they were fascinating, but not such as to ensure respect, which is the essence of the eye bovine.

From Purneah, after a stay of several days occupied chiefly in writing and business (a very serious embezzlement having taken place in the post-office), I reached Caragola, on the banks of the Ganges, thirty-six miles from Purneah, and then proceeded to Colgong.

There is an annual fair at Caragola, which was in the course of celebration at the time. A miserable sort of *af-fair*, as an inveterate punster observed.

On the opposite side of the Ganges is Colgong, or more correctly written Kahlgaon, a picturesque and very charming spot, of which the Hill House, the residence of Mr. Barnes, and some remarkable rocks, are the lions of the place. The house, built on the crown of a small hill, within a few hundred yards of the river, commands a most striking view of the surrounding country.

After some hours' sojourn with Mr. Barnes and his sisters, one of whom was married to Mr. Loughan, of the Civil Service, I went, on the night of the 25th, on board Mr. Barnes' cutter, which he had kindly lent me to prosecute my trip to Rajmahal, and, before daylight, was running along cheerily before a steady westerly breeze, giving all the country boats the most contemptuous leg-bail, and cleaving the dull waters of the great Gunga at the rate of seven knots an hour.

By 7 o'clock we had passed the junction of the Kosi, and with satisfaction, as the channel is there very narrow, and from the constant shifting of the sands the

passage is dangerous. A boat like this under a press of sail would, if she touched the bottom, inevitably execute a somersault.

This "Kosi" is, in Hindoo legend, a lady metamorphosed, daughter of Rajah Kosi, king of Gadhi. She had the misfortune to be united to a Brahmin, overrighteous, who, being dissatisfied with the son which his wife had presented to him, and who was rather a dissolute and rebellious character, requested the gods obligingly to turn her into a river—a small matter in those days, and a very slight favour for so pious a person to ask.

Poor Kosi accordingly had cold water thrown on her sympathies, and thenceforth the current of her affections, instead of setting towards her good man, flowed calmly into the bosom of the Ganges.

The Kosi is said to be larger and more rapid near its source than either the Ganges or the Bhagmutee, from the irregularity of its bottom, and to be nowhere fordable.

The westerly breeze which had set in the day before blew so strong that I reached Rajmahal at 3 o'clock, after a wonderfully swift passage.

This was the first day throughout my entire tour that I dined alone!

Tuesday, the 27th.—Remained at Rajmahal. The *Sutledge*, another steamer, anchored to coal. A boat-load of cadets, eight in number, sportingly apparelled, and with loaded guns, invaded the peaceful shore in a body, and commenced a violent cannonade against the unwary crows of Rajmahal.

The wing of H.M.'s 80th Regiment was on board,

and the dealings between the soldiers' wives and the native vendors on the bank were amusing to behold.

The contrast between the red-faced burly English barrack-women, with their stalwart arms, broad backs, and bold "devil-may-care" manners, with the attenuated, supple, and cringing native women, was striking. That of the ungraceful, drapeless gowns, obscure vistas of dirty stays and unwashed flannel, compared with the flowing chudder which graces even the lowest of the low among the Oriental females, was still more so.

Before daylight of the 28th I crossed the Ganges in the ferry-boat, and after an hour's pull reached the opposite bank at peep of day, whence I rode into Malda (twenty-four miles); and I hereby warn any incautious traveller who may be approaching this station that it is known by the name of "Ungrezabad," or English bazaar. Not knowing this, and asking always for Malda, I was deluded into an unnecessary circumbendibus of six miles, and might innocently have crossed the Mahanudi, had not an enlightened citizen in fine muslin and shoes undeceived me.

I reached the station at about 9 A.M. The country is strikingly beautiful, and though I suffered as to distance by my mistake, I gained greatly, I imagine, in the picturesque, as the road along the bank of the river is in parts exquisitely pretty.

Thursday, March 1st.—Quiet day at E. Drummond's house, where I found our old friend Francis Dalrymple and his wife.

Friday, March 2nd.—One of the first practical "facts" that presented itself to my notice at this station was the excellence of the fish—mullet, rohoo, and

others, all of which appear to possess unusual soporific qualities.

I did not think it inappropriate to the place to immortalise an individual muchowa (fisherman) who, while we were sitting at breakfast, appeared in humble guise and suppliant position to present his finny capture, a very fine rohoo, to the assistant magistrate.

Fictitious conversation relative to his private and domestic concerns, served to keep the subject in the proper curve, and afforded me an opportunity of taking a faithful portrait.

The man, conscious of some unusual process, to him a mystery, but fraught in his imagination with unknown consequences, and troubled by a perception of a divided duty, compelled by fear and reverence to yield an attentive ear to Drummond's unnatural questions and forced remarks, cast furtive glances out of the corners of his eyes at my unintelligible manipulations.

Just after breakfast Drummond received a note from a gentlemen at the Goamuttee factory, informing him that the usual sign of a tiger (*i.e.* the carcase of a bullock prematurely cut off from the enjoyment of vital air) had been seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the factory.

All immediately made for the spot, and, mounted on the only available elephant, Drummond and self, with a battery of six guns, started in pursuit, and after beating for two hours over a very lonely circuit of patchy jungle, arrived again at the house, with the conclusion that we had been the victims of misplaced confidence.

When three or four days had passed, I made my

way to Dinajepore, when, after an unsuccessful venture with James Grant, a well-known civilian, in search of a tiger, I took a sketch of a large tank, or rather lake, 1,100 yards square, with clear blue and weedless water. This is a holiday lounge for the Dinajeporeans, where the Residents have bungalows, boats, billiard-table, and other appurtenances of recreation.

There are no alligators in the tank, so that bathing is thoroughly enjoyable.

It was with great pain that I heard from F. Dalrymple that he was still without an appointment, still suffering from the unrelenting persecution of his official enemies, though on what grounds it was difficult to say.*

* In stating, as I did in Chapter XVI. of my first volume, that F. Dalrymple had laid himself open to "censure," I made no reference to his official character, but to the one event in his social life which could not, of course, be entirely ignored; though in his case it was accompanied with so many palliative circumstances as to excite general sympathy. His official capacity could never be questioned, but the real fact is given by Colonel Malleson, when, in a passage quoted in my first volume he describes Dalrymple as "one of the ablest men in the Civil Service, but whose prospects had been ruined by long years of persecution, on purely private grounds, by those wielding authority in Bengal."

CHAPTER VI.

SECOND VISIT TO DARJEELING.—JOURNAL CONTINUED.

From Dinajepore to Darjeeling.—Reach Titalya.—My Pony is taken away by Mr. O'Shaughnessy.—Overtaken and recovered.—Description of Road and Bungalows.—Reach Darjeeling.—Thieves' Corner.—Lepcha, Bhootias, &c.—Kinchinjunga.—Hail-storm.—Alarm of my Host.—Visit to Sikhim with Dr. Hooker.—The Pipsa.

Sunday, March 11*th.*—Started in the afternoon from Dinajepore for Darjeeling, riding and driving the first twenty-six miles as far as the Premnuggur Bungalow, where I entered my palanquin, and for the second time reached Titalya, forty-eight miles distant, at break of day. There I mounted Robin and rode to Siligoree, Eothen being half way at Sunyaseecottah; breakfasted at Siligoree, and rode in the afternoon to Punkhabaree, where I met Dr. Bowling, and we dined together at the bungalow.

Tuesday, the 13*th.*—Started after breakfast on Robin, having sent Dapple on to Kursiong, and expecting to find a pony of Saunders' at Brahmungoora.

On arriving here, however, I was greeted by the

pleasing intelligence that an unknown "sahib" had just forestalled me, and taken the pony posted for me about an hour before I arrived. Dapple, the brave, had come all the way from Punkhabaree that morning; nevertheless, he entered cordially into my feelings, and we gave instant chase to the audacious felon, whom I overtook at the Pucheem Bungalow. It was Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who had, fortunately for me and the success of my chase, dismounted in bodily fear of being precipitated down the khud, a catastrophe which he had narrowly escaped. He had dismounted in alarm and was prosecuting the rest of his journey prudently on foot. The recovered steed brought me into Darjeeling at about 3 P.M. Miserable mist and cloud the whole day.

Wednesday, the 14*th*.—A splendid morning. Kinchinjunga showed his vast pale face, but not so clean as when I was here last; he has become sallow.

The piece of ground at the entrance of the station is called Thieves' Corner, being the lounge or assembly-rooms *sub dio* of all the questionable characters of the place. There they are a disreputable but most picturesque congregation. Lepchas, Limbos, Bhooteas, &c., each tribe has its representative in the Rogues' Club.

Here they sit from "morn to dewy eve,"—basking if there is sun, and huddling themselves up if there is cloud or mist—with listless devil-may-care, good-humoured apathy, some scratching, some employed in craniological researches on their neighbours' heads, others chatting, some sleeping at full length and generally on their backs, others standing triangular fashion, with kilts

anxiously looked for by expectant proprietors, but which the bearer cannot think of taking on till he has finished his gossip with the quaint and merry crew.

Now you turn the corner, then face to the right. Heavens! Say nothing, I beseech you! All language is common-place and inappropriate. Look reverently and in silence, and worship Him "who holdeth the hills in the hollow of His hand," and "to whom the nations are a very little thing."

Truly the man who, after having been nursed in cities, *ennui*-ed, or monotonised in the mofussil, or the metropolis, can, turning Thieves' Corner on a fine day, find himself abruptly face to face with Kinchinjunga, a chiselled world of everlasting snow, the mountain of the universe nearest heaven, and, beholding it, remain unmoved, such a man is not one to be made a friend of. Unhappily, it is but seldom that the glories of Kinchinjunga are exposed unclouded to the view. Nine days out of ten it is obscured by impenetrable mist, or clouds, but when rightly revealed the brightness of his presence is beyond all thought or imagination—glorious! A thing not to be prated of, but felt. No marvel that to the religious imagination of the dreamy Hindoo, the height of those unapproachable summits glittering with refulgent whiteness, appears the road to the celestial mansions, midway between earth and heaven, the resting-place of the "Thrice-blessed," whose feet are beautiful on the mountains.

On *March 13th*, I was fairly housed at Darjeeling, Captain Samler having kindly offered me a room until I could make arrangements for my residence. Some few days after my arrival we were visited with a

severe and protracted storm of thunder, lightning, and hail, which lasted for some five hours; the hail-stones were in some places the size of pigeons' eggs, and the lighting was very close: one hill in the valley below us was struck. The thunder was not loud, but had a muffled and sullen sound, which savoured somewhat of the sublime. At the close of the strife the whole station was spread with a sheet of thick hail, softened into snow. Such a storm at such a season was unprecedented, so I recorded the fact by drawing my host's greenhouse and garden, as they appeared immediately after the clearance. A wise resident declares that the great comet is near the orbit of the earth. S—— said that the end of the world was at hand. He has an intense horror of heaven's bolt, and at every flash he dived his head into his hands, groaning, "Oh, this is awful! gracious! my head! oh!" Mr. O. S. called immediately after the storm, and entered into a scientific disquisition on the subject of electric fluid and conductors. S—— is now full of conductors, and can talk of little else. This storm has quite unsettled his purposes, and he talks of selling his property and retiring to Guernsey. This is always the plan when anything happens to vex or to alarm him.

From 20th to 27th, monotony. Dined twice with Dr. Campbell, the head officer in charge of the district; drew new figures every day. Nothing can surpass, in interest and picturesque effect, the character and costume of the various hill tribes by which we are surrounded.

Shortly after my arrival I made acquaintance with Mrs. Lydiard, the wife of Major Lydiard, then Assistant Adjutant-General at Dinapore.

Mrs. Lydiard was a great enthusiast, with a decided talent for painting, and had come to Darjeeling for her health. Having been told by her friend Mrs. Capell, my fellow passenger on board the steamer from Calcutta some months before, that her husband was particularly anxious that his wife should pass as many hours as possible in the open air, I had promised to encourage and assist her in sketching from nature. The result was not only the complete recovery of her health, but wonderful improvement in her artistic powers; she is now to all intents an *artiste*, and she and her husband attribute her success to the unremitting practice in Darjeeling.

It was with no little pleasure that I found, on my arrival at Darjeeling, that the celebrated Doctor, now Sir Joseph, Hooker was there also. He was staying with Brian Hodgson, who had a charming house at Darjeeling, and was engaged in his usual pursuits, of which I shall presently speak. The following account of Mr. Hodgson is taken from Hooker's *Himalayan Journal*:—

"Mr. Hodgson's high position as a man of science requires no mention here; but the difficulties he overcame and the sacrifices he made in attaining that position, are known to few. He entered the wilds of Nepal when very young and in indifferent health, and, finding time to spare, cast about for the best method of employing it. He had no one to recommend or direct a pursuit, no example to follow, no rival to equal or surpass; he had never been acquainted with a scientific man, and knew nothing of science except the name. The natural history of men and animals, in its most comprehensive sense, attracted his attention; he sent to Europe for books, and commenced the study of ethnology and zoology.

"His labours have now extended over upwards of twenty-five years' residence in the Himalaya.

"During this period he has seldom had a staff of less than from ten to twenty (often many more), of various tongues and races, employed as translators and collectors, artists, shooters, and stuffers.

"By unceasing exertions and a princely liberality, Mr. Hodgson has unveiled the mysteries of the Boodhist religion, chronicled the affinities, languages, customs, and faiths of the Himalayan tribes, and completed a natural history of the animals and birds of these regions. His collections of specimens are immense, and are illustrated by drawings, descriptions taken from life, with remarks on the anatomy, habits, and localities of the animals themselves.

"Twenty volumes of the journals, and the museum of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, teem with the proofs of his indefatigable zeal; and throughout the cabinets of the bird and quadruped departments of our national museum Mr. Hodgson's name stands pre-eminent.

"A seat in the Institute of France, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, prove the estimation in which his Boodhist studies are held on the Continent of Europe."

Dr. Hooker had arrived in England in the steamship *Sidon* with the Marquis of Dalhousie, from whom he received the greatest kindness and encouragement, and after a tour through Western Bengal, the hills of Beerbhoom and Behar, to the Soane valley, he had started from Bhagulpore to the Sikkim Himalaya, and was staying at Darjeeling when I arrived.

His time was spent principally in geological investigations, collection of valuable plants, formation of maps, and other interesting objects.

The subsequent honour and distinction which he has obtained bear sufficient testimony to the value of his scientific exertions, and renders further notice in a cursory work like this superfluous if not impertinent.

Sir Joseph Hooker's present position as Superintendent of the beautiful Kew Gardens is the fitting concluclusion to his public achievements, and his care and guardianship are doubtless appreciated by the grand collection of foreign trees and flowers, and specially rejoiced in by all *sensitive* plants!

In addition to the two who may deservedly be called celebrated—Brian Hodgson and Hooker—Dr. Campbell, the Superintendent of the station, well deserves a few words of reminiscence.

Dr. Campbell had been for many years Superintendent of Darjeeling, and was living there when I arrived, and his character and services were duly appreciated. Intimately acquainted with the people and productions of the territories under his command, he rendered the most valuable assistance to Dr. Hooker in his researches, and both himself and Mrs. Campbell were deservedly popular with all who knew them.

His abominable treatment by the Sikkim authorities occurred a year after that in which I was at Darjeeling, and is related in detail in Hooker's interesting work.

On Tuesday, April 10th, I made an excursion with Dr. Hooker to the Runjeet river, a distance of about eleven miles from Darjeeling, and 6,000 feet lower. We started at 9 o'clock, on foot, passing Leebon, or Alibon, as the natives call it, where is a very promising estate belonging to J. Grant, and, two or three miles further, Ginga village, where there is a temple and numerous posts of piety, long wooden poles with an unveiled wicker basket at the top, and a pendent streamer of common white cloth. The poles, streamers, and flags appended are very common.

We reached the guard-house (some two miles above the river) at half-past 12. At 5 o'clock we went on to the river, where I drew the fact of the locality, viz. a suspension bridge of cane.

The trip was pleasant, and I appreciated the opportunity of acquiring some botanical items from my learned companion, but the change of climate was anything but agreeable; the thermometer was at 85°, and the sudden transition made the contrast more palpable and less tolerable.

But the torment of the place was a diminutive animal of the *genus musca*, well known in these regions, and designated by the title of "Pipsa"—a blood-thirsty and sanguineous creature of insatiable appetite and untiring voraciousness.

If you are bullied by a common fly you can drive him away for a minute or so, though he will return; but this little winged being is irrepressible, like the ghost of Anchises "*ter conatus eram*," &c.

You see him hovering right in front of your eye, suspended in mid-air by a delicate poising of his liliputian wings, with fixity of purpose and steadiness of aim that is quite appalling. You hit at him hard with your hand or glove, or other appliance. He must be annihilated, or, at least, swept away. Not a jot! the moment your hand has passed there he is in the same spot, with the same dogged determination, positively fixed in the air, and clearly with his mind made up for a human supper; and in another moment, when you least expected it, he is sucking warm blood out of your nose, or your chin or hand, like a vampire; and if the humours of your body are in any measure peccant, you may make up your

mind for a case of pain, inflammation, and swollen flesh.

They say, when you are in for it, you had best allow the little blood-sucker to do his pleasure without interruption, and he will then re-imbibe the "virus" with his modicum of blood, and spare you all unpleasant results. It may be so, but he is a bad little fly, and not to be encouraged. I returned the next morning to Darjeeling, and rejoiced greatly in the cool breeze.

The Lepcha deserves a few lines of description. Considered physically, he is a very pleasant species of the *genus homo*. In countenance Mongolian, or pyramidal, with oblique China-sloping eyes, prominent cheek bones, short nose, large in the jowl, without beard, a mirthful, laughter-loving countenance, low stature, good legs—unwashed, and in smell unpleasant.

His dress is picturesque, not without grace; that represented in the sketch, p. 103, is one of the best. A small brimless hat of coloured straw, plaited in patterns of divers colours, with two or three feathers of a peacock's tail stuck jauntily into the front (though rather resembling an inverted flower-pot with a shrub growing out of it the wrong way upwards) is still a very picturesque head-piece.

The hair, innocent of brush or comb, is generally allowed to flow wild and dishevelled over the shoulders, but sometimes done up in a tail, *à la Chinois*. Modified silver ear-rings, with a coral or turquoise inserted, and of a peculiar shape, adorn the ears both of men and women.

A loose jacket of red cloth, reaching to the waist, with full sleeves just coming to the elbow, is the outer

vestment, and is worn over the regular and orthodox Lepcha dress, which is a sort of wrapper of cloth manufactured by themselves, very tastily striped with brown or purple. This is confined to the waist by a belt or girdle, the superfluous ends draped over the shoulders, leaving generally the arms bare.

When clean, and tastefully arranged, it is a neat and not ungraceful costume; a bow, arrow, and quiver, with the bâu, or straight knife, hanging on the left side, sword fashion, complete the full equipment.

But my portrait of the Lepcha is very incomplete, having only reference to his outward peculiarities, and I, therefore, quote the detailed and interesting account of his attributes, personal and moral, which Sir Joseph Hooker has given in his charming work, the *Himalayan Journals*.

"LEPCHAS.

"The Lepcha is the aboriginal inhabitant of Sikkim, and the prominent character of Dorjiling, where he undertakes all sorts of out-door employment. The race to which he belongs is a very singular one; markedly Mongolian in features, and a good deal, too, by imitation in habit; still he differs from his Siberian prototype, though not so decidedly as from the Nepalese and Bhotanese, between whom he is hemmed into a narrow tract of mountain country barely sixty miles in breadth.

"The Lepchas possess a tradition of the flood, during which a couple escaped to the top of a mountain (Lendong) near Dorjiling.

"The earliest traditions which they have of their history date no further back than some 300 years, when they describe themselves as having been long-haired, half-clad savages.

"At about that period they were visited by Tibetans, who introduced Boodh worship, the plaiting of their hair into pig-tails, and very many of their own customs.

"Their physiognomy is, however, so Tibetan in its character

Group of Lepchas.

that it cannot be supposed that this was their earliest intercourse with the trans-Nivean races: whether they may have wandered from beyond the snows before the spread of Boodhism and its civilisation, or whether they are a cross between the Tamulian of India and the Tibetan, has not been decided.

"An attentive examination of the Lepcha in one respect entirely contradicts our preconceived notions of a mountaineer, as he is timid, peaceful, and no brawler, qualities which are all the more remarkable from contrasting so strongly with those of his neighbours to the east and west, of whom the Ghorkas are brave and warlike to a proverb, and the Bhotanese quarrelsome, cowardly, and cruel.

"A group of Lepchas is exceedingly picturesque. They are of short stature, four feet eight inches to five feet, rather broad in the chest, and with muscular arms but small hands and slender wrists. The face is broad, flat, and of eminently Tartar character, flat-nosed and oblique-eyed, with no beard and little moustache; the complexion is sallow, or often a clear olive; their hair is collected into an immense tail, plaited flat or round. The lower limbs are powerfully developed, befitting genuine mountaineers; the feet are small.

"Though never really handsome, and very womanish in the cast of countenance, they have invariably a mild, frank, and even engaging expression, which I have in vain sought to analyse, and which is perhaps due more to the absence of anything unpleasing than to the presence of direct grace or beauty.

"In like manner, the girls are often very engaging to look upon, though without one good feature. They are all smiles and good-nature; and the children are frank, lively, laughing urchins.

"The old women are thorough hags. Indolence when left to themselves is their besetting sin; they detest any fixed employment, and their foulness of person and garments renders them disagreeable inmates; in this rainy climate they are supportable out of doors. Though fond of bathing when they can come to a stream in hot weather, and expert, even admirable swimmers, these people never take to the water for the purpose of ablution, In disposition they are amiable and obliging, frank, humorous.

and polite, without the servility of the Hindoos, and their address is free and unrestrained.

"Their intercourse with one another, and with Europeans, is scrupulously honest: a present is divided equally amongst many without a syllable of discontent or grudging look or word; each, on receiving his share, coming up and giving the donor a brusque bow and thanks.

"They have learnt to overcharge already, and use extortion in dealing, as is the custom of people of the plains; but it is clumsily done, and never accompanied with the grasping air and insufferable whine of the latter. They are constantly armed with a long heavy straight knife, but never draw it upon one another; family and political feuds are alike unheard of amongst them."

While staying at Darjeeling I painted a large picture of Dr. Hooker surrounded by Lepchas examining the rhododendrons which he had brought home after one of his excursions.

The picture, which I gave to him, was taken to London, and another was painted from it by the well-known artist, Stone, from which an engraving was subsequently taken. Mr. Stone's picture was doubtless far superior to mine, but he made one mistake in the size of the Lepcha attendants. The Lepchas are very small men, so much so that they were by the ordinary spectators of my picture held to be young women presenting Dr. Hooker with the flowers, but the artist made them robust men, bigger than the doctor himself.

I also took a sketch of the great Kinchinjunga mountain, from the windows of Brian Hodgson's house, which was afterwards honoured by being reproduced in miniature, and entered as a frontispiece in Hooker's celebrated work on the Himalayas.

In closing this chapter it is a pleasure to recal the

names and memories of those among the residents from whom I invariably received kind attention during my short stay.

Of the gratification afforded by my acquaintance with Brian Hodgson, Dr. Hooker, and Dr. Campbell I have already made mention.

To Captain Samler, with his kind wife, I owe every gratitude for their unceasing hospitality, and it was no little pleasure also to meet Mrs. Loughnan, the wife of the civilian who had so kindly placed his house at our disposal during our three months' sojourn at Baukergunge, as narrated in my first volume. Mrs. Lydiard I have already mentioned as the enthusiastic painter who derived such wonderful benefit from her "outings."

Mrs. D. Cunliffe, the wife of an old friend, also was there for a short time, as well as Captain and Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Loughnan.

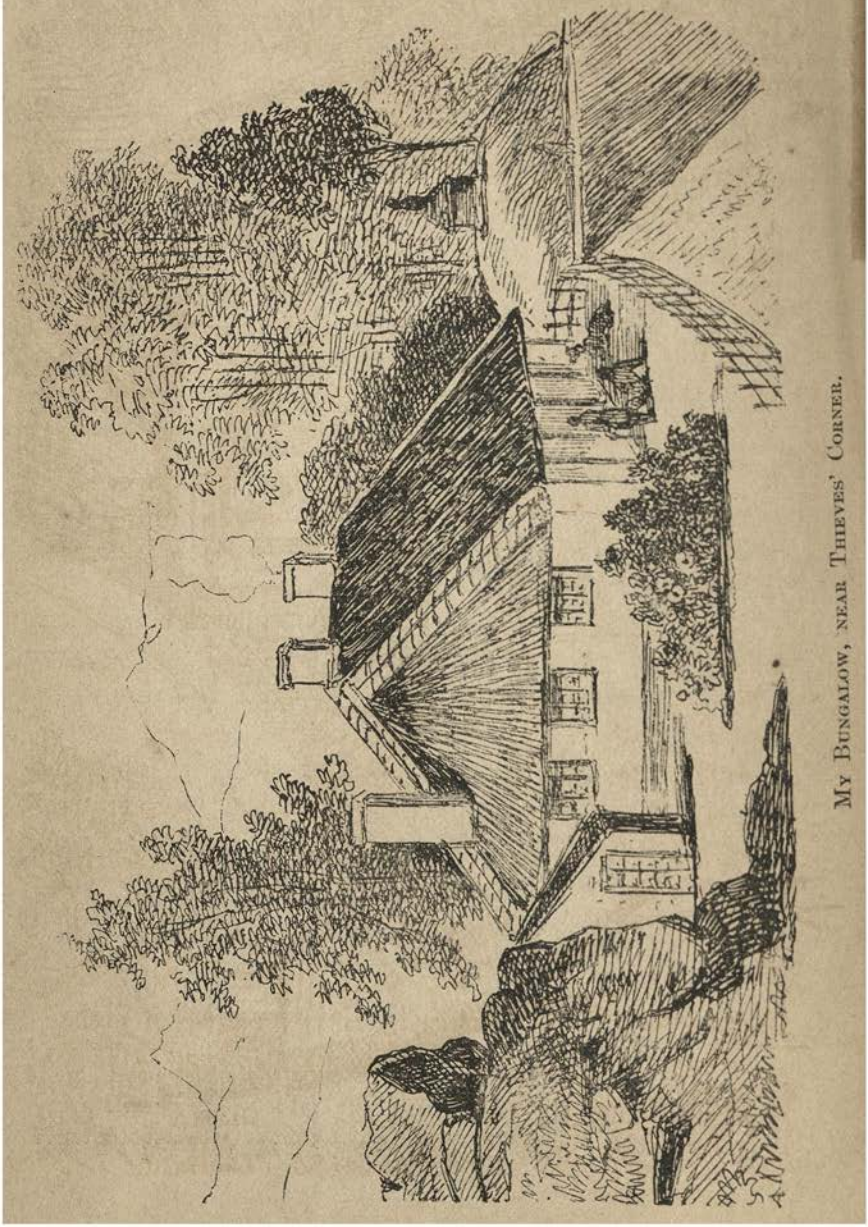
And I must not forget Dr. Bowling, in whose house I had stayed on my first visit, and who in after years was brutally murdered with his wife, whom I had known as Miss Perry.

There was a Roman Catholic priest whose acquaintance I was glad to make; and several German missionaries, good men, who, finding their special missions hopeless, had taken to make sausages.

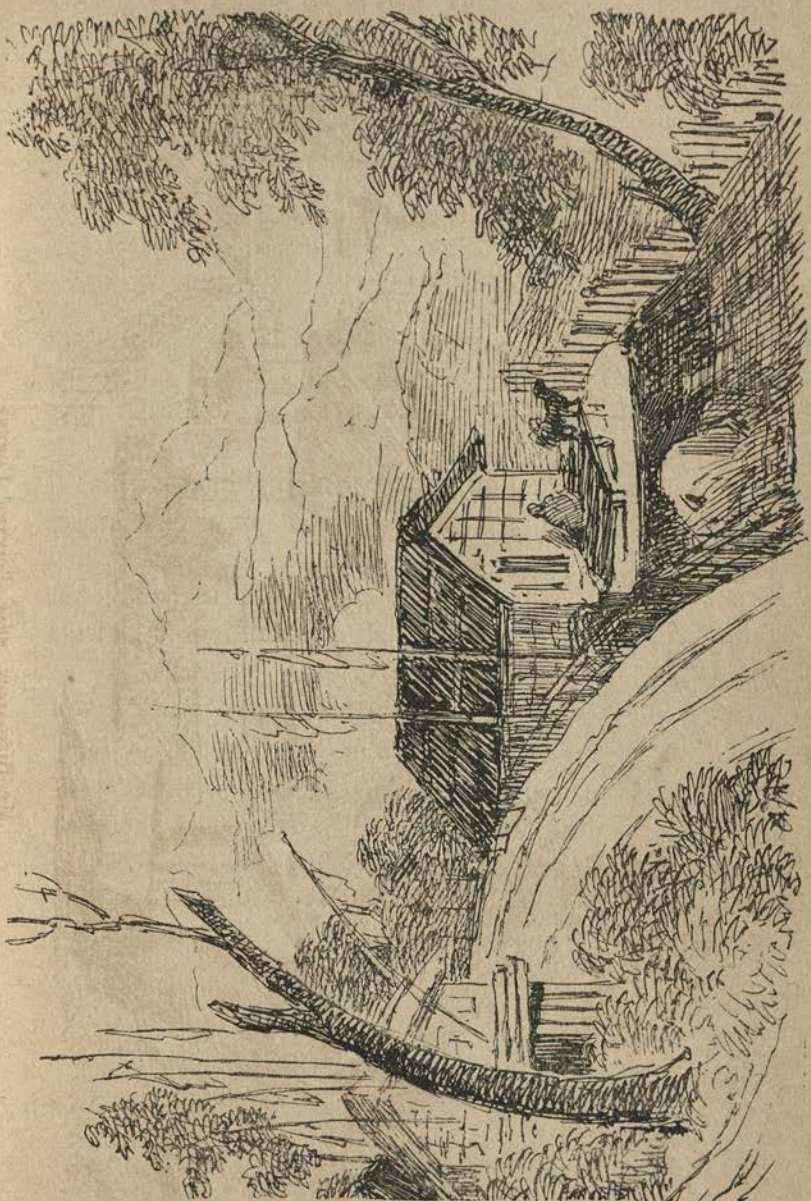
A kind letter, written by Bishop Hartmann, I here subjoin:—

"My Dear Sir, "To the General Postmaster Tayler.

"I feel very sorry that you leave Darjeeling so soon. I hoped to meet you yesterday at Dr. Campbell's, otherwise I should have called upon you. God gave you gifts which charm everybody. I regard myself happy for having made your acquaintance.



My Bungalow, near Thieves' Corner.



BHOOTEA COTTAGE.

Nor shall I ever forget you specially in my prayers, as I could do nothing else for you to express my sincere esteem towards you. May the blessing of God follow you everywhere, and may you have a most delightful and safe return to Calcutta. It will always afford a pleasure to me in hearing of your well-being.

"Farewell, then, my dear Sir! God and His blessing with you!

"I have the honour to remain, my dear Sir,

"Your humble servant,

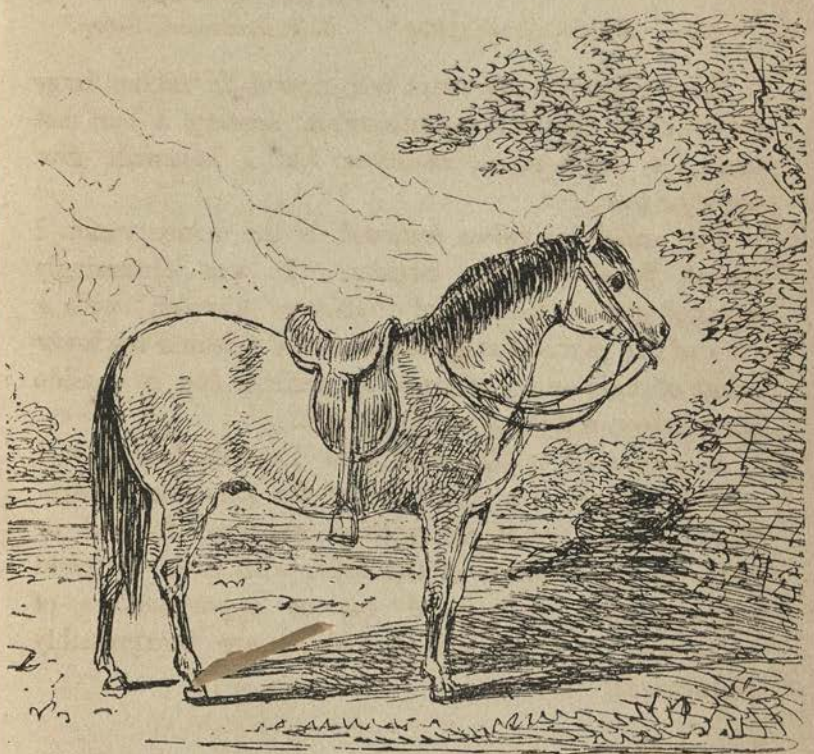
"Darjeeling, 14th June, 1849." C. F. HARTMANN, *Bishop*."

Having principally employed myself in taking large views of the glorious mountains and scenery, I had not time for many small sketches, but I herewith give three or four.

The small bungalow annexed is the house which I rented from Captain Samler. It was charmingly situated just by the side of "Thieves' Corner," with a view of the glorious mountains on one side and the lower range of hills on the other. My faithful dog is outside the window, watching me as I paint.

As a contrast to the neat little English bungalow, I give (on p. 107) a specimen of the Bhootea cottage. These houses, scattered without apparent method or order in the recesses of the hills, with their thatched roofs, matted walls, and curious appurtenances of poles and flags of divers colours, are inexpressibly picturesque.

The little pony is my pet "Cherry," who used to carry me over the hills, and would stand by himself at the door of anyone whom I visited, without guardian or keeper, the model of equine patience.



My Pony "Cherry."

"Kunchun," a puppy of the best Nepalese breed, belonging to Dr. Hooker, is here given engaged in the engrossing enjoyment of luncheon.

"KUNCHUN" AT LUNCHEON.

Shortly after the incidents above described I left Darjeeling and returned to Calcutta.

CHAPTER VII.

CALCUTTA ONCE MORE.

My Wife returns from England with our eldest Daughter.—Once more in Chowringhee Road.—Arrange a Tableaux Vivant from *Ivanhoe*.—Rehearsals.—Accident to Mr. Drinkwater Bethune.—Amusing Scene during Rehearsal.—Original Verses sung during the Scenes.—Leave Chowringhee and occupy a house, the property of the Nawab of Morshedabad, at Alipore. —Party given for Phreno-Mesmerism.—Address of Thanks from the Post-office Clerks for procuring them a Holiday on Sundays.

EARLY in November the steamer *Bentinck* reached Calcutta with my wife and eldest daughter on board, a joyous re-union after eighteen months' enforced separation.

Feelings on such occasions are not to be described, so I will pass them over and revert to facts. I went on board to receive the precious freight, and in an hour or so we were all settled in our house in Chowringhee Road.

My wife had brought with her an English maid, who, while in my sister's service in England, had attended on our children and been most kind to them. She lived

with us for many years afterwards, securing our sincere regard for her faithful and affectionate conduct.

Our usual daily life was now resumed. Our daughter had inherited the gift which so many of my family possessed, and painted charmingly. Charles Hobhouse was still living with us, and another nephew of my wife's, Richard Jenkins, a young civilian, was added to our domestic circle, though not living in the same house. Charles Hall, also, the son of my first cousin Charles, the eldest son of my uncle the Dean of Christchurch, arrived in India, and stayed with us for some days. He was at that time a griffin in the army, and is now a general, commissioner of Peshawur, and father of grown-up children.

It was not long before we entered once more on festive experiments. Our first tableaux, which I have already described as taking place during our brief residence in the Post-office, had been so successful, and so many of our friends persuaded us to give another entertainment of the kind, that at last we resolved to do so.

My wife and I had some years before gone to a fancy ball, given by Lord Hardinge, in the characters of "Rebecca and Isaac," and her costume had, as I have already mentioned, attracted great admiration. This suggested to us the novel *Ivanhoe* as one of the stories best suited for the new style which I had before introduced in the case of the *Talisman*. We determined, therefore, on its selection. Our eldest daughter, from her fair complexion and luxuriant golden hair, was admirably calculated for Rowena, while my wife in her former dress of Rebecca was beyond criticism. So we set about it with vigour, and were

rewarded for our exertions by general and enthusiastic approval.

One rather amusing little incident occurred during our rehearsal of these tableaux. As I had the entire management of the performance, I could not possibly undertake any character myself, so I made over my "Isaac's" costume to the Hon. Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, the legal member of the Supreme Council. He entered on the part with great enthusiasm and zeal, of which we had one night convincing proof.

One of the poses in which "Isaac" had to place himself was in the scene so graphically described by Walter Scott, in which, when "Isaac" with "Rebecca" is about to mount the stairs to the gallery at the tournament, "Wamba," the jester, comes forward and holds a brawn before him. The attitude was to represent "Isaac" starting backward as far as possible, to avoid the abomination of the brawn, rather a difficult attitude to assume, still more to retain unmoved during the interval required.

Mr. Bethune had acquired the pose, and never complained of the difficulty; but one evening, while we were rehearsing the other scenes in the dining-room below, we suddenly heard a tremendous bump in the drawing-room above us, as of some heavy object falling. I rushed upstairs and found the Hon. Drinkwater Bethune with turban and gaberdine somewhat discomposed, and himself just rising painfully from the ground, a long stick and pillow lying beside him on the floor!

The fact was, that, to enable him to surpass himself in the start of his attitude, he had projected a crutch with a wide and somewhat circular cross-beam to support his

back. This he intended to have arranged on the stage, concealed by his gaberdine, just before the curtain rose, when his attitude would have excited, as he doubtless believed, enthusiastic applause.

With pardonable self-reliance he was rehearsing this ingenious contrivance by himself, with a stick and pillow, when the prop gave way and he came ignominiously to the ground. The incident, as may be imagined, caused intense amusement.

Our rehearsals, as during our former tableaux, were a continuous source of pleasure, varied occasionally by accidental absurdities, of which that just described was not the only one.

Captain Reynolds, who was to represent "Front-de-Bœuf," had for his costume a suit of chain armour fitted over a thickly padded under-dress of yellow chamois leather. At one of the dress rehearsals he had unhappily left the chain armour in his room in the fort, and brought only the leather suit, which covered him from head to foot. He had never mentioned this circumstance, and we were looking for his entry when he suddenly appeared on the stage clothed in this eccentric covering, to all appearance like a dyspeptic bilious skin. The effect was electric, and the whole audience was convulsed with uncontrollable laughter, much to the distress and bewilderment of the padded actor.

The performance of these tableaux brought together a large number of friends, whom it is real pleasure at this distance of time to recall.

I subjoin the list of the principal *dramatis personæ* :—

Ivanhoe	P. Egerton, B.C.S.
King Richard	Hon. H. Campbell, B.C.S.
Cedric	Capt. Schreiber.
Wamba	C. Hobhouse, B.C.S.
Gurth	H. L. Dampier, B.C.S.
Isaac	Hon. Drinkwater Bethune.
Friar Tuck	C. Prinsep.
Prior Aymer	J. Power, B.C.S.
Brian de Bois Gilbert	F. Elliot, B.C.S.
Front-de-Bœuf	Capt. Reynolds.
Grand Master	Seton Kerr, B.C.S.
Rebecca	Mrs. Tayler.
Rowena	Miss Tayler.

Miss Warren, the Misses Montgomerie, and Miss Garstin.

The following are the original verses sung behind the scenes, with accompaniments adapted by Mrs. Ritchie :—

THE FOREST.

Home trusty ceorls—the twilight 's past,
The shades of night are falling fast,
And the struggling tempest's fitful blast
  Sweeps o'er the forest gloom.
Home, home, e'en now 'tis danger's hour,
O'er Cedric's head dark perils lower,
From Templar's lust and Norman power—
Home, trusty bondmen, home.

W. Tayler.

THE BANQUET.

She comes, she comes, proud Templar own
Thy wager 's lost, thy pledge is gone—
For ne'er was seen so fair a flower,
In Paynim Court or Christian bower,
As she whose steps now softly fall
Along her kinsman's ample hall.

Hail! maiden, hail! of matchless grace,
Rowena! pride of Cedric's race.
She comes, she comes, proud Templar own
Thy wager 's lost, thy pledge is gone.

W. TAYLER.

THE PILGRIM PRESENTED.

Ah! peerless maiden, couldst thou know
Who now before thee kneels so low,
In coarse and humble guise,
What tumults thy fond heart would move,
What tears of long-dissembled love
Would fill those tender eyes!
Yet stay, fair maid, in pity stay,
Oh! turn not yet those looks away,
Those looks so pure and bright;
Still let those accents thrill mine ear,
That face so fair, that form so dear,
Still bless mine aching sight.

W. TAYLER.

THE TOURNAMENT.

By my target of brawn
Thou old caitiff come on—
'Tis fit weapon to baffle a Jew—
And on it do I swear
And most knightly declare
That all pig's flesh is good meat and true.
Yes, base Isaac of York,
The bright honour of pork
That 's maligned by so foul-mouthed an elf,
Like the champion of pig
Both by thump and by dig
I'll maintain with the bacon itself.

H. TORRENS.

THE VICTOR CROWNED.

Joy to the gallant Saxon knight!
Joy to the lance that won the fight!
Never was a worthier brow
Graced by lady's hand than now.
Twine the wreath, the feast prepare,
Crown with wine the goblet fair;
Strike the harp, and loud and high
Swell the song of victory.

(Author forgotten.)

THE HERMITAGE.

In Sherwood green the merry laugh
  Affronts the moon's full ray;
The Knight and the Friar the bowl they quaff
  And trill the roundelay.
"Ho!" quoth the Knight, "what's that I spy,
  Like a pasty of venison good?"
"Oh! the keeper he left it in charity
  When last he came to the green-wood."
"Ho!" quoth the Knight, "what's that I see
  Like the bow of an archer keen?"
Says the Friar, "The keeper he left it with me
  To keep off the dogs I ween."
"An I," quoth the Knight, "were a curtal friar—
  All lonely in Sherwood's shade,
That bow I'd make to mend my feast
  When the keeper in bed is laid."

D. BETHUNE.

THE JEW TORTURED.

I see the pincers glitt'ring red,
  The furnace fiercely glowing;
I see thy sable minions dread,
  Their cruel cares bestowing.
False knight, thy tortures I defy,
  My heart within me dying;
The gold thou seekest I deny,
  'Though helpless here I'm lying.

Give me again my daughter dear
Thy dogs from me are tearing;
Give me my child, my only child,
That far away they 're bearing.
If she be dead, I 'll o'er her weep,
From all I love to sever;
These aged bones thou still must keep,
And I will sleep for ever.

D. BETHUNE.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT.

Oh! I implore, by every tie
Of honour, faith, and loyalty,
By every boon to mortal given,
Thy love of fame, thy hopes of heaven—
If ever thou hast learnt to love,
Or pity can thy bosom move—
By every name thy soul holds dear,
Oh! hear my prayer, in mercy hear.
Be kind, be generous, as thou 'rt brave,
And Wilfred, 'though a rival, save!

W. TAYLER.

THE TEMPLAR FOILED.

Think ye a maid of Judah's race
Would listen to a suit so base,
False knight, when she could die!
A step, a gesture, and I go!
What though I see my fate below
And 'twixt us but the sky!
The eagle chained that scorns to pair,
Springs not more fearlessly in air
For freedom, than shall I.

H. TORRENS.

THE FRIAR OVERTHROWN.

1.

The lazy Black Knight has unbuckled his wrist,
Has ta 'en off his gauntlet and doubled his fist;

While firm as a rock stands the burly fat Friar,
Convinced that no force can fling him in the mire.
For the first in a fray and the best at a feast,
There ne'er was a clerk like the Copmanhurst priest.

2.

But as soon as the Knight's sturdy buffer he feels,
The burly, fat Friar rolls head over heels.
"Have a care, my good brother!" he laughingly spoke,
"I should mumble my mass had my jaw-bone been broke!
I have lost, here's my hand, for our quarrel now ends!"
The Copmanhurst clerk and Sir Sluggard are friends.

D. BETHUNE.

THE KING AND THE OUTLAWS.

Hail! hail to the king of the brave and the free!
Though we bow not to tyrants, we kneel, king, to thee;
Through the woods let our voices in jubilee ring,
Hail! Lion of England, hail! Richard our King.
Hail! Richard, hail!

Though no jewels or gold our rude regions should own,
Our love be thy sceptre, our hearts be thy throne;
Hurrah! through the woods let our stout voices ring,
'Tis the Lion of England, 'tis Richard, our King!
Hail! Richard, hail!

W. TAYLER.

THE GAGE OF REBECCA.

It cannot be that in this land,
Home of the free and brave,
Should be upraised no champion's hand
A helpless maid to save?
Here lies my gage—that silken gage
Proud Templar shall prevail,
Weighed in the scales of Heaven above,
More than thy heavy mail.

God is my shield and my defence,
My cause is in His sight;
And He who knows my innocence,
God will defend the right.

H. TORRENS.

THE TEMPLAR'S DEFEAT.

The dark red flush is gone
That beamed upon his brow;
Like monumental stone
The Templar's cheek is now.
Quenched is the eye of fire
Which God and man defied;
Dead is its fierce desire,
Its rage and bitter pride.
Unwounded in the strife
By Wilfred's sword or spear,
He yields his forfeit life—
The hand of God is here.

D. BETHUNE.

THE CASKET.

Orient pearl and blushing ruby,
Bind them in thy golden hair;
Ne'er can these, though meet for you, be
Fitting for Rebecca's hair.
Diamonds—when those fair hands lay ye
Glistening on the neck of snow,
Wake a thought of her that gave ye
In the gentle heart below.
When ye speak, your lord caressing,
Of past days so drear and dim,
Lady, feel the Jewess' blessing
Hangs, for aye, o'er thee and him.

H. TORRENS.

In the midst of these pleasant associations, however, my mind was not content, for I felt conscious of stagnation

in my official life. I had for some time past been disappointed at the little encouragement afforded by the Bengal Government, and somewhat disgusted at the transparent manœuvres by which my elaborate report on the reform of the Postal System was ignored, and the re-organization placed in the hands of another. I made up my mind, therefore, to retire from the appointment, and return, when opportunity offered, to the regular line of the service. With this object in view, Henry Torrens having kindly volunteered to place a house at Alipore at our disposal during the interval, we broke up our Chowringhee establishment, had an auction of our furniture and chattels, and transferred ourselves to our new abode.

The house thus lent to us was one belonging to the Nawab of Morshedabad, where Henry Torrens was agent at the time. It was next door to the handsome mansion at Belvidere, then the property of our friends the Charles Prinseps, but, since elevated into the Government House, honoured by the occupation of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

Our temporary sojourn here with our newly-arrived daughter was a period of peace and pleasantness. A young friend, George Morris, then lately arrived, and now "Eheu fugaces," one of the oldest judges of the High Court, being at the time an anxious aspirant for a good seat on horse-back, was a frequent visitor, not only for the pleasure of our society, but also for the opportunity of equestrian practice, over a series of artificial jumps which I constructed for his especial use in the spacious grounds of our residence.

One rather interesting occurrence which took place at our house at this juncture is worth mentioning. There

was at that time in Calcutta a man who gave himself out as a mesmeric professor, and had with him a boy on whose person he used to exhibit the phenomena of phreno-mesmerism, *i.e.* the sensibility when in the mesmeric trance of the various organs of the head and brain.

The whole subject of mesmerism having at that time excited considerable interest, we agreed to give the professor and his youngster a *séance* at our house to enable him to exhibit this special form of the mysterious power. We had a large party to witness the performance, which, though somewhat ludicrous in parts, was not devoid of interest. The lad, we all agreed, was thrown into a trance; his arm and leg, when handled by disinterested spectators, were found to be in an altogether unnatural condition, and the latter being raised and stretched straight out, remained in that position for a period quite impossible for a limb in its natural state to retain.

But the phreno-mesmeric movements did not obtain general credence. When the boy's organ of veneration was rubbed he commenced repeating the Lord's Prayer; when combativeness was handled he doubled his fists and beat the air as if in a pugilistic encounter; and on constructiveness being touched, he knelt down and began planing the floor.

It was cleverly done, but there was a general consensus of unbelief among the spectators.

One of the few pleasing incidents connected with my official duties as Postmaster-General was the success of my efforts to obtain for the numerous clerks employed in the department the comfort, if not the luxury, of cessation from ordinary business on the Sunday. The following correspondence will explain the facts:—

"To W. Tayler, Esquire, Postmaster-General, Bengal.

"SIR,

"According to request, I have much pleasure in submitting the accompanying address of thanks to yourself from the Christian assistants attached to the General Post Office, and in so doing take the opportunity of cordially uniting in the expression of their sentiments, and offering you my individual acknowledgments for the advantages conferred, in which I, too, am permitted equally to participate.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"Calcutta P.M., "C. H. CRICHTON,

"11th August 1840. "Deputy Postmaster-General."

"To W. Tayler, Esq., Postmaster-General.

"RESPECTED SIR,

"Having learnt with heartfelt satisfaction that the Government of Bengal has been pleased to recognise our privileges as Christians to exemption from duty on *Sundays*, through the able advocacy and lively interest which you, Sir, have so generously shown in our behalf, we humbly take leave to tender you our great acknowledgments and unfeigned thanks for the same. Indeed, Sir, the inestimable boon which has been so graciously conceded to us is one which we and our families appreciate so greatly (especially in the important concern of religion), that we know not how to express our gratitude for it, but we humbly crave that the great Disposer of every event will vouchsafe His abundant blessing to you and your family for the unexpected favour we have received under your administration and the liberal Government whom we serve.

"We further solicit that our best acknowledgments may be offered to 'His Honour' the Deputy Governor of Bengal, should you deem them worthy of his acceptance.

"We are, Respected Sir,

"Your most obedient and grateful servants,

"E. BOTELLHO, Superintendent;

"And twenty-nine other clerks

"Calcutta General Post-office. on the establishment.

"10th August 1846."

During the latter days of our stay in Calcutta, Dr. Hooker, whom I had met in Darjeeling, returned, and was a frequent visitor at our house.

My daughter and I did a joint portrait of him, which I still have, but it is coloured, and not, therefore, reproducible as the other portraits.

At the time of our tableaux, Sir Herbert Maddock had left Calcutta, and had been succeeded by Sir John Littler.

While Sir Herbert was in power we went frequently to visit him at Barrackpore, and I well remember on one occasion, when an insufferably stupid company was assembled, and repelled all attempts at amusement, Sir Herbert, in despair, appealed to me for relief. I at once entered into consultation with Captain Lang, his military secretary. We retired for a few minutes and returned, Captain Lang dressed as an old hen and I myself as an ugly old woman, and having enlisted a few youngsters of both sexes, we suddenly started off in the notorious game of hen and chickens, or "Hickaby Chickaby," to the astonishment, if not alarm, of the innocent old ladies who beheld us.

The departure of Sir H. Maddock was much regretted by many who had enjoyed his hospitality.

Yours Truly

CHAPTER VIII.

REMOVAL TO ARRAH.

Appointment to the Judgeship of Shahabad.—Reminiscences of past days in Calcutta, and Review of Anglo-Indian Society.—Public Ball.—Leave Calcutta with Eldest Daughter—"English Maid"—Canary Birds and Pet Dog.—Stay for a day or two at Gya.—Arrive at Patna.—Proceed next day to Arrah.—Pass Moneer.—Image of "Sydool."—Reach Arrah.—Received by Travers the Collector.—House being under repair, Tents are given for our Occupation.—Sensational Event in our Daughter's Tent at Night.—Engage a large House for our Residence.—Travers leaves Arrah.—Our Daughter's Marriage.—Wedding takes place at Patna.—After a year, first Grandson born.—Eldest Son arrives from England, in Civil Service.—Go to meet and bring him up.—Events of our Trip. Struggle between Crows and Men.—My Garden.—Its Cultivation and Products.—"Clotho and Atropos."

SHORTLY after the events recorded in the last chapter, the judgeship of Shahabad having become vacant by the departure to England of Mr. H. Brownlow, I applied for the appointment. The application was successful, and, after packing up our movables, we left Alipore, and took a room at Spence's Hotel in Calcutta, preparatory to our departure.

While staying there, a large public ball was given at the Townhall to Lady Gomm (who with her husband was then in Calcutta), to which we went.

It was there that our eldest daughter once more met Mr. Gordon Young, who had some time before been struck by her beauty and accomplishments ; he made her an offer of marriage, which after some days, when we had left Calcutta and were staying at Hooghly, she accepted.

And now, before I ask my readers to accompany me on my long journey to the more retired regions of the mofussil, I would wish to indulge in a brief retrospect of my quinquennial residence in the great city of Calcutta, and of the kind and affectionate friends whom we were about to leave.

Though painful in regard to those who have passed away in the natural course of human life, the review is still replete with pleasant reminiscences, of friendship, disinterested and sincere, of mirthful days, confidential attachments, and kind hearts, all of which revive with more or less distinctness as I write these lines.

And while dwelling upon these happy days gone by, I cannot refrain from once more bearing my grateful and hearty testimony to the general tone and character of Anglo-Indian Society, of which we had for five continuous years enjoyed so pleasing an experience.

At different times, and in various publications, this subject has been more or less unjustly and ignorantly dealt with ; one or two glaring and absurd instances of this I have pointed out in my first volume, but they were trifling, almost too ridiculous to require exposure.

Speaking now more generally, and having since my

return and residence in England had fair opportunities of drawing a comparison between the habits of the two countries, among the same classes of people, I venture with the utmost confidence to affirm that, in all the essentials which constitute the highest elements of civilised society, lady-like and gentlemanly manners, kindness, consideration, hearty fellowship, generous hospitality, and all other endearing attributes, India is fully on a par with the "happy land" of England.

While writing this my thoughts recur to many well-remembered friends—to G. Bushby and his daughters, Charles and William Prinsep, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, Henry Torrens and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cameron, Dr. and Mrs. Jackson, Sir Lawrence Peel, Mrs. Morton, Sir Jas. Colville and his sisters, Major Warren the Fort-major, with his family, Captain Reid, who was in charge of the Mysore Princes, Captain Bygrave, one of the prisoners detained in the Afghan War, Captain Thuillier, and many others; while among the younger members were Lord William Hay, now Marquis of Tweeddale, F. Lochner, A. Phillipps—Phelips—my wife's nephews C. Hobhouse and Richard Jenkins, George Morris, now a judge of the High Court, my own cousin Charles Hall, now Commissioner of Peshawur, and many others. Among junior notables were J. W. Sherer, who afterwards so distinguished himself in the Mutiny, and was decorated with the Star of India, and Hodgson Pratt the civilian, so well known for his philanthropic exertions since his return to England. Portraits of two among this list are herewith annexed, as well as one of Lord Elphinstone, the Governor of Bombay, afterwards celebrated during the

Mutiny. He had shown me great kindness at Madras where we stopped for a day on our way to the Cape, and called upon us on the occasion of his visit to Calcutta.

As far, therefore, as social considerations were concerned, our departure from Calcutta was a matter of no small regret, though, for the reasons above stated, it was unavoidable.

Our journey on this occasion was accomplished in our own barouche. Our party consisted of our daughter, an English maid, two bird-cages, my wife, myself, and a little dog (Tiny) which I had just purchased, and which afterwards deservedly became an unrivalled pet; and as we only stopped at night-fall to sleep at the dâk bungalows on the road, nothing worthy of notice occurred.

We recognised the old spots where we had stopped years before, during my tour as Postmaster-General. Parrisnath mountain, the Barrakar river, the hot wells at Burkutta, and other notable places; but we missed, somewhat selfishly I fear, Gobind Banorjee and his quiet tattoo!

Turning off the high road at Sherghotty, we again went to Gya, where we stayed a few days with a Monsieur Chardon, who was then living in the house of our friend Robert Hodgson, who was himself on duty in the interior of the district; thence we proceeded to Patna.

Here we arrived late in the evening, and not wishing to inflict so large a party on any of our friends, went to the dâk bungalow. George Gough, then the Commissioner of Patna, had asked us to a dinner party, but on our pleading fatigue, with true Anglo-Indian consideration, he sent us some pleasant contributions from his

table to supplement the dâk bungalow's everlasting fowl and curry.

The next day, after confabulation with the Goughs, we started for our own station, Arrah, going by invitation to the house of a friend, Mr. Travers, the collector of the district.

At Moneer, on the road between Patna and Arrah, there is a remarkable and somewhat idiotic piece of sculpture called the "Sydool," and at a little distance a handsome Mahomedan temple.

The "Sydool" is an indescribable monster, who is crushing or embracing a broken elephant between his fore-legs, as if it were a puppy. His under jaw is broken off, and the elephant's head and trunk have disappeared.

About six miles upon this side of the Arrah station, we reached the Soane, a noble river, then without materials for crossing, but since spanned by a splendid railway bridge a few miles from the station.

M. Travers, the collector, had kindly asked us to stay with him until we could make permanent arrangements for our residence; but his house being under repair, he had pitched three comfortable tents in his grounds for our accommodation, one of which was occupied by my wife and myself and Tiny, the other by our daughter and English maid, the third by servants and dogs.

The weather at that season of the year (January) was as it always is, deliciously cold and invigorating, but not excessively so, enlivening the spirits and increasing the appetite; sunshine in delightful moderation, enough to warm and enliven, without an approach to roasting; the

THE SYDOOL.

air balmy but still; life thus spent, partly in tents and partly in the open air, was truly enjoyable.

But our time was not destined to pass without interruption. One night we had slept peaceably through the earlier hours, when just as day dawned we were suddenly awakened by a noise of voices, to which little Tiny, my wife's pet, which I mentioned as among the inmates of our carriage, vigorously responded from our tent.

In another minute we distinctly heard a voice crying out "Master, Master!" and on jumping out of bed I saw in the dim morning light Elizabeth, our English maid, running out of the tent in alarm towards ours, and immediately behind her our dear daughter, both in dishabille, and both in a state of alarm and excitement.

From their account it appeared that, waking early in the morning, our daughter perceived some of the things in the tent, which had been overnight arranged in order, lying scattered about. She jumped out of bed, and then found everything in confusion; boxes opened, things strewn on the ground, her riding-habit nowhere, and altogether an unmistakable *bouleversement.* She roused Elizabeth, who was still in sound slumber and unwilling to believe that anything was wrong. But there was no disguising the fact: robbers had been in the tent while they were asleep, and carried off everything they considered valuable—among other things a box of our daughter's love-letters, which the thieves had fortunately mistaken for a box of jewels. The robbery was no joke, but the dash of absurdity in the transaction was that for yards distant from the tent these interesting letters, which had evidently been taken out of the box

on their way by the robbers, were dropped at intervals by the roadside, doubtless in disappointment.

This was our first experience of Shahabad. No trace whatever was discovered of the thieves, but strong suspicion fell upon a drunken bearer of our host's, who had during the morning been employed in cleaning and arranging the tent.

As soon as it could be managed, we engaged a large house in the immediate vicinity of my office. It was situated in rather extensive grounds, with a large tank at the bottom, on one side of which was a small and picturesque mosque.

Here we commenced a quiet and unsensational life. The residents then at Arrah were: Travers the collector; A. Swinton, magistrate, with his sister-in-law, Miss Norman; G. Field, sub-deputy opium agent; and Dr. Hutchinson, civil surgeon.

Not long after our arrival, Mr. Travers left Arrah, and was succeeded by Mr. Edward Lantour, a friend to whom we owe our adoption of homœopathy, which, both for ourselves, our children, and grandchildren, we have systematically retained up to the present day.

In looking back at the peaceful days of our residence at Arrah, so soon to be followed by disaster and peril, I can recall no public adventure or incident worthy of notice; private and domestic events, however, were not a few.

The marriage of our eldest daughter with Gordon Young took place in the month of July; we all went down to Patna on the occasion, where we were hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Gough. The bride and bridegroom returned to Arrah, and passed their honey-

THE FIRST GRANDSON.

moon, during our absence, in our house. In the following year the fruit of their union appeared in the birth of a son, our first grandson, now a medical officer in the 2nd Life Guards.

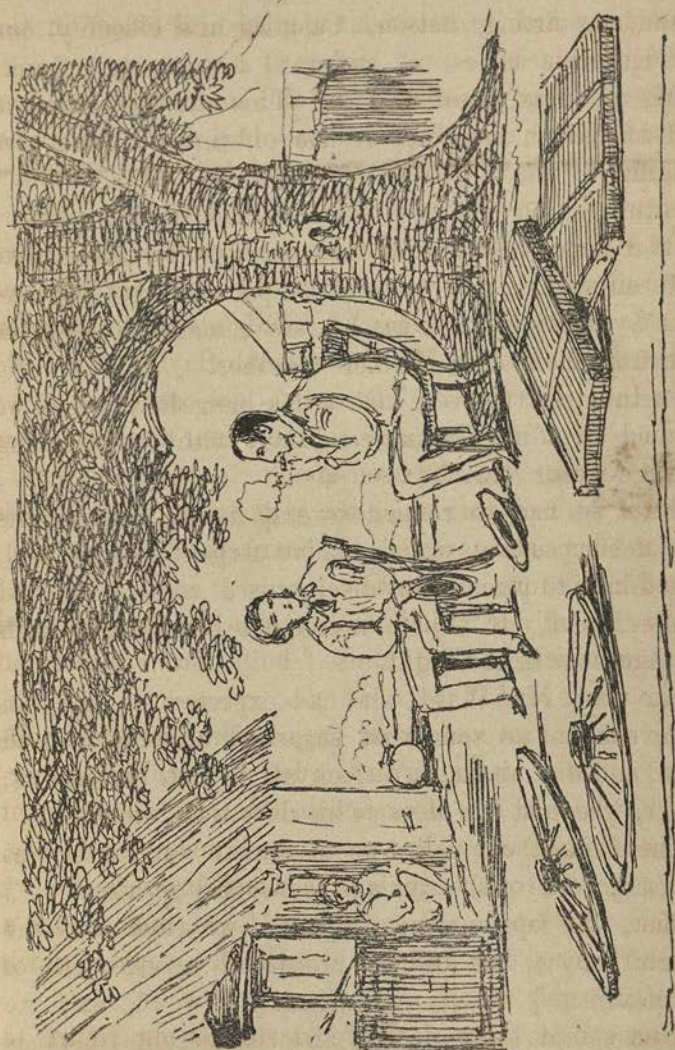
My wife was summoned on the interesting occasion, and left Arrah for Moorshedabad in a small yacht belonging to the Rajah of Doomran, returning within a month.

The next domestic event was the arrival of my eldest son Skipwith. He came out in the Civil Service—our friend, Henry Bayley, having kindly obtained a writership from his father, Mr. Butterworth Bayley, one of the East India Directors. The arrival was an event, and I at once set off for Calcutta to meet him and bring him up to Arrah. Having been unable to leave my post, I had not seen my son since the year 1849, when I bade him and his sister farewell on board the ship, as mentioned in my former volume.

My friend Mr. Field kindly lent me a palankeen carriage, which he had himself built, and I started off by the trunk road.

My son had arrived some days before I reached Calcutta, and was staying with Gordon Young, his brother-in-law, who had left Moorshedabad for an appointment at the Presidency. The meeting, I need hardly say, was a joyous one; my wife's eldest brother, Henry Palmer, and Gordon Young were there, and I took a sketch of my "first grandchild," Percy, a copy of which I annex.

After two or three days we started on our return to Arrah in Mr. Field's carriage, and our journey was characterised by a series of some of those small events



THE BROKEN CARRIAGE.

and accidents which throughout my entire life have invariably accompanied me.

At first starting, between Calcutta and Hooghly, our carriage made a descent backward down a steep bank, which very nearly cost us dear. This was the preface to our subsequent disasters, of one of which I here give a sketch.

After leaving Hooghly, when we had arrived within a short distance of Burdwan our unhappy carriage broke down altogether, and we were compelled to get out and walk by its side, while the bearers managed to keep the broken portions of the vehicle together.

Fortunately, we were near a dâk bungalow, which we reached in a humiliating condition, with the creaking carriage in our rear.

Here we had to remain several hours, making the best of our position while a native carpenter came, and, after taking to pieces our disorganised vehicle, patched it up sufficiently to enable us to reach Burdwan, though at a late hour in the night.

Our host, Mr. Ward, who had expected us early in the evening, was somewhat surprised at being roused from his bed at about 12 o'clock at night to receive us, and the group at the steps of his door was interesting.

The accident compelled us to remain several days at Burdwan, to have the carriage thoroughly repaired.

When the repairs were completed, we re-entered the doomed vehicle, but had not proceeded far when one of the re-adjusted wheels incontinently flew off, and we were once more, though still at a considerable distance from the next dâk bungalow, compelled to dismount, and, with one umbrella conscientiously shared to protect us

from the sun, underwent a long and fatiguing walk to the end of the stage.

While here, we came to the conclusion that the private carriage was not to be trusted, and, as one of the public vehicles happened to be available, we transferred ourselves and our baggage to its less elegant but far stouter frame, leaving directions for the repair and gradual transmission of its frail sister by stage to Arrah.

Sundry other mishaps awaited us before we reached our destination, and our dear boy's first experience of a dâk journey must have appeared eccentric and doubtless still lives in his remembrance.

We both, however, have the satisfaction of remembering that, throughout the entire series of misadventures, we "came out jolly" on the occasion, and our disasters occasioned far more laughter than tears.

When at length, with dilapidated paraphernalia and somewhat dishevelled appearance, we reached our peaceful home, I need hardly say with what delight my dear wife welcomed her first-born son, who, like his brother then in England, has ever been the pride and delight of his parents.

He stayed with us several months, but afterwards returned to Calcutta for the better prosecution of his studies.

One of my principal amusements during leisure hours at Shahabad, was the cultivation of a very pretty flower-garden, situated at the edge of a spacious tank, on the side of which was a Mahomedan mosque.

Every year this tank presented a striking scene. On a particular festival, the Chundun Jatra, a crowd of women, dressed in garments of bright and varied colours, assembled at dawn of day and cast small fruits and

vegetables—the first fruits of the season—into the tank, they themselves standing, some on the steps and some in the water, presenting altogether a beautiful and impressive scene.

One special and rather interesting incident is worthy of record, the struggle between crow and man, to which I referred in my early chapter on crows. I here subjoin the anecdote as it was written by me at the time, just after witnessing the scene :—

"Some days ago (in November) we sent for some Nuths, a species of gipsy, that we might witness their skill in crow-catching. It was well worth seeing, being a regular contest of wit between the two bipeds, ending, however, triumphantly in favour of the human species.

"The mode of operation is extremely ingenious. A circular net, in the form of a scarf, being about two feet wide and twelve long, forms the trap. At one end a stout wooden pin, which divides the net into two equal portions, is fixed firmly into the ground. The entire net is then disposed in a circle, stretching from either side of this peg, the lower edge being in several places fixed into the earth by a pressure of the hand, while the upper edge rests on the ends of five or six light sticks or wands, with notches at the extremity to receive the edge. These wands are laid on the ground, their ends all diverging towards the centre of the circle. The ends of the net opposite the wooden peg are brought together and connected with a single rope, which stretches to a distance of twenty yards or more.

"The whole apparatus is then sprinkled over with loose earth, so that nets, sticks, and connecting ropes are all concealed. Now commences the trial of skill. All the

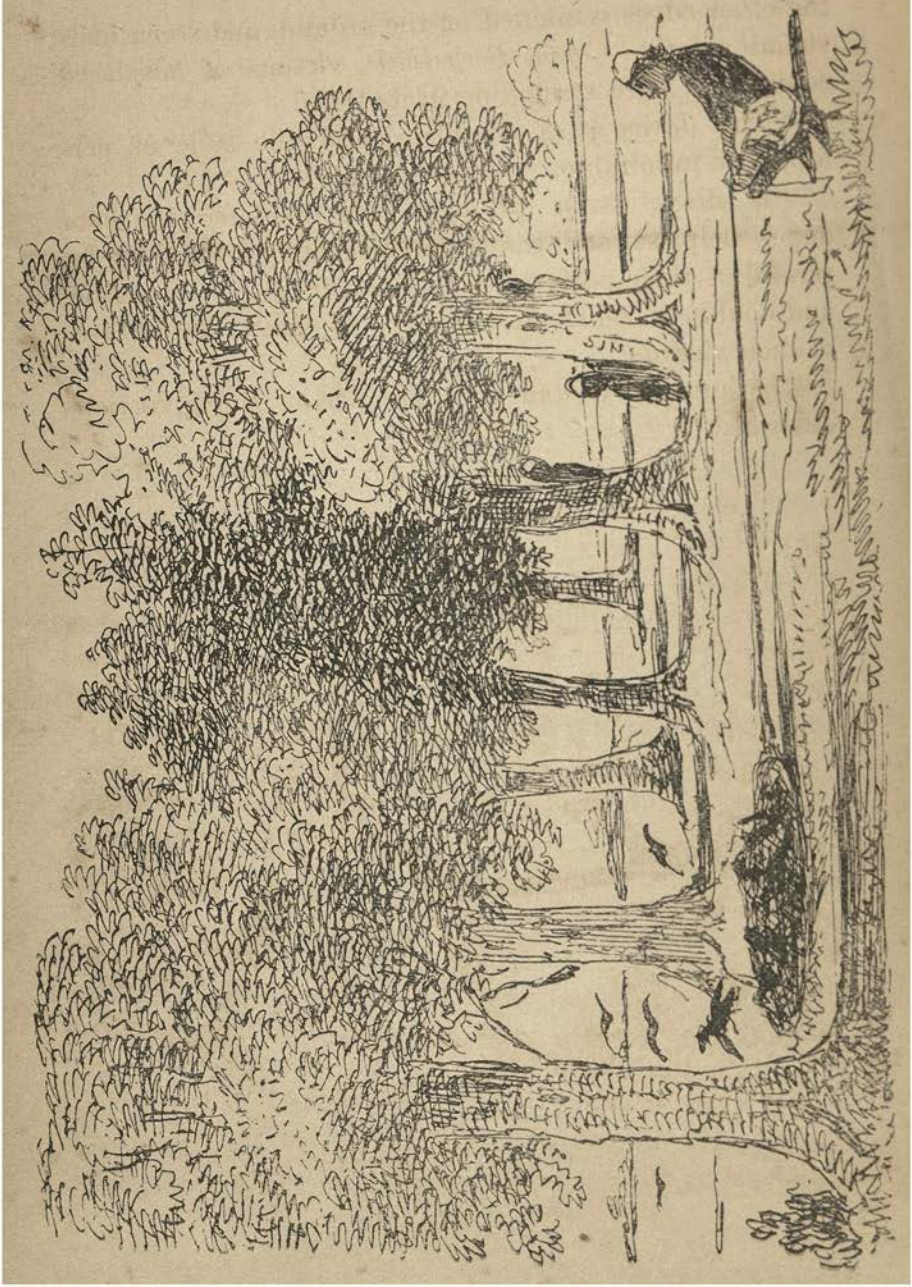
men who have been employed in the preparation of this cunning and guileful trap move off to a considerable distance, and take up their position to watch the event.

"One of the party goes in an opposite direction, also at some distance, and taking with him an earthen pot of rice, sits down and commences eating. The ground in which this drama was enacted before us was full of crows, and it was amusing to see how cautious and knowing these sagacious birds were, at first one or two only alighting near the man and his rice, and that at a respectful distance.

"After eating, or pretending to eat, and that in a most natural way, and tossing a few grains of rice on either side, just as natives do, up got the man, and moved some yards off, but not the least in the direction of the net. By this time a few more of these cautious birds had come down; the same scene was repeated, and the crows, apparently encouraged by the few grains they had picked up, as yet with impunity, and gaining confidence every moment, increased in numbers.

"The cunning trapper, after tacking about in a zig-zag direction, and each time sitting down and keeping up the farce, at last entered the circle within the net, ate once more, emptied his pot in the centre, and then walked rapidly to the peg.

"By this time the feathered victims, confident and unsuspecting, were bolting the scattered rice within the fatal circle, when the man, reaching the peg, but never looking behind him, turned short round, and taking hold of the rope, gave a sudden and vigorous pull. In a moment the upper edges of the net, which were resting on the notched sticks, closed together, while



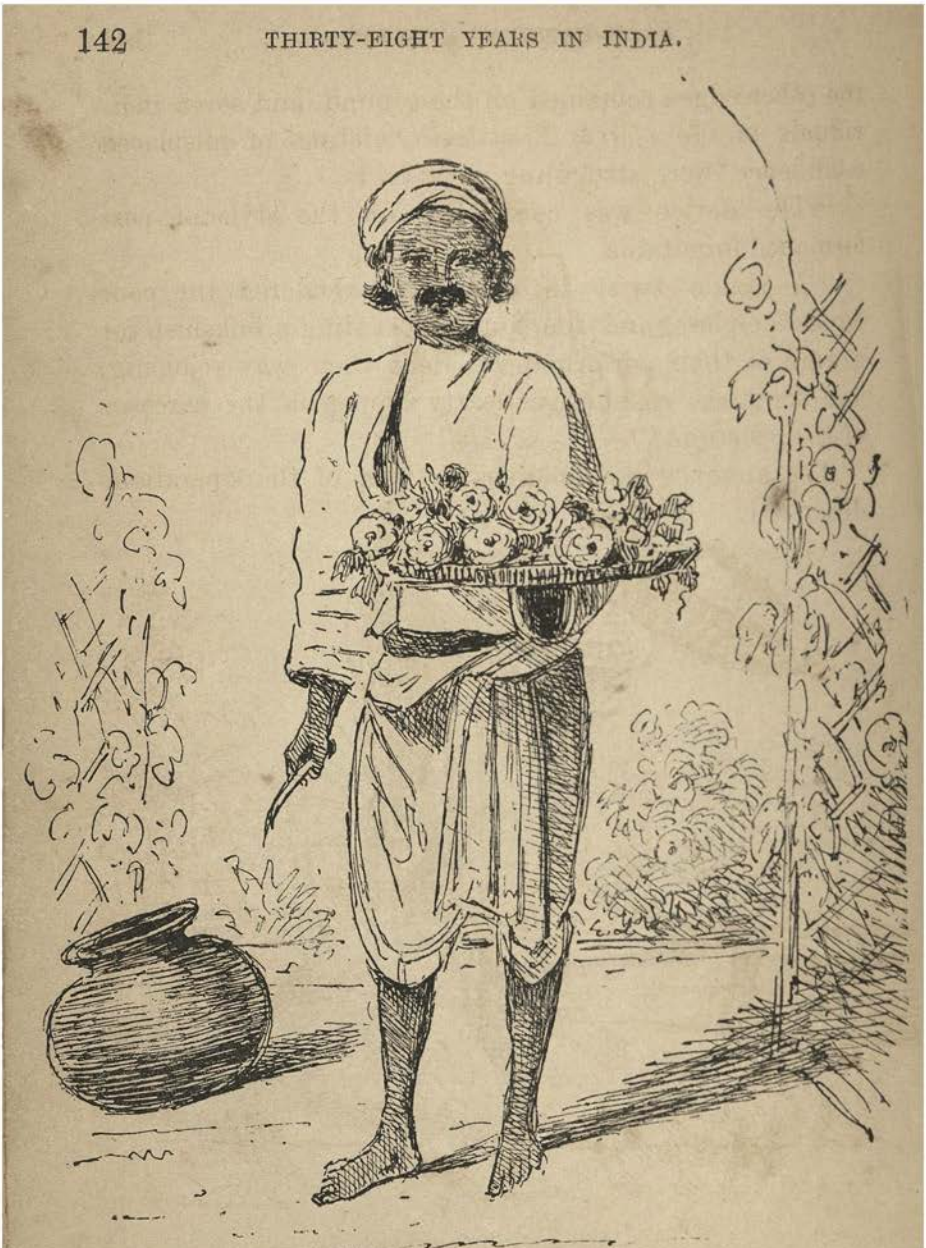
the other edges remained on the ground, and seven individuals of the *Corvus Bengalensis*, victims of misplaced confidence, were struggling in its folds.

"The device was complete, and the style of performance inimitable.

"A single twist to each wing rendered the poor dupes helpless, and the Nuths, pocketing a bukshish for reward of their performances, went their way rejoicing, and doubtless relished a hearty supper on the carcases of their victims."

The annexed sketch gives an idea of the operations described.

OUR HEAD GARDENER.



MALEE (MOLLY) BROWN AND DOLLY GREEN.

JENNY.

I mentioned at the beginning of this chapter the flower-garden attached to our new house; and though flowers, lawns, and shrubs, are objects common to all countries, and require no explanation, the living servitors of our Indian garden are worthy of representation, and will, perhaps, be interesting to my readers.

The first, then, whom I present to view will be "Beharee," our excellent head gardener, and most respectable man. The sketch represents him in the act of digging the ground with the Indian spade called "kodali."

The second sketch shows him, according to custom, with his daily basket of flowers and vegetables, the col-

"Clotho" and "Atropos."

Outside my Garden at Arrah

lection of which goes by the name of "dalee," pronounced "dolly"; the colours of man and leaves suggesting to a facetious gentleman the name of "Molly Brown" and "Dolly Green." This is presented every morning to the master or mistress of the house.

The third exhibits a picturesque and amiable old woman-helper, rejoicing in the Anglican name of "Jenny."

The fourth gives the interesting figures of two very aged and weak old women, carrying the dead branches, to whom I gave the not very flattering names of Clotho and Atropos.

CHAPTER IX.

TRIP TO SASSERAM.

Sasseram.—Description.—Tomb of Shere Shah.—Shah Kubeer-ood-deen, the "Yellow-hammer."—The Turkish Bath.—Banian and Peepul.—Poetical Description.—Native Poetry.—Rhotasghur.—Decorative Figures.—Heap of Stones.—The Saint's Cave.—Ingenious Raft for crossing the Tank.—Dead Deer.—Carved Figures on the Rhotasghur Chouri.—Anecdote of Gunesh.—Visit from Friends.—Lautour's Succession to Collectorship.—Cunliffe's Appointment as Magistrate.—Sketches of Interesting Objects.—The Infidel Bun Asur.

At different times during our residence in this district we made short excursions into the interior, and on one occasion we visited the interesting stations of Sasseram and Rhotasghur.

Sasseram is a town situated off the trunk road, and is remarkable for a most picturesque Mahomedan temple built on the edge of a spacious tank.

It is the head-quarters of the subdivision of that name, is situated on the grand trunk road, and is principally noted as containing the tomb of the Pathan

Sher Shah, who conquered Humayun, and subsequently became Emperor of Delhi. The name Sasseram, or Sahsram, signifies one thousand toys or playthings, because a certain Asur or infidel, who lived here, had a thousand arms, in each of which was a separate plaything.

A rather remarkable individual was, at the time of our visit, the principal resident at Sasseram. This was Shah Kubeer-ood-deen Mahomed, familiarly known by the name of the "Yellow-hammer," from the colour of his attire.

He possessed considerable interest among the Mahomedans of the neighbouring district, and was at all times in frequent communication with the British. He was a great chess-player, and was very proud of having played several games with Miss Eden, when Lord Auckland, on his tour to the North-West Provinces, passed through the town. He showed with great pride a ring which the Governor-General had presented to him.

I took occasion, at one of our interviews, to draw his portrait in the usual yellow dress.

Among other "lions" at Shahabad was a small Turkish bath, which was supported by a grant from Government. More, perhaps, from curiosity than any other motive, I committed myself on one occasion to the managers, and went through the aqueous ceremonial. The following memorandum was written just after I emerged from the waters:—

"Few people know that at Sasseram there is a most excellent hot-bath establishment, or 'humam.' This formerly appertained to a Mahomedan charitable endow-

THE YELLOW-HAMMER.

SHAH KUBEER-OOD-DEEN.

ment, and was, till latterly, supported by an allowance of fifteen rupees a month.

"The grant has now been withdrawn, and the proprietors depend on the custom they get from unwashed or dirty travellers. It is an excellent little bath, clean and well conducted, and to those who do not object to be kneaded, to have their backs cracked, to be inverted like little McStinger, pummelled, pulled, and otherwise unceremoniously maltreated, by a steaming and violent little fat man, who is the head operator, the refreshment is great. You come out smooth and shiny, like a snake, *exuviis relictis*. Indeed, the amount of skin you leave behind you is humiliating, though decidedly beneficial."

THE CLEANSING PROCESS.

It was on the occasion of one of these excursions that I noticed the curious growth of the banian and peepul tree, with the palm rising from the centre. The combination is of specially frequent occurrence in the Behar district, and on the occasion of our visit the peculiarity inspired one of our party to write the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

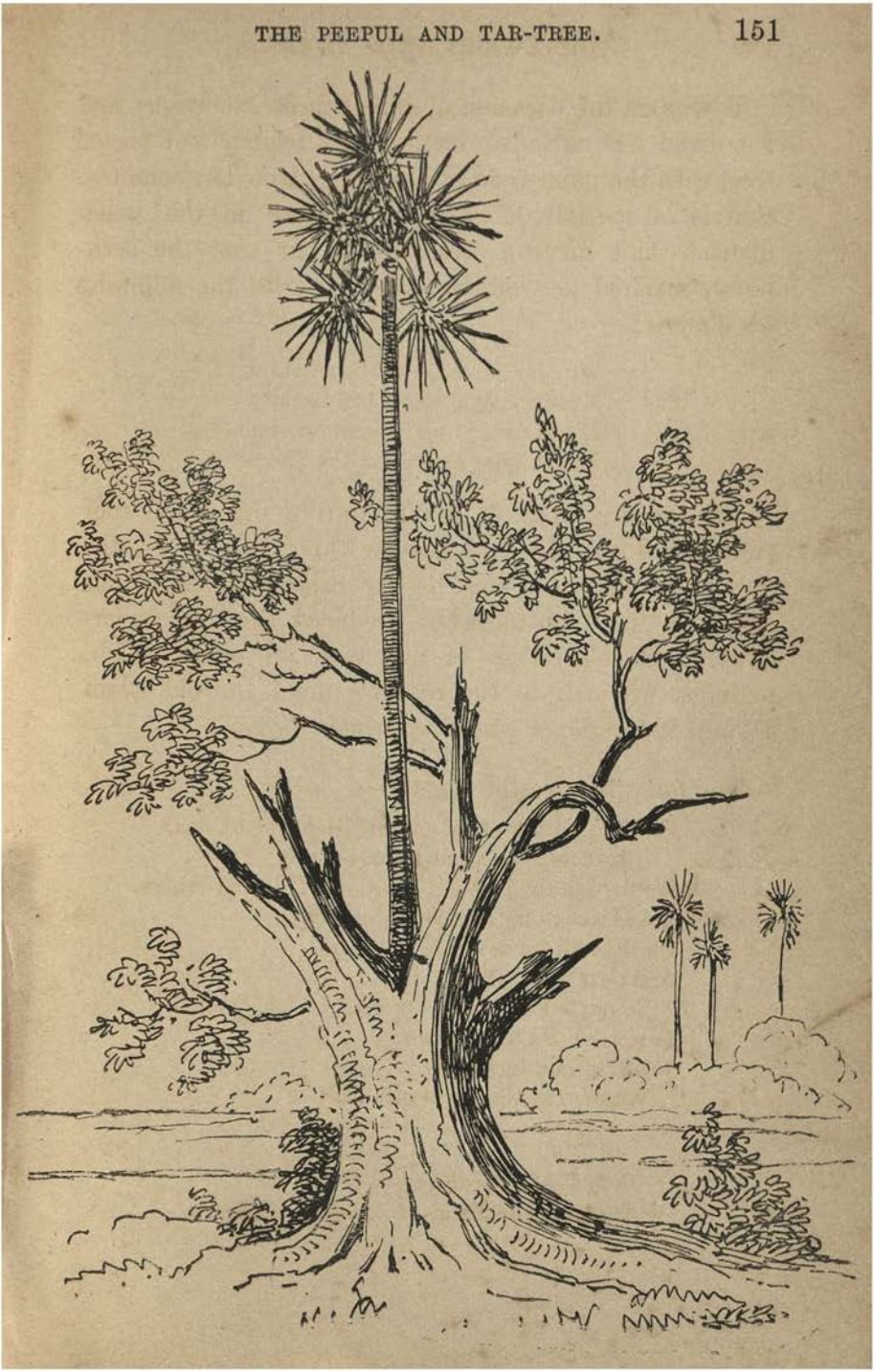
Why for sailors is public affection
Most clearly displayed in Behar?
For there you may see in perfection
The People* embracing the Tar.†

On our first visit to Arrah, during my postal tour (mentioned in my first volume), Dr. ————, the poet of our party (at least he so considered himself), one day, in a fit of enthusiasm, produced the lines underwritten, in celebration of our trip, an effort which, perhaps, will call to the reader's mind the old Latin saying, "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere.*"

The following are the lines:—

Four days did we pass, on the heights of Rhotas,
'Tis, indeed, an event worth relating,
We lived in the palace, roamed o'er hills and valleys,
And wound up with plenty of fêting.
On the fifth we descended,
And next what we then did,
To relate I will briefly proceed,
By a road bad and narrow,
Viâ Sasseram to Arrah,
We went at the top of our speed.

* Peepul—*Ficus religiosa.*
† Tar-tree, Fan Palm—*Borassus flabelliformis.*



This spontaneous ebullition was received with the admiration and applause which it merited.

Some mild criticisms were offered in regard to the word "palace" not being considered quite a euphonious rhyme for "valleys," and "Arrah" not entirely in musical harmony with "narrow," but a charitable listener suggested that the latter fact mentioned at the close of the ode might possibly account for such trifling defects—"plenty of fêting" being apt to interfere with rhythmical composition.

The poet himself was evidently very proud of his performance, which he repeated aloud while himself in sensational pose.

One of the most remarkable phenomena in human nature is the infatuation produced by poetic inspiration, and the delusion under which would-be poets sometimes live. Among the half-educated natives this infatuation is unequalled; and it will, perhaps, amuse my readers to read the following instances; they are written by a native gentleman—not destitute of ideas, with a considerable knowledge of the English language, and a certain fund of imagination and sentiment.

ON THE HONOUR OF ROYAL MARRIAGE.

1.

Hip, haste harmonised, hurra, hurra!
Sing Hosanna, Oh company opera.
1. The ballet to facilitate.
2. Face to face congratulate.
3. Perfect fact relate.
4. To Her Majesty's Gate.

ON MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

To Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra.

2.

1. Ding dong whatever all.
2. Sing song bridal.
3. To-day is a dominical.
4. Regality triumphal.

United the Moon of Denmark to Sun of England,
On March 10th Eighteen hundred and sixty-three era.

3.

1. It is a year illustrious.
2. It is a month melliferous.
3. It is a day so propitious.
4. It is an hour auspicious.

Let us join the merriment and let us dance hey hey!
To Her Majesty's glorious golden orchestra.

1.

Halt here, huzza huzza, to-day holiday!
Hail the Prince and Princess and jollily play.

2.

1. Joy, joy, jovially.
2. Join the jig joyfully.

Flute, fiddle, tabour, and guitar fairly display.

3.

1. Greeting the British dynasty.
2. Greeting the Queen Her Majesty.

God bless and continue their happy day.

4.

1. Health and happiness
2. Attend the Prince and Princess.

These are the prayers to God, we so pray.

1.

Ruby face, jasmine bosom, who art thou?
Flinty heart, cruel tyrant, who art thou?

2.

Semi-angular eye-brow, sunny eyes, nice nose,
Moony cheek, starry teeth, lip rose rose.

PANTOMIMIC.

3.

1. While I am child of an instinct,
2. Passed day didn't know it distinct.
3. I became so rapid,
   Ominivora quadruped.

I had been caressed by all relation.

4.

1. While I am boy, a troublesome,
2. Passed my day in sarcasm.

5.

1. I am then a biped.
2. Had turn a wicked.

Followed play-fellows' instruction.

We lost, late lost, Dr. W. B. Beetson,
We again shall never gain him in person.

1. Oh sob, sigh, sorrow.
2. Do not make such a row.
3. Get rid of us any how.
4. Oh sob, sigh, sorrow.

1. He is a Dr. Philanthropist,
2. He is a Dr. Physiognomist,
3. He is a Dr. Anatomist,
4. He is His Lordship's personal surgeon.

The above are taken from a little book, which is filled with similar effusions, and will, I think, confirm the remark which I have ventured to make on the delicate subject of poetic genius.

One of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Sasseram is the fort of Rhotasghur. Dr.

Alexander Duff, in his letters written to the Rev. Tweedie, during the mutinies of 1857, thus writes regarding Rhotasghur :—

On the 17th instant the fort of Rhotasghur was at last taken possession of by our troops. This fort lies on the west of the district of Shahabad, between the river Sone and Benares ; Arrah, late the scene of tragic disaster, and ultimately of glorious victory, lying to the east of the same district.

The position of Rhotasghur, which figures alike in Hindu and Mahomedan history, is most commanding, and might be rendered impregnable. It stands at the height of 1,000 feet, on a spur or promontory of the hills that shoot out from Central India, and then look down abruptly on the great plain of the Ganges, with the river—one running under a vast precipice on one side of it, and another washing it on the other side before its junction with the Sone ; while on the third side is a deep ravine clothed with impenetrable forests and jungles, the only available access to it being by a narrow pathway along a steep acclivity of about two miles.

It is now in a shattered and ruinous condition, with only the remains of vast battlements, temples, and palaces.

Since the outbreak of the great rebellion, it has been occupied by Amar Singh and other rebel chiefs, with their hordes of armed followers, as a central rendezvous. And from it parties have ever and anon been sent forth to the country, and especially to plunder and cut the telegraph wires along the grand trunk road which passes within sight of it. Besides the dispersion of the rebel hosts congregated there, its possession at length by our troops is of no small importance, as regards the keeping open the line of communication between Calcutta and Benares.

At the time we visited the celebrated hill, it had acquired no celebrity of the nature described above, but it was always a most remarkable place, commanding a magnificent view of the Sone river and the country beyond, and full of interesting relics of the past.

A portion of these I sketched at the time, and, as

RHOTASGHUR.

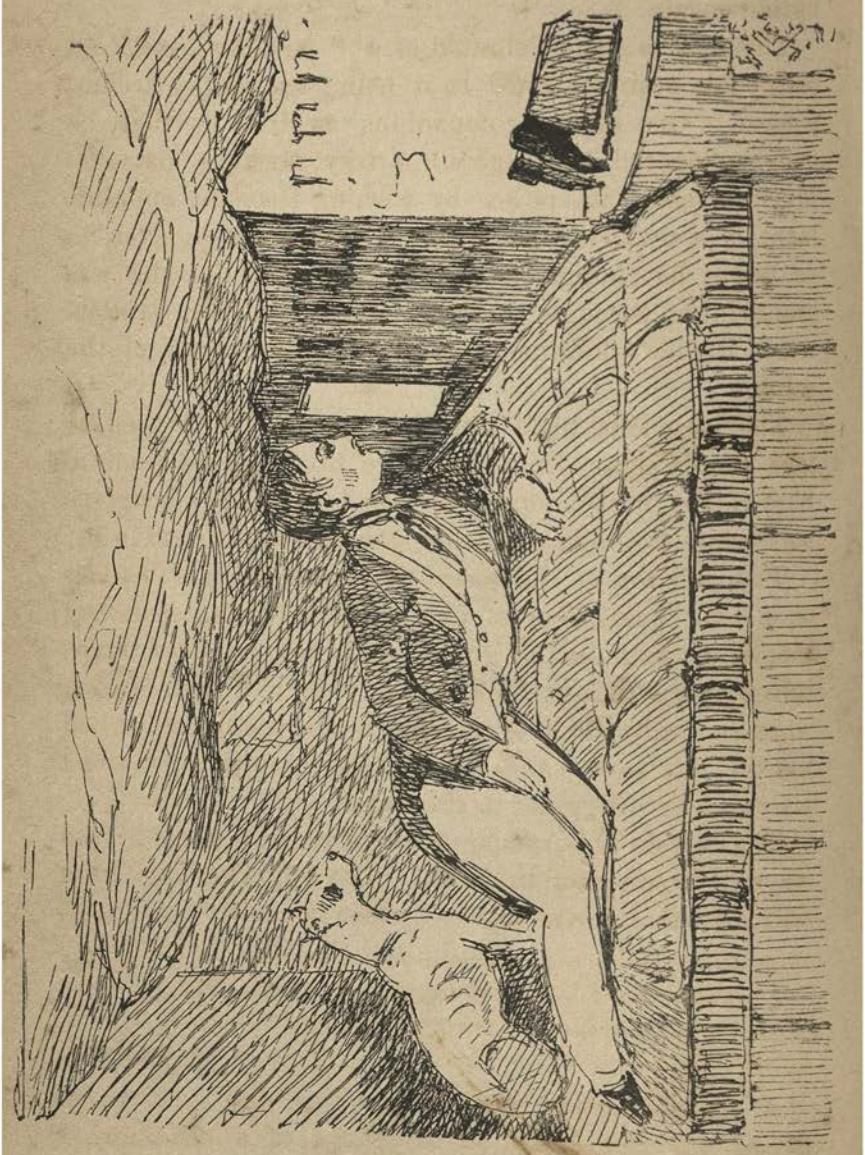
SACRED HEAP OF STONES.

they possess peculiarity at least, I will here give them, with a brief description of their purport.

The heap of stones shown in the picture opposite is supposed by Buchanan to be the most ancient object throughout Rhotasghur, and may, in his opinion, if anything can, claim synchronisation with the hero himself, who was fifth cousin once removed from the sun. The building on the right is a temple, now in a state of decay, supposed to have been built by Man Singh; behind the tree on the left is the first of a flight of eighty steps which lead to the Chouri or seat of Rohitaswa.

Heaps of stones were the earliest commemorative structures.

The rather unintelligible sketch on p. 158 represents a gentleman in a cave, with the legs of another coming in (or going out, at the option of the spectator). This cave contains the tomb of a Mahomedan saint, and is a marvellous place. You descend from the edge of the mountain by a few winding steps (protected by a low parapet from a precipice of 1,500 feet), and creep in as you may, through a narrow aperture of masonry, just large enough to admit a decently-sized man or woman. The cave itself is unpleasantly small, and the sensation when in it is much as if you were about to be buried; but when you clamber on to the raised platform and take a peep through the little window, the effect is startling. You find yourself hanging over a terrific precipice, which runs perpendicularly down to the plain below. The cave projects clean over this giant wall of rock, and I must confess that, spite of the beautiful view beyond, the blue hills and glittering Sone, I felt horribly



sick and uncomfortable, and was very glad to get upstairs again.

This cave is also celebrated as a "wishing cave," all reasonable desires formed in it being inevitably accomplished. One of our companions assured us that he had experienced its virtue in a very striking instance. My wife tested its power by wishing that the appointment of a cavalry cadetship, which had been given to us, might be changed to a writership, and the wish was granted, but through God's goodness and Mr. Butterworth Bayley's kindness, and *not* by the power of the saint.

The ingenious little raft shown on p. 160 is used to take people across from the shore to the great tomb of Sher Shah; it is simply supported by empty kedgeree pots, while two men swim one on each side to guide it.

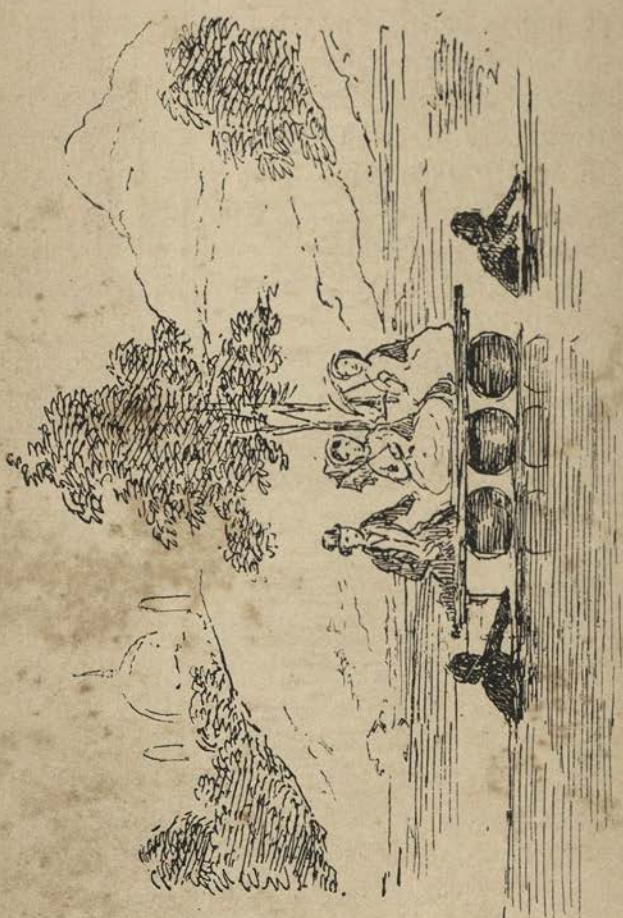
They tell you at the place that some English sailors once took possession of one of these rafts, launched themselves without the guides, and then amused themselves with striking the kedgeree pots with their sticks, when suddenly a hole or two was made, the water rushed in, the raft sank, and the sailors learned a practical lesson while struggling in the water.

The custom of suspending votive rags on trees by the wayside is common in India. The following quotation will show that it was also prevalent in classic lands:—

> Stabat in his ingens annoso robore quercus,
> Una nemus; villæ mediam, memoresque tabellæ,
> Sartaque cingebant, voti argumenta potentis.
>
> OVID, *Metam.* viii. 744.

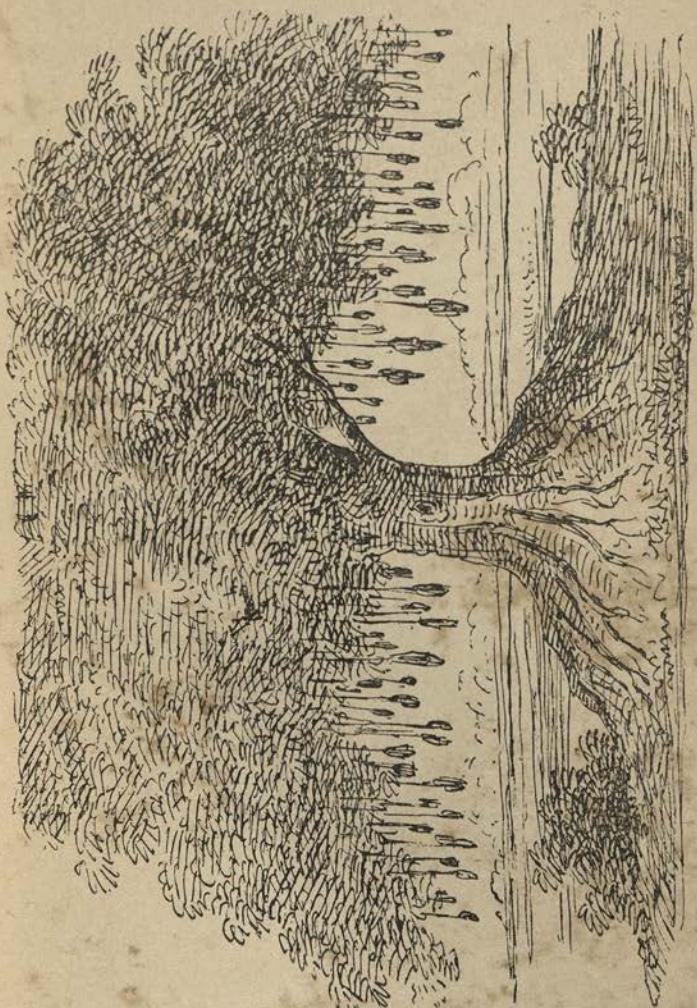
A complimentary present was one day sent to us during our ramblings, in the shape of a sambhur, or

To the Tomb of Sher Shah.



The Raft.

Crossing the Lake.



THE VOTIVE TREE.

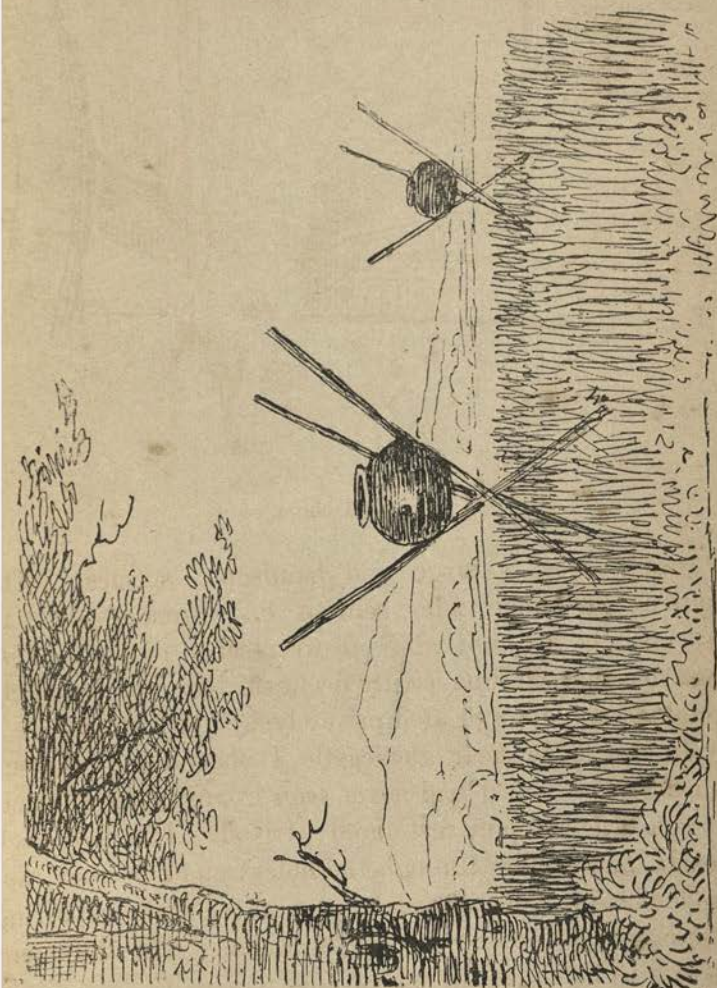
PRAYERS IN LEAVES.

THE SAMBHUR.

"rusa" deer, a large and handsome species. The native gentleman who sent it had himself shot it. As officials are not allowed to receive presents from natives, the gift was civilly declined, but was probably retained and appropriated privately by our servants.

In the fields near the castle I observed a curious apparatus, which I had never seen in any other district. It is a kedgeree pot, resting on a tripod. Fire is lighted inside, and glitters through the holes; and the hogs, not understanding the unusual appearance, and suspecting the brightness, make themselves scarce. The deterrent is said to be unusually efficacious.

The view of Rhotasghur is very beautiful: the bright blue stream of the Sone and other rivers, which here



KEDGEREE POTS UTILISED.

unite their waters—the hills, range upon range, which close the view—the varied tints of the foliage in the valley below—the green, purple-brown sides of the mountain itself, running perpendicularly down—all these formed (as G. P. R. James would say), a *coup d'œil* of unparallelled magnificence and beauty.

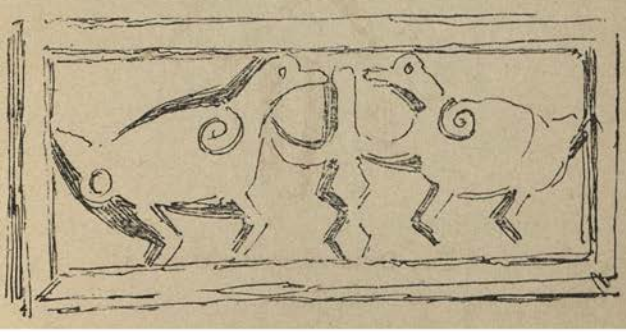
The principal temple is decorated with so many and such strange objects in bas-relief, that I here give some which I copied at the time. There are very few on any of the other temples.

A. is a dwarpul or doorkeeper, a figure often introduced on the bases of pillars in Hindoo temples.

THE DWARPUL, OR DOORKEEPER.

B., a stout little man with a huge silenus-like stomach, is the far-famed Gunesh. He got his head in this wise. Sunee or Saturn went to congratulate the

goddess Doorga on the birth of her boy; but knowing that if he looked at the child his "evil eye" would consume it, he very considerately turned away his head. The fond mother, however, did not appreciate this conduct, and besought Sunee to refresh his eyes with the sight of her beloved. Sunee looked, the babe's head was consumed, and was ill-supplied by that of an elephant, which Brahma made Sunee fix upon the decapitated infant. To compensate Doorga for this incongruous head-piece, Brahma ordered that the worship of Gunesh should precede that of all the other gods.



C.—Two bandy-legged birds, supposed to be Brahma's geese.

D.—This creature is on the "Singh durwaza," or "Lion Door." It is like a cross between a pariah dog and an antelope—a hirco-cervix, by courtesy called a "lion."

E. is an elephant carved on the principal gate of the palace itself. It is extremely well-chiselled, and bespeaks the hand of no common sculptor. The slight forward

inclination of the body, and the semblance of motion transferred to the stone, are highly artistic. The two riders have been broken.

Who these riders were intended to represent cannot now be discovered; unlike the distinguished beings who leave their names behind them, they have only left their "legs," and my punster friend, when he saw them, exclaimed "*Quid 'leges' sine moribus.*"*

Among the ordinary social events which occurred in 1853, was a gratifying visit from our friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. Tucker, who paid us a long visit. Mrs. Tucker was not only an artist, but a first-rate musician, who played beautifully on the harp. We had made her acquaintance a short time before, soon after her marriage with Mr. Tucker, an old friend who, on his first arrival in Calcutta, had stayed for a short time at our house.

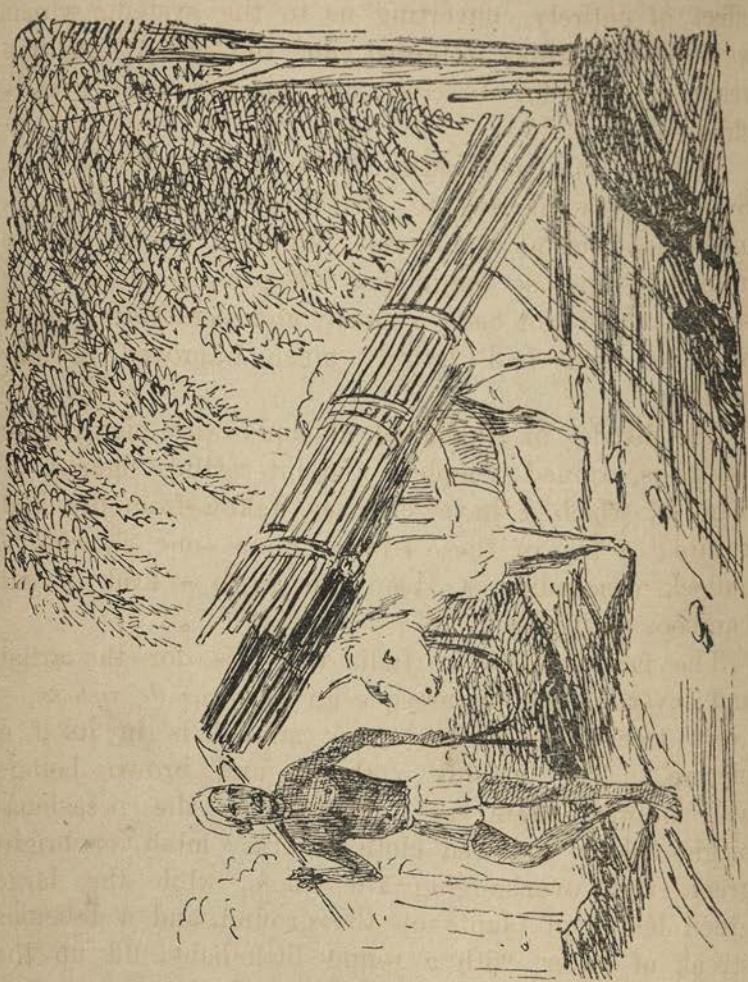
He was one of the sons of the well-known St. George Tucker, a member of the Court of Directors, a great friend of my wife's father. Mr. Tucker had kindly given us a cadetship for our second son.

Mrs. Lydiard, whom I have mentioned as my enthusiastic pupil at Darjeeling, also came to see us for a few days. Her husband was Assistant Adjutant-General at Dinapore, and took an active part several years afterwards in the Mutiny.

Mr. E. Lantour had succeeded Mr. Travers as Collector of Shahabad; a very able and intelligent public officer, but famous, above all things, for his knowledge of homœopathy, as I have before mentioned.

The wonderful effects of the medicines which he

* Translated by the punster, "What are *legs* without *more of us*?"



Bullock with Load of cut Bamboos.

distributed on the occasion of a serious outburst of cholera, attracted the attention of all, and had the effect of entirely converting us to the system, which we have thankfully followed for the last thirty-five years, not only for ourselves, but our numerous grandchildren.

In 1854, our friend, Miss Norman, the sister of Mrs. Swinton, was married to Dr. Murphy, a well-known medical officer at Dinapore. We had known her so intimately and so long, that we greatly missed her society. She had been a steady and persevering pupil of mine, and had latterly much improved in her painting.

The district of Shahabad abounds with picturesque buildings, ruined temples. and interesting figures, of many of which I have sketches, taken from life and nature; a few of these I here annex—one showing a bullock descending a steep hill, with a load of cut bamboos on his back.

The fact is that in India there is for the artist and lover of the picturesque an *embarras de richesse*—every tree, every figure, every animal is in itself a picture. The muddy cottages and brown beings who occupy them, are relieved by the occasional bright colour of a red cloth, a brass lotah, or bright green tree overhanging the roofs, while the large green leaves of plants on the ground, and a delicious streak of water, with a round little baby, fill up the fore-ground.

The next shows the mode in which the natives occasionally carry their shoes, especially when the ground

is wet, the leather being far more valuable than the human skin.

THE CURE OF "SOLES" IN SHAHABAD.

It is amusing to observe the scrupulous care which the poorer class of natives bestow upon shoe-leather; shoes are to the indigent a luxury, and only to be worn when the ground is smooth and clean—in fact, the feet are made to subserve the shoes, and not the shoes the feet!

One of the most remarkable modes of workmanship in the district is that of inlaying steel with gold; the annexed sketch exhibits a workman of Koer Singh's finishing a small ornamental dagger.

The effect is extremely pleasing, but the curious thing is the wonderful skill with which the workman, without any model, cuts out the ornamental pattern, and knocks in the hard gold wire, from his own design. There are several specimens of this among my collection at the India Museum.

During our sojourn we went out for a change of air for a few days, on board a yacht of the Doomraon Rajah's, and one of the numerous sketches I took was a group of the Mahomedan crew at their devotions on the deck.

During one of our rambles, we saw at a village called Museer, about six miles distant from the town of Arrah, some ruins and places of worship, belonging both to the orthodox and heterodox; the place had been probably dedicated to religion from a very remote period.

Immediately west from the village is a heap of bricks, extending about fifty yards in every direction, and still of considerable elevation.

It is attributed by tradition to the Bân Asur, mentioned in the historical notices. On the highest part I found projecting the head and upper part of the body of an image, larger than the human size, said to represent a celebrated infidel, on which account the people pelt it with bricks.

All are certainly afraid of this image, and it is

said that a man who made an attempt to dig the figure out, had been punished for his temerity by sudden death. I give, on p. 173, a sketch of the figure with its features no longer discernible, and its unhappy legs separated from the body.

The Rajput to whom the village belongs, also, said that he would willingly take the bricks to build his house, were he not afraid of the connexion.

THE GOD PARISNATH.

A sketch of the god Parisnath is also here given. Parisnath is the great deity of the Jeins, and is always represented, as in the sketch, in a sitting posture.

The following curious anecdote will give an idea of the sanctity of his person. I give it as described at the time :—

December 5th.—A strange incident was brought to my notice this morning, and one which exhibits in a very striking way the superstition of the Jeins. A Mahomedan fakir of very ordinary appearance and humble pretensions, who described himself as a Mudaree, and who had only arrived at Arrah a few days before, discovered under the ground a small brass figure of "Parisnath," the idol of the Jeins' worship. The wealthy merchants of the town, who are all Jeins (Serawaks or Ugarwalas), when they were informed of the discovery, hurried to the spot ; and when they saw the little figure, and found by inspection and measurement that it was a genuine "Parisnath," they commenced bidding against each other, from a rupee upwards, until the offer reached two hundred rupees. My jemadar, who is always on the look-out for curiosities on my behalf, informed me of the fact, and I sent for the man, who had taken up his temporary abode close to my house.

He came, but did not bring the god, and, on being questioned, declared he had thrown it into the tank.

I insisted, however, on seeing it, and the man, encouraged by my assurance that I merely wished to see it, went back, and returned shortly afterwards with the figure for my inspection. It was a little coarsely-cut idol, standing, with the curly locks and long ears of

Buddha, and perfectly naked, with no attempt at concealment. He said that they had offered him two hundred rupees, but he should stand out for *five hundred*, "and," he added, "they will give it!"

I afterwards sent for a Jeypore stone-carver, who is in the employ of some Jein merchants, and questioned him as to the circumstance. He said he had measured the idol and found it correct, that all such images are made according to a fixed and unalterable standard of proportion, and that the eager anxiety displayed for possession of the little foundling was owing to the belief that its accidental discovery, in such a place, is an augury of extraordinary good fortune. The bargain is not yet concluded, and I shall be curious to know the result.

December 17*th*.—The sequel of this tale is diverting. The fortunate finder of the deity, relying on the superstitious zeal of the Serawaks, refused all their offers, and stood out strongly for four hundred rupees; and at last, not finding that his terms were accepted, he adopted a device which, in the end, defeated his purpose. By the counsel of some over-wise advisers, he tied a leathern thong round the idol's neck, and, taking it through the public streets, he beat it openly with a shoe—the greatest indignity that can be offered even to a mortal, but much more to a god, and that a god of the Jeins, to whom leather, being the hide of a dead animal, is an especial abomination.

The scheme failed. "Ambition had over-leapt itself, and fallen on the other side." The Agurwala's spirit was roused, and they all agreed not to give a farthing for the desecrated god. They were in earnest, and kept to

their purpose; the consequence was, the deluded "Mudaree" was glad to let me have it for a rupee.

December 19*th.*—More last words. The whole affair has just been discovered to be a trick. An image-maker, it appears, had given the image, the work of his own hands, to the fakir, for the express purpose of taking in the devout Agurwalas.

The whole story of the discovery was a pure and unmitigated lie, and deceit has met with its just reward.

The idol is duly installed in my museum.

CHAPTER X.

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S OFFICIAL VISIT.

Proposed Visit of the Lieutenant-Governor.—Mr. Courtenay's Letter to the *Englishman*.—Mr. Halliday's arrival at Arrah.—Ceremonial of Laying the First Stone of Dispensary.—I make a Speech in Hindustani.—Mr. Halliday answers in English.—Public Expression of Approval.—Subsequent Correspondence.—Encouraging Letters regarding my Appointment to the Commissionership.—Testimonials from the Sudder Court.—My Judicial Work.

I NOW arrive at a somewhat important epoch in my autobiography.

In 1854, Mr. Halliday was made Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and not long after the appointment he intimated to me his intention of paying an official visit to Arrah.

But in the meantime a sensational incident had occurred in Calcutta, which had created no little excitement.

A letter had appeared in the Calcutta *Englishman*, under the signature of Mr. F. Courtenay, the private secretary to the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, bringing grave accusations against Mr. Halliday. This

letter, written by an officer in Mr. Courtenay's position, and widely circulated with the concurrence, or, at all events, without the interference, before or after, of the Governor-General, was, I need hardly say, the subject of universal comment. Just at this time Mr. Halliday had announced his intention of paying the Patna district an official visit, and Mr. Dampier, my predecessor in the Commissionership of Patna, on reading the letter in the paper, wrote to me to say that, after such an exposure, he could, on the occasion of the Lieutenant-Governor's visit, have nothing but the most formal communication with him, especially as the conduct disclosed by Mr. Courtenay was the same in character as that he had himself experienced at Mr. Halliday's hands

The event was embarrassing; but as we could scarcely believe that such a grave accusation was altogether unanswerable, and understood, further, that Mr. Halliday denied the charge, we resolved not to allow our demi-official reception of him to be affected by it, until, at least, we received further information.

Due preparation, therefore, was made for his arrival. He came, saw, and examined everything, and, as previously arranged by letter, he attended a public meeting, conducted by me, with all the display which elephants, flags, and horsemen could give, for the purpose of laying the first stone of a charitable dispensary which I had organised, and for the erection and establishment of which I had received from the wealthy natives some 25,000 rupees.

The exhibition went off with great *éclat*. I had the presumption to make a public address in Hindustani, and was

answered by Mr. Halliday in English, with great *impressement*. He was dressed in full official costume, and, with his cocked hat in his hand, he launched out with eloquent and enthusiastic commendation of the scheme, and emphatically exclaimed, with uplifted arm, "Honour to Mr. Tayler, through whose *influence* this benevolent dispensary has been organised," &c. &c. A silver trowel was then given to him, and with becoming ceremonial the first stone was laid.

After his departure, he wrote to me the following notes in expression of his satisfaction at all he had witnessed:—

"My dear Tayler, "Tilothoo, 29th January, 1855.

"You have my thanks for the Oordoo speech, which I thought very good, besides admiring the *pluck* you displayed in undertaking the speech. I don't care much about making harangues in my own vernacular, but I am not sure that I would have undertaken to discourse to a large assembly in 'The Moors,' as you did.

"I was much pleased with all we saw and did at Arrah, and particularly satisfied to observe *the influence** which you have acquired over the minds of the people.

"Yours sincerely,

"Fred. Jas. Halliday."

Before this, in reply to my letter informing him of the organisation of the dispensary, and the liberal contributions made by the wealthy natives, he had written the following note:—

"Camp Kullianpore,

"My dear Tayler, "2nd January 1855.

"Your account of the probable out-turn of your dispensary contributions is most satisfactory.

"It is astonishing what may be done in this way sometimes.

* The italics are mine.

"At Mozufferpore I found a promising dispensary admirably managed, but starving for lack of funds. But when it was bruited abroad that I had expressed surprise at this, there were subscribed in three or four days 16,000 rupees.

"Yours sincerely,

"FRED. JAS. HALLIDAY."

After this and sundry other contingent ceremonials, Mr. Halliday, with his wife and suite, left Shahabad, and proceeded on an excursion to Sasseram and Rhotasghur.

On the termination of his official visit, I obtained leave of absence, and went down to Calcutta with my wife to make preparations for her second voyage to England. This voyage she undertook for the purpose of bringing out our three younger daughters and second son, who, like his elder brother, had, through my wife's exertions, as elsewhere mentioned, obtained a writership, and had just completed his terms at Haileybury.

We stopped on our way down at Burdwan, where our eldest son Skipwith was living with his young bride, the daughter of Henry Holroyd, and then went to our eldest daughter's house in Calcutta, and after staying there for some days, my wife, with her English maid, set sail in the *Bentinck*.

Our nephew Charles Hobhouse, who had lately married, was, with his wife, a fellow-passenger.

On their departure, I returned to Arrah, and soon after received the following letter on the subject of my promotion :—

"Camp, Tope Chansee,

"MY DEAR TAYLER, "25th February 1855.

"I have received your letter of the 21st.

"I should be very glad to give you a Commissionership, and

hope to see you one, but I do not know that the time is come yet.

"I have not made up my mind as to any arrangements which will vacate the Patna Commissionership.

"Should I do so, I doubt if Patna would be the Commissionership actually vacated; for I have an application for it from Stainforth, on the ground of health, and for this reason, as well as on account of his standing, I should certainly give his application very careful consideration.

"Furthermore, the next man for a Commissionership is W. H. Elliott. He was bequeathed to me by Lord Dalhousie, and was appointed an acting Commissioner in furtherance and completion of Lord Dalhousie's expressed intentions, and an undoubted understanding that he would be confirmed on a vacancy. So that if any present Commissioner were to vacate his office, the effect would be to confirm Elliott somewhere, and make an acting commissionership vacant somewhere.

"This is the case as it now stands.

"Believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"FRED. JAS. HALLIDAY."

Six months afterwards I received the following from Mr. W. Grey, private secretary to Mr. Halliday, to whom it was addressed, and who forwarded it to me:—

"MY DEAR GREY, "Alipore, 21st May 1855.

"I return W. Tayler's letter of the 16th.

"You are aware that I have a high opinion of the value of his services as Acting Commissioner of Patna, and that I have greatly desired to retain them. It appears to me that he is peculiarly fitted for the important executive duties of a commissioner of revenue and circuit, and that it would be for the advantage of Government that he should not be removed from his present very useful position.

"I am, therefore, glad to find that he is himself willing to continue as a Commissioner of Patna in preference to coming down to Calcutta to the Sudder Court, which would seem now to be coming near to be offered to him, though not yet certain to be so.

"I can quite understand his wish that, in case his name should come before me, the offer of the Sudder should be made to him, so that it may not appear that he was passed over. He may be quite certain that I will not make the offer to anyone below him without first making it to him.

"But very glad as I should be to have him permanently fixed as Commissioner of Patna, I see some serious difficulties in the way.

"Mr. Stainforth stands gazetted as Commissioner of Patna, and it may be difficult to move him.

"It is true he has now been appointed to act for Bidwell as Commissioner of Nuddea as long as Bidwell may be detained in the performance of his present special duties.

"But these may terminate every day, and then he must resume charge of his Nuddea Commissionership.

"Mr. Bidwell is understood to intend to go home next spring, but he may change his mind, or, at all events, his departure may be late in the season.

"On the other hand, there seems to be no chance of receiving the sanction of the Government of India to the appointment of additional judges to the Sudder for several months to come.

"The business, therefore, is somewhat puzzling. Meantime, you may communicate this to Tayler, and tell him I highly appreciate his services.

"Yours sincerely,

"FRED. JAS. HALLIDAY."

These letters, I need hardly say, were most satisfactory and encouraging, as giving me every hope of obtaining the permanent appointment of Commissioner, which was the great object of my ambition.

They at the same time placed on record the favourable opinion entertained by the Lieutenant-Governor in regard to my official character, derived from personal observation.

For the further confirmation of this gratifying testimony, I will here also give the yearly resolutions of the

Sudder Court, both in the civil and criminal departments, in regard to the discharge of my judicial duties during the five years of my incumbency at Arrah.

EXTRACT from the Resolution of Sudder Nizamut Adt., No. 277, dated 27th February 1852.

"The court consider Mr. Tayler to have discharged the duties of the Sessions Judge with very praiseworthy promptitude and efficiency during the year under review."

EXTRACT from the resolution of Sudder Nizamut Adt., No. 401, dated 8th April 1853.

"There were 53 cases committed for trial and 272 appeals, before Mr. Tayler, for disposal during the year. Only five of the former and six of the latter remained undecided at its close. This is highly creditable to him. The court are well-satisfied with his exertions and superintendence of criminal justice during the past year."

EXTRACT from the Resolution of Sudder Nizamut Adt., No. 209, dated 3rd March 1854.

"The court are well satisfied with the able and diligent manner in which Mr. Tayler has conducted his duty as Sessions Judge."

EXTRACT from the Resolution of the Sudder Court, No. 619, dated 29th March 1852.

Para. 7:—"Mr. Tayler was Judge of the district from 1st February to 31st December. He sat in the Civil Court 83 days in 1851, to 97 days by Mr. Brownlow in 1850. The returns are very creditable to Mr. Tayler's personal diligence and prompt despatch of business."

EXTRACT from the Resolution of Sudder Dewany Adt., No. 418, dated 18th March 1853.

"Mr. Tayler was judge of the district throughout the year. He sat in the Civil Court 151 days in 1852, to 83 spent in it in 1851. The Court are gratified to find that Mr. Tayler has been able to give so much time to his civil duties, including the decision of a

considerable number of civil suits, while he has also had heavy criminal duties to discharge.

"The Court consider Mr. Tayler entitled to much praise for the ability and energy with which he has discharged the duties of Civil Judge during the past year."

EXTRACT from the Resolution of the Sudder Dewany Adt., No. 425, dated 10th March 1854.

"The state of the files, as regards suits and appeals pending above one year, stood on the 1st January 1853 and 1st January 1854:—

	1853.	1854.
Judge . . .	21	3
P. S. Amem . .	120	39
Lamen . . .	9	—
Moonsiffs . . .	57	3
	297	45

Showing, on the last mentioned date, a decrease of 252 suits and appeals.

"The Court observe that very great credit is due to the Judge and to the subordinate judicial officers for the highly satisfactory state of the files in this respect at the close of the year under review.

"The Court are gratified to observe the very great improvement manifest in all the most important points of Mr. Tayler's judicial administration during the year under review, in which he has continued to exhibit the same energy and ability that called for the praise of the Court in their Resolution on the civil statements for 1853.

"The Judge has, with a view to lessen the labour of translation and facilitate the exposition of the issues by the pleaders, drawn up and brought into practice a more precise and distinct form of plaint and answer in the Court of the district, such as is in use in the courts of Scotland. Specimens of these are transmitted, as well as three recorded suits which have been instituted and answered under the new form.

"The Court are gratified to observe the attempt made by Mr. Tayler to introduce an improvement on this important point; but

with the prospect of very considerable change soon to be introduced in the general Code of Procedure, they do not think it necessary to take any measures for its more general adoption."

EXTRACT from the Letter of the Secretary to the Government of Bengal, No. 1732, 21st September 1852.

"His lordship desires me to express his approval of the vigilance which led to the detection of the principal acts of misconduct charged against Mr. ——, and of the care and perseverance with which you investigated the charges and prosecuted them to a successful conclusion."

CHAPTER XI.

COMMISSIONERSHIP OF PATNA.

Appointment to act as Commissioner of Patna.—Leave Arrah.—Occupy the Circuit House.—Society at Patna.—Pay a Visit to Arrah to see the Progress of the Dispensary.—Serious *émeute* in the Jail.—The Measures adopted.—Koer Singh accompanies me to the Jail.—Military Aid called in.—Awful Scene when the Jail Door was opened.—Return of my Wife from England with our Second Son and Three Daughters.—Birth of our Grandson Graham.—Go to meet them at Nasreegunge.—Joyful Reunion at Patna.

On the 20th April 1853, I received the following letter from Mr. Halliday, which will explain itself. Very shortly afterwards, Mr. Dampier left Patna, and I proceeded at once to take charge of the office :—

"My dear Tayler, "Alipore, 20th April 1855.

"I have written to Dampier to come down as early as possible.

"He is, perhaps, somewhat unwilling to move just yet. But this unwillingness will doubtless give way when he knows that the public service requires him here. Should he move earlier, I shall

appoint you to act till Stainforth arrives, which may be some time. You are at liberty to communicate with Dampier on the subject.

"Yours sincerely,

"FRED. JAS. HALLIDAY.

"W. Tayler, Esq."

On obtaining the appointment of Acting Commissioner, I proceeded at once to Patna, making over charge of the Judge's office to my successor.

It was not without regret that I left a place which for five years had been our peaceful and pleasant residence, where we had made many friends, where our first-born daughter had been married, and in which we first received our eldest son on his arrival in India; but all minor sentiments were absorbed in the satisfaction experienced in my new appointment, and, after the necessary preparations, I took my departure, in the everlasting "palkee," and, after the usual number of semi-soporific hours, arrived at my destination.

No preparation having been made for my permanent residence, I took up my abode at the circuit-house, a public building appropriated on such occasions to the use of erratic officials.

The society at Patna at that time consisted of the following members:—Mr. Garrett, Mr. Halliday's brother-in-law, was the Opium Agent, in charge of the splendid godown where all the opium of the great province was stored; Mr. Wilkins, the Judge, with his wife and two daughters; Mr. Ainslie, the Magistrate; Dr. Dickens, the Medical Officer, with his family; Major Nation, Commandant of the Mounted Police, or,

as they were facetiously called, the National Guard; John Bardoe Elliott, a retired civilian; Mr. King, the Deputy Opium Agent, with others connected with the department; Lord Ulick Browne and Villiers Palmer were assistants.

No particular events had occurred for some months, during my bachelor residence; the time had passed in the quiet enjoyment of friendly intercourse with my neighbours, especially with Dr. and Mrs. Dickens, while at the same time constant communication was kept up with my friends at Arrah.

One rather painful event, however, subsequently occurred, which, as it led to some after-consequences, and was in itself connected with some sensational occurrences, I will here relate.

I had left, as may well be imagined, not only several valued friends, but many other objects of interest at the station where I had lived so long and happily.

There was my beloved garden, to the cultivation of which I had devoted many years of toil, and no small portion of money; the school which, with the assistance and co-operation of Mr. Binney Colvin, had been recently established; and my grand dispensary, which, under the patronage and approval of the Lieutenant-Governor, and with the liberal contributions of the wealthy natives, I had, as I believed, so happily organised, by the exercise of an "influence" which I little dreamed would so soon after be converted into a crime.

With all these objects of interest before me, I was glad of an opportunity of visiting my old station, and on receiving an invitation from Mr. Boyle, I took up

my quarters at his house, intending to spend a few days at the station, and personally assist in the preliminary arrangements connected both with the school and dispensary, as well as to hold consultation with some of the residents and leading natives, for many of whom I entertained a sincere regard. But my visit was not destined to be passed in tranquillity.

One day when I was sitting in the drawing-room with Mrs. Boyle, Dr. Harrison, the Medical Officer of the station, rushed into the room—breathless and excited—and told me that he had just narrowly escaped with his life, having been attacked while in the jail by the prisoners; that, fortunately, some of the nujeebs (police) being with him with loaded muskets, had in self-defence fired at the assailants, which enabled them to escape without further injury, and that several of the prisoners had been shot. He added that the whole body of the prisoners were in a state of furious excitement, which had spread to the prisoners who were employed outside, and who, having pick-axes and long-handled spades in their hands, might cause serious mischief.

It was an awkward crisis; but I resolved at once to return with the excited Doctor to the jail, and see matters for myself.

Unfortunately, I had no arms, and the only weapon Mrs. Boyle, in the absence of her husband, could find, was a single pistol unloaded, while ammunition there was none!

Taking the pistol, however, for appearance sake, I started off with Harrison towards the jail. We had not proceeded many yards before we overtook a large body of jail-birds, marching along with rapid strides, in a

state of obvious excitement, their large spades sloped over their shoulders, and their heavy chains clanking on their feet; they occupied the entire width of the street, so that, unless they all moved aside, our buggy could not pass. The position was awkward and dangerous, and it cost me a minute's reflection before I resolved on my action. By staying a short distance behind, we were, of course, perfectly safe, as chained men must move slowly, and could not suddenly approach us; but I could not consent to appear alarmed by their presence, though the exhibition of wrath and violence was obvious. So I whipped the horse on, and calling out loudly, "Furuk jao, Furuk jao!" ("Out of the way, Out of the way!") drove swiftly up. The men at once gave way, separating to each side of the road, though with angry gestures and frowning looks. Directly I had passed, I pulled up, rather to Dr. Harrison's surprise, and, jumping out of the buggy, walked back to them rapidly, as if nothing was the matter, and, raising my hand, called out to them with loud and imperious voice, "Beitho" ("Sit down"). This plan, I must here mention, suggested itself to me from what I had read somewhere in connection with a former jail *émeute*, viz. that in any contest with fettered prisoners, the one important object is to induce them to sit, as in that attitude no sudden movement is possible to legs in chains.

The men, apparently overawed, and having no time to think, obeyed my orders. I then asked them what they were all excited about. They told me of some grievances, when, after listening, I promised them that, if they would go to a certain building which was near,

and remain there, I would myself go to the jail, inquire into the truth of their complaints, and then come to them again.

The men consented, rose slowly but sulkily, and took themselves off to the building pointed out. It was a great point gained, for this party consisted of the strongest men in the jail.

I then went to the jail. The principal door was opened, but directly the men inside saw me, they set up a savage howl, and approached the entrance in a state of tumultuous passion.

To remain would have been madness, so I had the door shut, and took time to consider what steps it would be desirable to take. The uproar continued with little intermission, and large stones, with broken pieces of timber, were constantly thrown over the walls. I felt that if this state of things lasted, this large body of infuriated men might, in spite of their chains, eventually succeed in effecting their exit, and, if this were done, the result would be appalling; the night, which was fast approaching, would be the time of danger; so I summoned all the respectable natives, official and non-official, with the police darogah and his myrmidons, and established a complete circle of defence, placing posts with lamps at certain intervals on all sides, with small parties to watch and report whatever happened. I then sent for one or two tents, which were pitched at a short distance, and afforded shelter to the English gentlemen, for dinner, supper, and sleep. Thus the night passed, without any dangerous *dénouement*, and the interior howling became less.

Next day I continued to communicate with the

ruffians, by writing to them on small pieces of paper, which I had wrapped upon stones, and I managed by a little ingenuity to sow dissension between Hindoos and Mussulmans, representing that the rebellion was caused, for their own purposes, by the latter.

Meanwhile I had sent for the renowned Koer Singh, the powerful landholder, who was afterwards driven into rebellion by the shortsightedness of the Bengal Government. He came readily, and with him I entered the jail. We stood at the door, and called aloud for the leader. The man, a grand if not a noble fellow, of great strength and stature, recognised the Baboo, and by his order told the rest of the prisoners to keep at a distance. He then came forward, listened to the Baboo's persuasions with respect, but finally said that he had not sufficient influence with the rest to stop the excitement. We then retired, and after another day, finding that no cessation took place, and being aware that several of the prisoners had been seriously wounded on the first day by the nujeebs' fire, I resolved to send for a detachment of the military from Dinapore.

On their arrival, we all went to the jail, Drummond the Magistrate, myself, the Doctor, and others. When we had fairly entered, the spectacle was horrible. Several corpses were stretched on the ground, while other men, seriously wounded, were groaning with agony.

This, however, was the *finale*. The leaders were discovered and arrested. I harangued the rest of the body, and peace was restored.

The following letter was received some days afterwards from Government:—

From the SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL, to W. TAYLER, Esq., Official Commissioner (at Arrah). Dated Fort William, 21st May 1855.

"SIR,

"I have the honour to forward for your information a copy of a letter this day addressed to Mr. Drummond, in reference to the recent outbreak in the Shahabad jail, and I am instructed by the Lieutenant-Governor to express to you his warm acknowledgments for the prompt and very useful assistance, which, from Mr. Drummond's reports, it is evident he received at your hands after the disturbance had broken out.

"2nd. The Lieutenant-Governor is, indeed, disposed to attribute mainly to the effect of your presence at Arrah and to your personal influence with those leading persons of the town and district who are named in Mr. Drummond's reports, the circumstance that at Arrah no open expression of feeling was manifested beyond the precincts of the jail.

"I have, &c.,
(Signed) "W. GREY,
"Secretary to the Government of Bengal."

Not long after this, I received the following letter from Mr. Halliday :—

"MY DEAR TAYLER,

"I have received the order of the Government of India to nominate 'three acting extra judges.'

"They will retain their substantive appointments and draw (I suppose) an acting allowance. The appointment will hardly be as valuable as a Commissionership. Nevertheless I should have offered one of them to you in consideration of the high character as a judge given you by the Sudder Court, had you not informed me that, if circumstances would permit of your being appointed Commissioner of Patna, you would prefer being so appointed.

"The removal of Brown enables me to appoint you Commissioner of Patna, which I shall immediately do. It is, therefore, needless to incur delay for the form of offering you an appointment,

which you have already told me you do not prefer to the Patna Commissionership.

"Believe me, &c.,
"F. J. HALLIDAY."

I need scarcely say what satisfaction this letter gave me, and with what gratitude I received the appointment.

After some months, my wife returned from England, bringing with her our three younger daughters and our second son, Graham.

At this time the Sonthal rebellion was still raging, and the trunk road, by which the new arrivals were to travel, was dangerous. My eldest son Skipwith was then at Raneegunge, a station on the great road, a short way beyond the limits of my division, so I took French leave, and went so far beyond my precincts to meet the party, and bring them up to their new home.

A day or two before their arrival at Raneegunge, my son's wife had given birth to her first baby, who was afterwards christened Graham, after his uncle, and who is now a young man in the police in India.

On their reaching Raneegunge, we all came on to Patna, my wife and myself in an equi-rotal, the girls with Miss Dickens (now Mrs. Barlow, who had come out under my wife's charge) and English maid in a large carriage, and, after stopping for a day at Gya, for rest and refreshment, we reached Patna, and, our new house not being ready for our reception, we took possession of the circuit-house for a time.

Here ended one important epoch of my Indian career.

I had received the warmest encomiums in regard to the discharge of my duties in every department in which I

had been employed. I had obtained the particular appointment which I most desired. My dearest wife had returned from England, after her anxious labours, in health and spirits, with our three remaining daughters. Both our sons had obtained appointments in the Bengal Civil Service. We had secured a charming house; the districts were full of our friends. All was peace and pleasantness. Present and future were *couleur de rose*.

How this state of things was suddenly changed—how the petty jealousy of two or three individuals, acting on the weakness of the Lieutenant-Governor, converted peace and comfort into strife and suffering—how all my zealous and enthusiastic efforts for the good of the people, and subsequently my measures for the preservation of the district, were misrepresented and misunderstood—will form the subject of a separate chapter.

Yours Sincerely
Geo. C. Beidler

CHAPTER XII.

EDUCATION OF THE MASSES.

Industrial Institution.—Origin and History.—Previous Correspondence with the Lieutenant-Governor.—Quotation from Sir John Kaye's History.—Intimation given by me of Excitement among Natives.—Misrepresentation made to Mr. Halliday regarding Subscriptions.—Mr. Halliday misled.—Proclamation issued by him.—My Protest.—Sketch of my Scheme of Industrial Education.—Inconsistency of the Lieutenant-Governor.—Subsequent Measures adopted by a succeeding Government to obtain Subscriptions at Patna.—Private Opposition continued.—My Letter of Remonstrance to Mr. Halliday.—Its Effects.—Opinions recorded by Messrs. Beadon and Samuells.—Remonstrance ineffectual.—First Outbreak of the Mutiny.

As the first unfortunate disagreement between the Lieutenant-Governor and myself arose from circumstances connected with my proposed system of national education, I will here give the particulars of the controversy, which is intimately connected with the whole subject of my administration at Patna.

The story is a strange and painful one, and, from its

peculiar incidents, will necessitate some detail in the narration.

The general subject of national education, which, I rejoice to see, is at the present day again attracting attention in influential quarters, is one which must ever excite interest in those who look to the regeneration of the Indian people, and I may, therefore, hope that the narrative I am about to give, though, perhaps, tedious and uninteresting to some, will not be altogether devoid of attraction to my other readers.

The circumstances under which I obtained the appointment of Commissioner have been described in my last chapter.

I had not been a month in the office when I began to direct my attention to the large and important question of Native education.

The Government scheme, under the Director-General and the local Inspectors, had just been extended to Behar, and its introduction had not been attended with happy consequences.

I perceived, or fancied I perceived, the errors of the system, and the hopelessness of progress. I stated my views, suggested a plan of my own, which I thought more likely to succeed; that plan was highly approved, and the educational machinery in the province of Behar was, as a special arrangement, and with the concurrence of the Director-General of Public Instruction, placed under my direction and control.

At the same time I brought to the notice of Government what my intimate relations with the Natives, and my personal observations, had made patent to me, viz. that there was a deep and growing dissatisfaction and

excitement throughout Behar, particularly among the Mahomedans, arising from the suspicions with which several measures of the Bengal Government, and especially those connected with education, were contemplated.

The scheme suggested by me was a scheme of industrial education, of such a nature that no suspicion of ulterior purpose on the part of Government could be excited; while, at the same time, the obvious practical benefits comprised in the plan were such as to secure the confidence and approbation of the people.

It involved, however, the absolute necessity of liberal assistance from the opulent natives, and my intention to solicit such assistance was openly laid before Government, and as openly approved; operations had commenced, my appeal had been munificently responded to by some of the large landholders, and success appeared certain.

But the notice which the work attracted and the eulogies it had elicited were displeasing to a small knot of individuals at Patna. Jealousy, that greatest of littlenesses, was aroused; a system of secret opposition and private slander was gradually organised; a marvellous tale was coined and circulated, representing me as exercising "compulsion" to procure subscriptions, and causing excitement and "dissatisfaction" thereby. Mr. Halliday—who, though always able, was, as testified by his special friend Mr. Samuells, "always weak,"—thinking it possible that something might have occurred which would entail censure upon himself, and suffering at the time under the caustic pen of the supreme Government, one member of which was supposed to take great satis-

faction in criticising his measures, at once (as it were, to make all safe for himself) issued a proclamation, which, by professing not to approve of any subscriptions which were not "wholly spontaneous and *disinterested*," gave the lie to all, not only that I had said, but to all that he, and hundreds of others, from the Governor-General downwards, had been saying and doing for the last half century.

The most extraordinary part of this proclamation was, that if the subscribers had any idea of pleasing the authorities, of gaining any credit to themselves, or of obtaining the favour of Government by their subscriptions, they were very wrong!

To the purport and sentiments of this proclamation, I, as in duty bound, resolutely and unreservedly objected. A long and exciting correspondence ensued, which ended in a formal protest made by me to the Governor-General in Council, in which I complained that Mr. Halliday had stultified the chief officer of the province by the issue and promulgation of sentiments which were at least, to use the mildest term, inconsistent with his own words, writings, and actions,—a fact of which I possessed and still possess the most unanswerable proofs.

Thus much it is desirable to state in this place, as it explains the fact of Mr. Halliday's anxious desire to effect my removal from Patna on the eve of the Mutiny.

That he had committed himself painfully by this proclamation, he must, after a time, have become conscious; that I should battle out the question on principle he must have known; and that if he persevered in his

novel purism on the subject of subscriptions the whole scheme would inevitably fall to the ground, was self-evident.

My removal, however, from the Commissionership would, of course, simplify matters. There was no one likely to take interest in my educational scheme, which would consequently die a natural death. No questions would be asked, and future discussion would be avoided. And thus it happened that, at the very outset of the Mutiny, I found myself acting under the orders of a Governor who had the strongest personal interest in securing my removal from Patna.

To prove that this is no mere surmise, I must here mention that some days after our first alarm, in May, I was informed, on good authority, that my removal from Patna was contemplated. On this, I wrote a demi-official letter to Mr. Beadon, then Secretary to the Governor-General.

My dear Beadon,

I feel myself in such a very peculiar position that I do not hesitate to waive the usual restrictions of etiquette, and write these lines to represent the state of things, which, at a grave crisis like the present, ought I think at once to be made known.

There can be no doubt that the charge and management of the province of Behar, at this moment, is one of no little responsibility and importance.

Everyone looks to me for orders, advice, and instructions.

Information is daily sent me, *not* only from outside alarmists but public officials, containing serious matter, and showing that, in spite of all my efforts to re-assure people's hearts, there is a general and deep-seated alarm throughout all the district, and that no one trusts a black man in any shape.

The whole English community at Tirhoot have demanded protection, *as they believe the people will rise and the Nujeebs mutiny.*

All Buxar and Shahabad, as I mentioned, fled like sheep the other day, and flocked into Dinapore. The materials at my disposal for protecting others are themselves objects of distrust. Wake begged me *not to send Sikhs*, others equally fear the *national* guard, and thus general mistrust and excitement render the position of all dangerous in the extreme.

Richardson of Chuprah writes that the whole country opposite his cutcherry on the Ghazeepore Doab, and the people of all the districts to the west of Chuprah, are in open revolt. All this, you will admit, forms a serious state of things, a state which may, and please God will, subside into security, if properly dealt with, and I am quite game to handle the province if I am allowed to bring all the means at my disposal into play, and am known and felt to be paramount.

But here is the screw. In the midst of all this I hear, though not from the Lieutenant-Governor himself, that I have been, or am to be, removed to Burdwan. As this has been told to me, I doubt not it has been told to others, and will soon be bruited about. On what ground this removal is to be made God knows (though from the fact of Mr. Garrett's unfounded attack upon me I can guess), but putting aside all personal consideration, I deem it my positive duty to protest against any weakening of my authority or prestige at the present moment, when life, property, and all our dearest interests are at stake. However I may, in the estimation of some, have sinned by enthusiasm in a great cause, no one doubts the extent of my influence among the natives, or their regard and respect for me, and I think I may appeal to all in the division, official and non-official, covenanted and un-covenanted (always excepting the small knot which has maligned me), for the assurance that, at this trying moment, I have their respect and confidence, and from my knowledge of the native character, my personal acquaintance and intimacy with so many of them, and the notorious fact that I have always striven to prevent any interference with their religious and social customs, I am in a position peculiarly suited to carry this great and now restless province through this present crisis.

This is not the time for false delicacy or mock humility, and what I say I say under a deep and solemn sense of the gravity of the case.

The Lieutenant-Governor is too much inclined, I fear, to make light of the crisis. He says, "It is inconceivable that the troops should mutiny in the face of the European force," and yet there is no doubt whatever that a matured plot for a rise was laid and barely staved off the other day.

Loot and outrage are raging up to the edge of our districts, and there is nothing but the police of the country to oppose them. The Rajahs, all at my request, have sent men to aid the authorities, and the moral effect throughout the district, of such support and good feeling of the landed proprietors, is, at this time, most valuable, but the Lieutenant-Governor tells me not to accept it.

I mention this merely because I think it of national importance that the danger should not be made light of. I am, perhaps, too much the opposite of an alarmist, but in such a strife, which hundreds are intriguing to make general, too great confidence is folly.

I have expressed the same sentiments to Mr. Halliday himself, and am, therefore, not wrong in expressing them to the Governor-General. But, however this may be, I consider it my duty to all, as well as myself, to demand that if I am to be removed, I may be removed at once, and not left with an aggrieved heart and a paralysed authority, to preserve a whole province, keep hundreds of English in heart, and provide for every variety of difficult dilemma.

If I am not to be removed, I pray that the report may be authoritatively contradicted.

I consider that I have been so unfairly treated by the Lieutenant-Governor in the late business of the Industrial Institution, that I can no longer reveal my feelings with confidence. Did this matter affect me only, however painful, mortifying, or unjust it might be, I would not have presumed to intrude upon his lordship. As it is, with the lives and safety of hundreds in my keeping, I dare not hesitate to lay the matter before him.

Mr. Beadon's reply to this letter showed, under the decorous cloak of secretariat euphemism, that my information was correct, and that my removal to another Commissionership *had been contemplated*; but that Mr.

Halliday's purpose was, for the time at least, frustrated by an interference, which was evidently the interference of the Governor-General, and on public grounds not other than flattering to myself.

MY DEAR TAYLER,

Your letter of the 17th reached me yesterday. I lost no time in ascertaining from the Lieutenant-Governor whether your removal to Burdwan was contemplated, and I was happy to receive an answer in the negative. Changes of any kind among high officers at such a time as this are much to be deprecated, and in *your case would be peculiarly mischievous.**

Yours, &c.

(Signed) C. BEADON.

As I have ever since that period lived in the hope that the principles then suggested may yet be carried out, I will here give a brief sketch of the Industrial Institution, as projected by me, and submitted to the Lieutenant-Governor :—

MEMORANDUM.

I need scarcely remark that there are two distinct objects (this is, of course, under the belief that all Christian education is prohibited) to be aimed at in the great work of education in India; and though these two may be more or less linked together, as time advances, and leads knowledge in its train, at present they are separate, and must be separately treated.

These two objects are—*First*, the provision of instruction which may qualify men for the distinctions of scholastic attainment, the pure enjoyments of knowledge, or the more material advantages of public service; *secondly*, *the education of the people.*

For the first, which is a special work, directly affecting the few, but in no way touching the mass (save to rivet their chains and render their darkness darker by contrast), provision, though as yet imperfect, has been made, and is daily being extended, in the establishment of English schools and colleges.

All that is required to bring the thirsting few to these foun-

* The italics are mine.

tains, is to make the schools systematic channels of preferment in the public service, and in college or university distinction.

But the great work of *national education*, which has millions for its subject, must be achieved through the language already familiar to those millions.

To a certain extent motives of self-interest may, in this work also, be brought into play, as indeed they have been in this province, by making education, as far as possible, a necessary passport even to the lowest grade of service.

But even this still leaves the *nation* untouched, and it is *the general uplifting of the entire mass* which philanthropy desires and justice demands at our hands.

It is to be feared that, if instruction is confined to *mere book-learning*, the effort thus to secure the advancement of the people, if not altogether vain, will, in Behar at least, be a work of centuries.

It is idle to expect that the poorer classes will allow their sons to leave their daily occupations, and thus incur *a certain immediate loss* for a prospective benefit which they neither understand nor believe.

Doubtless, a certain number of schools may be established by zemindars, and maintained through their influence, and the influence of the local authorities; still, unless we carry with us the sympathies of the people themselves, *there can be no sure or permanent vitality in these schools*, and the end will be, that, immediately the external influence is withdrawn, the *schools will fail*.

Thinking deeply and anxiously of these things, it has appeared to me that, if a system could be brought into play which would combine book-instruction with practical education in industrial pursuits, the deadly obstacle presented by the apathy and indifference of the mass might be removed, and, with this idea, after much deliberation, I have ventured to propose the plan which is now about to be carried into effect.

Before entering upon the details of this scheme, I would observe generally that the great object aimed at is to place before the people a system of instruction which, while it brings out to a certain extent their moral and intellectual faculties, will, also, and at the same time, afford a direct and tangible object on *which those*

faculties may be exercised, and thus to let them learn and feel that the knowledge they acquire is not an immaterial or speculative acquisition to bear fruit or not, as the case may be, at some *indefinite* future time, but the source of immediate and direct benefit to them in their necessary and daily pursuits; in short, that *they are not required to sacrifice the stomach to the brain*,—thus, when the son of the carpenter, farmer, or blacksmith, asks to receive instruction in his trade, I would give it him, on condition that he also learn to read, write, and cipher, and make himself master of, at least, the rudimentary principles of his peculiar trade.

There is nothing much more saddening than the sight of a few intelligent but unwilling pupils, conning over a humdrum and barren task, with neither hope nor interest, with no recognition of the advantages to be gained, and no faith in those who bewilder them with an unintelligible philanthropy.

Nothing could be more hopeful and interesting than a concourse of the same lads, each impelled by attachment to familiar studies, and stimulated by the prospect of real and recognised advantages, acquiring daily skill in practice and daily knowledge of principles, the foundation of future advancement.

I am hopeful that such a system, carefully organised and liberally carried out, will be successful, that it will remove the great obstacle that has hitherto been the stumbling-block in our way, and supply *the great motive which moves the world.*

The scheme, moreover, as now projected, has this further advantage, that in thus instructing the masses in the various industrial arts, and bringing the whole intellectual man into play, another end will be accomplished, viz. the development of the resources of the country, and a general improvement in the important science of culture and production.

Two great works will thus go hand in hand, and mutually support and aid each other.

It is also so arranged, that every class will have an interest in the work, from the wealthy rajah to the destitute orphan, while its catholic and comprehensive character is such as at once to refute the objections of the bigoted religionist, to put the opposing fanatic out of court, and shame the cavils of all idle objectors.

Furthermore, it will go far to re-establish the natural union between study and work, to give labour the honourable position which it ought ever to occupy, and by the contact of mind with mind, the constant sight and study of scientific results, the occasional gatherings of all classes of people and frequent succession of new objects of interest and inquiry, it may, in course of time, rouse the apathetic spirit of the people, and raise their minds to higher and to better things.

Having made these general observations, I will now briefly touch upon each department of the scheme.

Agriculture.

Without entering at length upon the much-mooted question, to what extent the rural economy of Europe is adapted to an Indian ground and Indian climate, it is, I imagine, safe to assume that the present system is susceptible at least of *some* improvement. It is safe to assume that the skill, the science, and the researches of the West, which have of late years been brought so effectively to bear upon the great question of productive industry, must be, to some extent at least, applicable to India, and that there is no peremptory law or inherent speciality in that portion of the broad bosom of our mother earth which basks under an Indian sun to render it an exception to the rest of the world.

I cannot believe in what some people have called the "immutability of Indian habits."

I cannot think that nakedness, dirt, and ignorance are to be the eternal destiny of millions.

I cannot think it *necessary* that the Indian plough should only "scratch the surface of the ground"; that the bullocks, whose unhappy tails are twisted by a naked ploughman, should *always* be bare-boned and ill-begotten, or that the ploughman himself should be always naked or "half-clothed with a cotton cloth"; that crops should for ever depend on the accidents of weather, and no one dream that husbandry is a science, or that knowledge and study have any connection with the earth or its products.

The object, then, of this department of the institution will be to disseminate scientific truths; to introduce new products; to test by experiment such of the more obvious of the plans and improve-

ments as have been found eminently successful in Europe, and as may appear in the eyes of cautious and experienced people to be applicable to Indian farming; to direct the attention of the zemindars, farmers, and agriculturists to these products, plans, and improvements, and to induce them to adopt such as may be found to answer, or to offer fair promise and likelihood of success.

If nothing else were to be gained, it would be no little matter to have excited the interest of the landholders and people, and to have roused a spirit of inquiry.

The native mind is well able to appreciate the results of scientific experiments when made palpable to the senses, and the farmers of Behar will not be slow to adopt what is proved to be profitable.

I have no idea of attempting to force upon the people an artificial system of high farming, with its elaborate appliances and doubtful results; but I feel very sanguine that the gradual and judicious introduction of better ploughs, threshing-machines, and similar aids to industry, will be eminently useful.

Cattle.

The improvement of the breed of cattle is a matter of practical utility and speedy results.

A few English bulls have, at various times, been introduced into these districts by individual gentlemen, and the greediness with which their society has been sought for, and the acuteness with which clandestine interviews have been contrived by the cow-keepers, has proved how fully they understand the value of superior stock.

The half-breeds which have sprung up from this illicit intercourse are now eagerly sought for, and purchased at high prices.

This will form a regular branch of the institution, and I anticipate the hearty co-operation of the great landlords, indigo-planters, and others in the work.

Whether any satisfactory results are likely to be attained by endeavours to improve the breed of sheep, I cannot venture to predict; but the subject will form matter for careful inquiry and experiment.

Questions have been circulated, through the collectors of the

districts, to all those who are supposed competent to supply information on this subject, and much valuable information has already been collected.

Vernacular School.

The primary object contemplated in this school is the instruction of the sons of the middle and lower classes in useful knowledge—knowledge that will aid them in the pursuits of life, give them rational subjects of thought and inquiry, and qualify them to *protect their rights* and fulfil their destinies as reasonable and intelligent beings.

To this end I propose that all instruction should, at all events for some time, be conveyed through the medium of the languages to which they are accustomed, viz. Oordoo and Hindee.

At first, therefore, the teaching will be confined to reading, writing, arithmetic, and moral training; after a certain time, elementary education in the more useful sciences can be added, and the standard raised, as the pupils progress.

My expectation is, that all those who enter the Institution with a view to instruction in the several branches of practical manipulative art, will also gladly take advantage of the instruction provided in the school, and, with the view to combine both kinds of education, I would allow them during one portion of the day to attend the several industrial departments, and during the other portion to receive instruction in the school. Arrangements will be made for providing accommodation for all pupils who may come from a distance, on payment of a reasonable rent.

The studies which may be subsequently introduced will be carefully considered in consultation with the Director of Public Instruction and the officers of the Educational Department.

One of the uses of the museum will be to aid this school, by placing before the eyes of the boys such objects as, in the study of natural philosophy, may be mentioned or referred to.

With this view, the masters will be allowed, under certain restrictions, either to take articles from the collection, or to bring the students into the museum, at stated times.

As I consider physical activity and the development of the bodily power of infinite importance, I propose to set apart a piece of ground for a gymnasium and play-ground, and, if possible, to

encourage the students to avail themselves of both, and thus acquire manly and active habits.

School of Arts.

Although the cultivation of art in the higher branches is not one of the urgent wants of society in Behar, a commencement of elementary instruction in these branches will not be premature or unsuited to the capacity and prospects of many of the youths of the province.

If, therefore, masters can be procured, I propose at once to form a small drawing and modelling class, and subsequently extend the instruction to engraving on wood, works of design, photography, &c.

There are many youths about Patna who show a decided capacity for drawing, and who, under good instruction, would make rapid progress.

Architectural and plan-drawing might be also profitably taught; but all such details will be the subject of future consideration, and the commencement will depend upon the practicability of procuring teachers.

Museum.

The object of the "museum" will be to collect specimens of all the natural products of the province—minerals, earths, medicinal drugs, woods, &c., as well as all manufactured articles of every description, with detailed and accurate information in regard to each.

These will be systematically arranged and classified as they are received; the price and place of manufacture will be affixed to each fabricated article, the place of growth or production to each natural object, while a catalogue will be kept of the whole collection from the commencement.

In process of time, doubtless, contributions will be received from other districts, and a more general and comprehensive collection be amassed.

The practical utility of such a museum can scarcely be doubted; it will tend to display, as well as to develop, the resources of the district; information in regard to all the products and fabrications will be readily obtained by all inquirers, and a subject of rational

amusement and intellectual gratification will be at all times available to the students of the institution.

I propose to call upon all the local officers, intelligent natives, planters, and other residents, for aid and co-operation in the formation of this collection, and hope that in a very short time it will be replete with interest.

Library.

In forming a library, my plan will be to purchase at once a few standard works on the principal arts and sciences which appertain to the several branches of instruction in the institution, *i.e.* agriculture, farming, natural philosophy, agricultural chemistry, &c.

This will form the nucleus of a collection which may, by purchase and donation, be hereafter indefinitely extended.

I would, in the same way, buy a small collection of useful Oriental works, with the same anticipation of future addition.

The library, like the museum, will be open on certain conditions to the students of the school, and to such of the public as may be qualified to profit by the use of the books.

I have little doubt that valuable and extensive donations will be made by the friends of education, as the institution becomes known, and I should hope that the Government would contribute copies of any works that may be at their disposal.

Industrial Department.

The manipulative dexterity of the natives has ever been a subject of admiration and eulogy, and the wonderful skill displayed in the imitation of European workmanship, even with the most coarse and common tools, is a never-failing source of wonder to the intelligent and observing.

This fact, admitted by all who most differ on other points, has led many to the conclusion that improvement of the tools, patterns, and modes of workmanship would *not* tend to raise the standard of work.

There is some truth and much error in this conclusion.

It may be very true that the native, whose body is as supple as a worm's, and who has inherited a readiness of squatting from fifty generations—who can pick up a hammer with his toe, and hold a plank between his feet as firmly as in a vice—may not work

any better with upright back at a bench, and may be embarrassed if debarred the use of his nether fingers; but this is no reason that sharper chisels, stronger saws, and more scientific modes of workmanship will not tend to still greater precision and rapidity of execution; that the constant inspection of good models with instruction in the principles of design and the elements of form may not (at least in *some* instances) give the mere servile imitator a higher and more enlarged capacity.

On this principle I intend to establish work-shops of every kind, and while I obtain from the hands of the artisans employed all the works required for the establishment, I shall also endeavour gradually to introduce better tools and a better system.

Orphan Asylum.

The organisation of this institution will afford an excellent opportunity for the establishment of a charitable orphan asylum.

The object of this asylum will be to provide food, shelter, and sound practical instruction to as many orphans and destitute children as the funds will admit of, and it is believed that such an establishment will offer an appropriate channel for Christian charity.

If the majority of English residents in the districts within this division consent to aid this scheme, even by a small monthly contribution, an ample provision may be made for hundreds of children who would otherwise be brought up to misery, starvation, or crime.

The proposal is that a certain number of cottages should be built for the accommodation of the children, that they should receive suitable food and clothing under proper superintendence, and, when their ages admit of it, that they should obtain instruction in the several departments of useful knowledge adapted to their capacities, and thus become useful and contented members of the community.

Such an establishment will be a token to the world, that in the midst of our abundance we are not unmindful of the children of affliction, while at the same time the systematic devotion of the funds to a specific object will secure a greater amount of practical and permanent good than any separate or isolated efforts of benevolence could possibly achieve.

I must not omit to point out that, with an institution of the character above indicated, with every description of instruction available, with work-shops, farm, schools of industry, agriculture, and art, a library and museum for reference and illustration, the whole establishment sustained by a liberal income, and each department efficiently supervised—a machinery will be in existence admirably adapted for training up a body of teachers in every branch of general knowledge and useful industry, to meet the demands of the Education Department. Schools are now being established by the rajahs and zemindars under my superintendence in all the districts of the division, and it is of the utmost importance that teachers should be trained to undertake the management of them.

A central normal school might be established in connection with this institution, and if stipends be offered to the candidates while under instruction, and an assurance be given that, on their obtaining a diploma, they will have a preferential title to employment, this desirable end will be secured, and a body of men may eventually be sent out, qualified to teach either in the common vernacular schools, or in branch industrial schools similar to the parent establishment.

The following are letters received at the time from residents in the Province :—

My dear ——, Tirhoot, May 28, 1857.

I am much obliged to you for sending me Mr. Tayler's circular and pamphlet.

I consider the scheme, inasmuch as relates to instruction in agriculture, an admirable one. This institution, by giving practical instruction in farming, by teaching the use of manures, by introducing new and cheap implements of husbandry, and by improving the breed of cattle, will effect much good. I think the institution well worthy of the co-operation of every planter in the country, and it will afford me much pleasure to assist in any way I am able in this part of the district in carrying out Mr. Tayler's views, &c.

Yours very sincerely, &c.

(Signed) J. Stalkart.

To W. Tayler, Esq.

Dear Sir, Hursingpore, April 22, 1857.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your pamphlet regarding the Behar Industrial School, and to express my approbation of the scheme proposed by you. The Behar Industrial School will, in my opinion, do much to improve this, if properly carried out, and I shall be most happy to give any assistance in my power to the scheme.

Yours faithfully, &c.
(Signed) Chas. Strachan.

My dear ——, Pandool, April 14, 1857.

I am much gratified at the receipt of your letter; you are perfectly correct. I wish every success to Tayler's scheme. I am very confident that, if he is able to carry it out, he will confer a lasting benefit upon the country and the people. I hope he won't be deterred from the good work by the idle jealousy and envy of parties going about, not only decrying the motives, but regularly canvassing among the natives, to induce them not to subscribe; nay, going further and urging them to say that what they have subscribed has been taken from them through fear. All this must be a labour of love. I can understand a man not thinking sanguinely of the success of the scheme; but why take pains to thwart a good design, and that too not openly, when argument might refute their dogmas, but covertly "*cui bono*?"

Believe me, &c.
(Signed) J. Gale.

Extract of a Letter from J. Macrae, Esq., to W. Tayler, Esq.

I am in receipt of your circular and pamphlet, forwarded to me by Mr. ——, describing the object of the Behar Industrial Institution. Every proper-minded European and native must wish this institution the most complete success.

From Native Deputy Collector of Allahabad to W. Tayler, Esq.

My dear Sir, Arrah, April 5, 1857.

Many thanks for the perusal of the papers connected with the school of industry.

If I were to enumerate the blessings it would confer on the

province of Behar, my letter would exceed the limits I have assigned to it.

Allow me to assure you that, if your well-concerted scheme succeed, which it must under your able guidance, it would work a change in the destiny of India, and bring it to a level with the most civilised countries on the face of the globe.

Persevere, my dear sir, with the same philanthropic spirit which has prompted you to undertake this vast scheme of improvement, and success will attend you in every step which you take to carry it out.

I was highly disgusted to see some scandalous letter published in the *Englishman*. Let not the base malice of the enemies to the amelioration of India divert you from your noble pursuit, and let the enemy have the mortification to see that the seed you have sown has become a tree, the wholesome fruits of which are destined for India to reap.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Syed Azimoodeen Khan.*

From E. Samuells, Esq., Judge of the Sudder Court.

My dear Tayler, Calcutta, April 4, 1857.

I received your pamphlet on industrial education, and read it with much interest. All the objects which you propose to attain by the establishment of an industrial institution are most excellent, and I sincerely hope that your experiment may be attended with all the success you could desire. . . . I do not mention these things, however, by way of discouragement. Far from it. I think your object is a very noble one, and one which must secure you the sympathy and good wishes of every philanthropic mind. I say, therefore, go on and pay no heed to idle or envious clamours. Even if your experiment fails, it cannot but do some good while it lasts in awakening the native mind. . . . I should apologise, however, for venturing to make my suggestions on the details of a measure which you have doubtless studied far more deeply than I have. I shall say nothing further than that I shall take a warm interest in the success of your scheme, and

* This officer has lately been decorated with the "Star of India."

trust to see it live down the doubts of those who think least hopefully of it.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) E. A. SAMUELLS.*

From DEPUTY COLLECTOR of Tirhoot.

MY DEAR TAYLER, Mozufferpore.

I view the establishment of the Industrial Institution at Patna with great interest. I know of no measure for the general improvement of the country, and for ameliorating the condition of the people, which can match with it for comprehensiveness and practical utility. Individual efforts, of which many have been made at different times, seldom succeed for want of system, combination, and unity of purpose; and when successful, the benefit is confined to small localities, for want of means of recording and making known the results to the public. Your scheme, embracing a wide range of action, is so systematically planned that all experiments will be carried out conjointly, and also for a sufficient length of time, to admit of accurate conclusions being adduced from results, and the provision you have made for publishing for general information all the operations carried on in the institution will create inquiry and competition, and thus secure the object you have in view. It was very thoughtful of you, therefore, before commencing the extensive operations you contemplated, to lay a sure basis for their success, by providing sufficient funds, and it speaks much for the intelligence and liberality of the wealthy native gentry of the division that they have supported you so willingly and well.

Yours very sincerely,
W. R. DAVIES.

EXTRACT of a Letter from the HON. F. J. HALLIDAY, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

I have a great value for your plan, and think it may become a thing of vast importance. At all events, I look upon it that the idea is a creditable one—creditable to you as the originator, and

* This gentleman was deputed to succeed me on my removal from the Patna commissionership.

one of which I shall be proud to "partake the triumph and pursue the gale."

Extract of a Letter from A. Littledale, Esq., Collector of Arrah.

I am much obliged for your kind note, and have been greatly interested in reading all your plans for the industrial institution, which indeed, I hope, will succeed; but you must remain up in these parts to look after it yourself.

Extract of a Letter from the Hon. J. R. Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces.

Your schemes are sure to turn to some considerable good, when you have nearly two lakhs of rupees to work them with. I look with most hope to your vernacular school and your industrial department. It is through such efforts, and through many failures, that we may in all ways, finally achieve some real success.

Extract of a Letter from J. Macleod, Esq., Deputy-Collector of Chuprah.

A beginning in the right direction has been made, and I have every hope the impetus which has been thus acquired is flying forward; and knowing the difficulties which beset every effort of this kind, however judiciously planned and honestly worked out, there is yet much to congratulate you on the measure of success that has already attended your benevolent exertions. The day I trust is not far distant when the desires and yearnings of the population for instruction and improvement in all industrial operations will be so extensive as to repay you for all the work and anxiety that now attend your efforts.

Extract of a Letter from W. Tanner, Esq., Merchant of Patna.

I think the Commissioner's move is one that is quite in the right direction, if the authorities of the country generally would follow his steps, and by setting an example and showing a desire to see improvement introduced, stimulate people to bestowing attention to matters that are now, I may say, never thought of. I have no doubt that much good will flow from it, and that governors and the governed would all benefit.

LETTER from MAJOR HOLMES, Commanding Irregular Cavalry at Segowlee, in the Province of Behar.

MY DEAR TAYLER,

I find it hard to express the real pleasure I have felt in the perusal of the papers connected with the Industrial Institution.

The whole thing comes on me like the accomplishment of a long-cherished dream.

It has been said that few things give more pleasure than the accurate expression of our own thoughts and feelings, and I have frequently felt the truth of this in going over these papers.

The plans and schemes I have long dwelt on for the ameliora- of this, the country of my adoption, are no longer Utopian, and my liveliest aspirations find in this a local habitation.

I have already expressed to you my ideas on the first necessity of a sound, practical, rather than a theoretical education—on the necessity of educating the body and the hand, before we attempt to give a high finish and polish to the mind.

If this your great work is allowed free course, and carried out with steady patience, perseverance, and industry, not deterred by little failures and the cavilling of the crowd (for without these no great scheme has ever been brought to perfection), I am strongly persuaded that such a success will follow as has never yet been attained by any similar enterprise—(I will not say in India, for no like work has yet been attempted in India) but—*in the whole world.*

As a practical proof of my strong approbation of your scheme, may I request your acceptance of a merino ram and four merino ewes imported from the Cape for the agricultural and pastoral department; and to your orphan asylum I would gladly transfer two parentless children of six and eight years, with 50 rupees per annum to be paid by me, until their education enable them to provide for themselves.

Should I happily be able to assist your scheme at any time with my individual exertions, I need hardly say they will be most heartily at your service.

LETTER from DR. MOUAT.*

MY DEAR TAYLER, Dated Moteharry, February 3, 1857.

I have gone through the papers which you kindly sent me, with the interest of one who has for many years advocated similar views, but was not so fortunately placed as you are for carrying them into effect.

The outline of your plan is complete and admits of no addition; the details will necessarily work themselves out as the institution gradually expands. I hope you will print all these papers as a small pamphlet, for general distribution, and if I can aid you in Calcutta or elsewhere, my poor services are entirely at your command. I have no hesitation in declaring my belief that if fully and fairly carried out, and developed to the extent of what it is susceptible, the blessings capable of being conferred in your province by your plan will not be surpassed by those of any great measure yet conceived and executed for the benefit of those entrusted by Providence to the rule of Great Britain.

With the most hearty wishes for your entire success, I am, &c.

LETTER from E. E. WOODCOCK, Esq., Collector of Patna.

MY DEAR TAYLER,

You ask the expression of my written opinion regarding your Industrial Institution, to which I most cheerfully respond.

Overwhelmed with official business, to have revolved in your mind plans for the improvement of the division committed to your charge, such as those proposed in your brief sketch, redound in no small measure to your reputation for extensive philanthropy, enlightened zeal, and good judgment.

To arouse the energies of a people, and to multiply the paths of industry, are no doubt objects of a noble ambition, and seem only to require time, patience, and perseverance to secure your ultimate success. At present you can hardly be said to have entered the threshold, but rather to be laying the foundation; yet you have had the happiness of securing the cordial approbation of the

* This gentleman was for several years Director-General of Public Instruction, and one of the most able officers of the department.

Government, the encouragement of wise men, and last, not least, the sympathy of the natives. You have certainly met with a little detraction, but then what great and good object was ever accomplished without it? Whoever dares to travel out of the beaten track, to lead and not to follow, must be prepared to meet a storm of obloquy, besides any and every other species of opposition, concealed or open. I hope, therefore, you will not for a moment allow yourself to be discouraged but go on and prosper, taking for your motto the words—*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.*

EXTRACT of a Letter from Dr. THOMPSON, Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens, Calcutta.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have read with great interest the prospectus of the Behar Industrial Institution, which you have been so obliging as to send me. It seems to be an excellently-devised scheme, and with ample funds, which you say are already provided, must be productive of great benefits to the people of the province.

It will afford me much pleasure to do anything in my power to forward so useful a project.

EXTRACT of a Letter from BABOO RAMEPERSHAD ROY, Vakeel of the Sudder Court, Calcutta.

MY DEAR SIR,

I wrote to you a hasty note immediately on my arrival, which I hope has reached you.

I have been anxiously expecting to receive from you a copy of the paper you are drawing out, containing your views in detail in regard to the different departments of the proposed industrial school at Patna. I saw Beadon since my return, and told him what you are about, and what a glorious thing the school will be. I saw ————, and explained to him the outline of the plan. Unfortunately, I cannot get much assistance from him, as he is shortly going away from Calcutta, and is to be permanently stationed at Kishennugger. I spoke to ———— about it, and he was quite struck with the greatness and utility of the measure.

EXTRACT of a Letter from the Rev. J. LONG.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. Gordon Young showed me, a few days ago, your proposals on the subject of agricultural education; they are very good, and I trust you will meet with every encouragement.

The subject is one to which my mind has been directed for several years past, and the sub-committee of the Agri-Horticultural Society, who have had several meetings lately, have sent in a report on the subject.

If you would put yourself in communication with the secretary of that society, and send him a copy of your proposals, it would be very useful—the address is A. Blechynden, Esq., Secretary of the Agri-Horticultural Society, Calcutta.

I hope you will not be discouraged by ignorant remarks to the effect that knowledge cannot improve agriculture, that idea has long since been exploded in England.

Until some of the leading principles of agriculture are taught in schools in this country, as they are in France and Germany, it can never make much progress.

LETTER from J. W. GARSTIN, Esq., Deputy Collector of Chuprah.

MY DEAR TAYLER,

Excuse my having kept the papers so long. I have read them very carefully, and am not in the least surprised that you should meet with such ready assistance from the natives and all who take the slightest interest in their welfare. The beginning may be rather up-hill work, but I have not the slightest doubt that you will eventually succeed, and that the model farm will prove a blessing to the country, and be merely the first of its kind. If at any time I could aid your project in the slightest degree, you can always command my services.

EXTRACT of a Letter from MAJOR HOLMES, dated May 26, 1857.

You *must not* give up the institution. It will come out of the fire all the brighter for persecution.

We must and shall carry it through. Nothing is impossible to a determined will.

EXTRACT of a Letter from MAJOR HOLMES, dated June 8, 1857.

Don't give in a jot about the institution, it is good throughout, both in principle and practice, and it *must* and *shall* succeed.

(True Copies and Extracts.)

W. TAYLER, Commissioner.

The following are extracts of correspondence with the Lieutenant-Governor and Director of Public Instruction connected with the education of the natives of Behar :—

EXTRACT of a Demi-official Letter from the COMMISSIONER OF PATNA to the SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL.

Dated April 29, 1857. No. 2,112 A.

As to the education scheme, I doubt very much whether the *mind* of the *mass* will ever be reached by Government or by Government officers *direct*; the men that are sent out into the Mofussil by the inspector will be for *years* regarded with mistrust and suspicion (they already apply the term "*shaitanee*" * to the office). The efforts and intentions of Government are utterly *misunderstood*, and the greater the expense incurred, the higher the salaries bestowed, the greater is the suspicion excited. The result would be far different, if we could *penetrate* the mass *through* those to whom they look up as their *leaders*—I mean the influential landowners; the very same measures that, coming from Government officers, would excite suspicion and uneasiness, would, if supported and set on foot by the landholders and their lessees, be hailed with satisfaction and unscrupulously concurred in; *and when* this is accomplished, and there is something to *inspect*, inspectors will be reasonable. The great problem is, how is the co-operation of the landholders to be secured, and this is no doubt *the* difficulty; yet it is beyond all doubt and controversy the one essential to the success of the scheme, and all efforts without such co-operation will but be "beating the air" and utter vanity. I have *ever* found the respectable natives ready and willing to enter into all reasonable views when they were reasonably *expounded*,

* "Satanic."

and patiently explained, not by public notices or through red-tape subordinates, but in friendly and unreserved conversation. It is by personal communication, considerate reasoning, and careful argument, that their prejudices are removed and their minds impressed, and it is by *personal* kindness that their hearts, like *all* human hearts, are touched. But this is evidently not the work of a day; they are not unlike children, and momentary impressions and partial convictions must be maintained and strengthened by repeated and unintermitting influences.

These sentiments were honoured with the marked approbation of the Lieutenant-Governor, who thus expressed his opinions:—

The Lieutenant-Governor considers that you deserve credit for the early and accurate manner in which you have ascertained the feelings of the people in your division, and he has observed with pleasure that you keep yourself constantly alive to the state of the native mind around you, and that you take pains to communicate with the people and to carry with you their sympathies as well as their understandings. Where such is the habit of the chief local functionary, the evils so truly described in the 17th para. of your letter may, to a great extent, be mitigated.

Nearly a year afterwards, when further trial proved the abortiveness of the usual educational measures, I again came forward and offered my assistance, on the express ground of *my influence with the native gentry* and *my* confidence that, by the exercise of *that influence*, I could induce them to establish schools at their own cost in the principal towns of their estates. I subjoin an extract from the letter written on that occasion to the Director of Public Instruction:—

The experience of each successive day has served to strengthen my conviction of this truth.

I have already been in communication with the principal landowners of the four districts in this division, and received from them assurances of support and co-operation, of which I do not myself

doubt the sincerity, and which I strongly feel would, if afforded, wondrously facilitate at least, if not ensure, the accomplishment of your purpose.

But I feel that to secure and maintain such co-operation and support, *it is indispensable that all the means at the disposal* of Government, *official* and *personal*, be brought to bear on the minds of these individuals, and this I am *convinced* cannot be done, either by yourself, Mr. Chapman, or any other public officer, however zealous, able or devoted, unless he hold that local *status* in the district, which *alone bears weight in the native mind.* Indeed, they already designate Mr. Chapman as the *Chota Padree*, a significant soubriquet, which speaks volumes to those who know the native mind; of yourself, they have a dim idea as an unseen *Burra Padree*, with whom they have no concern. Holding this view, I believe that this end can best be effected by the Commissioner as the highest authority in the province, and even by him, *only by an entire devotion of his best energies to the work and by the employment of all the means at his disposal.*

I am aware that some people have raised objections to the exercise of official influence in any save purely official matters, but in this feeling I cannot and never could concur.

The natives of Behar are extremely like children, and if knowledge is to be administered to them, it must be done by gentle compulsion. Convinced as we *are*, and must be, that *ignorance* is the great source and cause of the degradation of the people, is it not our imperative duty and high privilege (for the use or abuse of which we are answerable before God,) to raise them from the "thick darkness" in which they are now lying? and if we have the means of effecting this great and holy purpose, is it not woe to us if we do not use them to the utmost?

On the grounds and principles thus distinctly and emphatically recorded, I proposed that the educational operations should be placed under my superintendence. The proposal was approved by the Director and sanctioned by the Government in the following words:—

The Lieutenant-Governor has read with much interest the correspondence thus submitted for his consideration; he *cordially*

approves the zealous and judicious plan of operation so ably recommended by Mr. Tayler, and supported by your own judgment; and he authorizes you at once to adopt and set in action the measures proposed in the 4th and 5th paras. of your letter under reply.

On the occasion of the Lieutenant-Governor's visit at Patna in August 1856, his Honour had recorded these memorable words :—

"The establishment of village schools in their zemindary, which, by *the judiciously used influence and encouragement* of the Commissioner, is about to be undertaken, or has already partly been entered upon, by certain great zemindars in Patna, Behar, Shahabad, and Chuprah, is of the highest importance. I thoroughly agree with Mr. Tayler, that it is of *infinite moment to enlist on the side of vernacular education all powerful and influential zemindars of the province of Behar*, and to have done this will be, on Mr. Tayler's part, one of the greatest services to the cause of education that could possibly be rendered, and will redound to his credit in all parts of the province." And again : "I congratulate Mr. Tayler on the great field he has before him, and on the excellent spirit in which he is beginning to work upon it. I augur nothing but credit to himself and benefit to the people from the gradual development of his plans and purposes. I would transmit a copy of this paper to Mr. Tayler as the best evidence that I do not lightly consider his exertions, and that I desire him to advance and prosper."

Under the general and unmistakable encouragement thus publicly given, and after further lengthened correspondence, I commenced my undertaking, and, guided by the example of past times and the open and avowed support of the Lieutenant-Governor, did not scruple to exercise that reasonable influence of recommendation, approval, and gratitude, which ever had been and ever must be, employed before a single rupee can be obtained from a native of India, which Sir F. Halliday himself

had openly exercised on many occasions, and which he had publicly and enthusiastically approved and lauded before the assembled public at Arrah, as before stated.

What occurred to change his ideas, opinions, and sentiments, I have elsewhere shown. How unfair and unreasonable were the measures adopted, I need not repeat. No one had ventured to say I had done or attempted anything but what I had professed to do, what had always been done, and what the Lieutenant-Governor had distinctly and unequivocally approved.

Having offered the above extracts for the perusal of my readers, I cannot close the chapter without pointing to the amusing though significant commentary which the subsequent acts of succeeding Governments have offered upon Mr. Halliday's novel doctrine.

Three or four years after this discussion the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal was anxious to build a college at Patna, the very city in which the public had been informed, by the official proclamation of Mr. Halliday, that "if they gave their money with any reference to the wishes of Government, or with any idea of gaining fame or credit for themselves, they were very wrong, and Government would give them no assistance."

How did the Lieutenant-Governor of 1864 act up to this formal and public exposition of the views and principles of Government promulgated in 1857? Let the following notification * issued by Mr. Cockburn, the

* NOTIFICATION.

Patna, February 28, 1863.

The local committee of public instruction in Patna, with the sanction and approval of the Honourable the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, propose to endeavour to raise funds for the construction

commissioner, under the express sanction of Mr. Beadon, supply the answer.

The reader will not fail to perceive that this official proclamation not only professes to endeavour to raise funds, *i.e.* by solicitation, but also holds out beforehand, as an inducement to the natives to subscribe liberally, that the halls of the college would receive the names of

of a college at Patna, for the benefit of the people of the province in general. Already some liberal and enlightened native gentlemen have come forward with liberal support to the scheme.

It is estimated that a building suited to the object in view could not be erected for less than 80,000 rupees, of which sum Government will contribute one-half, provided that the other half be subscribed by the wealthy and influential gentlemen of the district.

It is intended that the college should be a conspicuous and interesting structure, built, if practicable, on a large open space, so as to be visible on all sides.

It is also intended to have the building of a kind that would be at once an ornament to the city and an object of general interest and attraction (like the Benares College), on account of its exterior architecture and interior decoration.

The halls of the college would receive the names of the chief donors, and the names of all the subscribers who contributed not less than 2,500 rupees would be cut on marble slabs and placed in conspicuous parts of the building, to perpetuate the names and titles of the numerous persons who may subscribe liberally towards the erection of the college.

The Honourable the Lieutenant-Governor has already conveyed his thankful acknowledgments to Siud Wilayut Ali Khan for a donation of 5,000 rupees; and no doubt the Government will view with equal pleasure and satisfaction any similarly liberal contributions made by other gentlemen for the promotion of the highest branches of education in Behar, and their names will be duly submitted for the information and orders of Government.

(Signed) J. SUTHERLAND,
Secretary, L.C.P.I.

the chief donors, the names of all the subscribers who contributed not less than 2,500 rupees (£250) would be cut on marble slabs, and placed in conspicuous parts of the building. *Thus adopting the precise inducements which Mr. Halliday had condemned,* recognising the identical motives, which had been before ignored, and proffering the very assistance which Mr. Halliday had declared should not be given.

The thorough absurdity of this flat contradiction by one lieutenant-governor of the public views so emphatically set forth in the same district by his predecessor, did not, however, escape the notice of the then Commissioner, Mr. G. F. Cockburn, and that gentleman, remembering my treatment by a former Government, wisely took precautions to save himself from similar risks.

When the notices were received, Mr. Cockburn thus wrote to the secretary of the committee at Patna:—

MY DEAR ——,

I have received a supply of the printed papers.

In order to make all quite sure in regard to the Government intention and approval, I will send one copy on Monday to Government, with request that I may be authorised to give 5,000 rupees from the Durbhunga estate, which Forlong and I have recommended, as the young Rajah's credit will be kept up by being one of the foremost to support so worthy an undertaking; and on receipt of the Government reply, I will move energetically; but at first I want to be cautious, *in case I am thrown overboard hereafter as Tayler was!*

Mr. Cockburn was wise in his generation, but it is easy to be wise "after the event."

The above is an isolated instance only in which succeeding Governments have publicly disowned Mr. Halli-

day's professed sentiments. In other matters they have still more openly and systematically set them at naught.

In closing this chapter, it will not be inappropriate to subjoin an official letter from the late able Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, Sir Donald Macleod, written just before I left India, expressing his sentiments in regard to the scheme of education which I had projected in Behar ten years before.

General Department. No. 283.

From T. H. THORNTON, Esq., Secretary to Government, Punjab, to W. TAYLER, Esq., Jullunder.

SIR, Dated Lahore, February 2, 1867.

I have received and laid before the Hon. the Lieutenant-Governor your letter (without date) and its enclosure, having reference to a scheme proposed by you for an Industrial Institution; and in reply I am instructed to convey to you his Honour's hearty thanks for this communication.

2. That portion of the enclosure of your letter which refers to the establishment of a school of Arts and Industry, together with a model farm, will prove of essential value in connection with the establishment of an institution of this kind at Lahore, which has for a considerable time past been in contemplation, while in the general views on education expressed by you, it is hardly necessary to say that in the main His Honour cordially concurs.

3. Amidst the conflicting opinions which prevail on this subject the Hon. the Lieutenant-Governor greatly values your support of these views, and highly appreciates the earnestness in the cause of India's healthy progress which has prompted you thus to address this Government.

I have the honour, &c.,

T. H. THORNTON,

Secretary to Government, Punjab.

The great question as to the best system of native education is now being actively canvassed in India, and the subject will, I hope, receive full consideration.

Dr. Duff, no mean authority on such questions, thus wrote at the time, regarding the Patna project and the protest which I laid before the Government against the proceedings of the Lieutenant-Governor :—

My dear Mr. Tayler,

Your protest I read this morning, and can cordially respond to every sentiment in it respecting the best modes of dealing with the natives, &c.

And now I have to thank you for the sketch, &c.

From what I had learnt from others, and your own vivid account of yesterday, my impression accords with that of others, who regarded it as singularly adapted to the peculiar exigencies of the people.

With a noble object in view ; with noble philanthropic motives in the pursuit of it ; and with a conscious rectitude of aim and purpose throughout, you may well lift up your head in the assurance that *sooner* or *later* you will vindicate the right.

Yea, under a new *régime* of things in India, I would fain hope that you may yet be in a position to work so noble a scheme to a glorious consummation. . . . .

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) Alexander Duff.

After some time, being under a strong conviction that Mr. Halliday had himself been misled by the mischievous reports circulated by the small trio whom I have mentioned, and induced without due consideration to adopt the measures which further reflection would have shown him to be inconsistent with all his former words and actions, and being conscientiously desirous to direct his attention to the unwholesome conspiracy, which was leading him into a position which he would afterwards regret, I took upon myself to write to him demi-officially on the subject in a letter, a copy of which I here subjoin :—

MY DEAR HALLIDAY, Patna, 20th.

I was much gratified at the sight of your own handwriting once more, as I feared you had consigned our future correspondence to the medium of the secretariat.

You will have received a letter from me since, tendering you a sincere apology for anything I may have said, not in the excitement but the earnestness of my correspondence.

I am very anxious you should understand me, that I do *not* complain of your having issued a declaration to explain your views, but that the declaration itself is such as really condemns *all that* has hitherto been done in India for great and good purposes with the aid of the natives. It amounts almost to a *prohibition* against their giving at all.

It gives out that Government does not *wish* them to give, and, as many natives have told me, whatever be the effect on this great work, *no one* will ever give anything more for any purpose. All this, too, in the midst of a career which is based on the principle, emphatically and publicly set forth by myself, and approved and lauded by you, of the importance of exercising "influence" over the great, the rich, and influential, and thus obtaining from them pecuniary aid in undertakings for the good of the people.

Had you merely said, what surely would have been sufficient for your purpose, that, if anyone gave because they thought that Government *demanded* it, would be displeased at their refusal, or view the refusal with disfavour, the measure would have been beyond all *cavil* or objection; and as these reports were sent to you, I could not have complained, however indignant I might have been at the malice or stupidity in which they originated.

Believe me, it was my *unfeigned alarm* for the cause of civilisation, improvement, and charity, that made me write so *strongly*, and feel so deeply on the point, because I feared that if this declaration were made known, and taken in its strict sense, no one would ever give another rupee, and no one could ask for aid; because *no one* will say that natives *ever* give money from pure and "disinterested" motives, and that there always is, and *must* be, a mixture of impulses, as I have again and again written.

You know how I have *urged* the importance of kind, friendly, and conciliatory intercourse with these grand men, with the view

of making them a *blessing* instead of a *curse* to the people; but what is the use of this, or how is the end to be accomplished, but by *using* the "*influence*" which such a course of conciliation gives—in other words, asking them to afford their aid? Come what come may, THIS is all that I have done; my greatest enemy has not yet, I believe, said, or dared to say, that I have ever hinted to a soul that refusal to aid would subject anyone to incivility or ill-treatment—which is the point, after all. I have written a letter in reply to your string of questions, which sets forth my declared policy from the commencement, and will, I believe, give you full and satisfactory information on every point of inquiry.

I will look out and send you to-morrow your own note, or notes, to which I referred (though I do not *exactly* recollect what points I mentioned), and, meanwhile, I should like to tell you the real state of the little Pedlington politics here. What the result of the Judges' inquiry here may be, I cannot say; but if anyone *does* say that there is alarm, excitement, or dissatisfaction, it will be more a subject for *Punch* than anything else, because all the "native gentry" of the place (almost all of whom had subscribed) have given in, under their seals and signatures, a petition declaring that they are particularly jolly, and that this report is altogether false and malicious.

Now these Patna gentry are an independent set, and not people to be dictated to, as to their own feelings, by others. I look with some curiosity, and with the anticipation of rather a ludicrous dilemma to the Patna embroglio.

Nevertheless, I feared and fear not these "men in buckram," whether four or fourteen, so long as the pillar against which I lean my back, and which supports me in the struggle, stands firm.

With truth, a clear conscience, a noble aim, and your support, I ask no favour and fear no odds.

I will send the notes you ask for to-morrow, and let you further behind the scenes. I only wish you could stand *perdu*, like Henry the Eighth, and hear with your own ears the petty outpouring of malice; you would, I feel sure, be inclined to say—

"Is this the honour they bear to one another? 'Tis well there 's one above them yet."

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) W. TAYLER.

I am much mistaken if the tone and tenor of this letter does not satisfy every impartial reader, not only of the existence of the petty cabal to which I have made allusion, but also as to my own loyalty and respect towards my immediate superiors, the reasonableness of my remonstrance, and the groundlessness of the pitiful accusations so industriously circulated to my prejudice as I have already pointed out.

But my friendly and informal remonstrance was too late, the unhappy proclamation could not be recalled; and Mr. Halliday, naturally unwilling to admit the mistake, or plead guilty to the untenable terms which the document contained, was compelled to carry out its provisions, to the bewilderment, I may truly say, of the whole body of subscribers themselves!

The document had fallen into the hands of his enemies. Recall or concealment was impossible. The dictum being just launched, was unavoidably to be carried out and at all risks maintained.

And here it will be necessary to show by clear and unquestionable evidence that the course pursued at the time was not only complained of by me, but condemned by Mr. Halliday's choice and special friends, Messrs. Beadon and Samuells, as will be apparent from the following letters:—

Extract.—From E. A. SAMUELLS, Esq., to WILLIAM TAYLER, Esq.

MY DEAR TAYLER, 27th May, 1857.

I *have* read with much interest the letter to Halliday which you sent me last week, and your private letter to Gordon Young, which I have just received. I did not advert in my former letter to the matter of the subscriptions to which these papers relate, because I had then no information regarding it. The impression

left on my mind by a perusal of the correspondence, I may briefly state, as follows :—

Firstly.—The correctness of the general principle which you lay down as to the propriety of inducing wealthy natives to expend their money on works of public utility, and assuring them of the approval of the ruling authority in the event of their doing so, is quite undeniable.

If I am not mistaken, you will find the principle distinctly enunciated in the notice or circular which the Government issued, when they commenced the publication in the *Gazette* of the names of those who had assisted or subscribed to public undertakings during the preceding year.

Secondly.—I gather from your letter that you have kept Halliday fully informed of every step you have taken in this matter, and notified to him, from time to time, the amount of the subscriptions you have succeeded in obtaining from the different individuals who have contributed to your scheme. That being the case, to have allowed you to go on, and to express his tacit, if not his active, approval of your proceedings, so long as they excited no opposition, and then, at the first breath of popular clamour, to discredit an officer in your high position, by issuing a proclamation as that you mention, and directing the Judges to report upon your conduct (for, in fact, it amounts to that), was unquestionably most injudicious, to use a mild phrase, in the Lieutenant-Governor, and most unfair to you.

Yours, &c.

(Signed) E. A. SAMUELLS.

Extract.—From the same to the same.

MY DEAR TAYLER, Calcutta, 3rd June 1857.

We all think you would be justified in demanding that Garrett should be required to prove that he had a valid foundation for his "conscientious belief," and that he has not been aspersing your character upon light grounds. Your letters both to Garrett and Halliday are quite proper, and Garrett, in my opinion, cuts a very poor figure in the correspondence.

Yours, &c.

(Signed) E. A. SAMUELLS.

Extract.—From the same to the same.

My dear Tayler, Calcutta, 11th June.

You have, of course, heard ere this that Hailliday has removed you to Burdwan.*

After the pains he has taken to destroy your influence at Patna,† it was probably the only course left him.

Yours, &c.

(Signed) E. A. Samuells.

The above unfortunate incidents having prevented Mr. Halliday from withdrawing or modifying his proclamation, I felt myself in duty bound to protest, and that earnestly and solemnly, against a procedure which I could not but feel to be not only unsound and unreasonable in itself, but most cruel and insulting to me, and fatal to all future efforts.

But, whatever was the real state of Mr. Halliday's mind, he persevered, perhaps unavoidably, in his condemnatory measures and mortifying correspondence, clearly evincing at least a predisposition to put me in the wrong and find cause for my removal from Patna.

It was during this painful and embarrassing crisis that the Mutiny broke upon us: the Lieutenant-Governor annoyed, and prejudiced by the calumnies of others; I myself deeply hurt and indignant at my treatment, feeling conscious that in all I had attempted I had been actuated by conscientious motives. With the sole desire of doing good to the people within my jurisdiction, by securing the benefits of practical education on the

* This had nothing to do with the rebellion.—W. T.

† That is, in the matter of my scheme of industrial education. —W. T.

principles set forth, I had devoted myself enthusiastically to the organisation of the scheme, thereby entailing upon myself a vast amount of additional daily labour. Supported by the great body of respectable people, English and Native, I little dreamed that a small knot of cavillers were traducing me behind my back, and poisoning the mind of the Lieutenant-Governor, who at a distance of 400 miles, and engrossed by other subjects, had in fact no means whatever of ascertaining the truth.

What was the unhappy result of the antagonism thus forced upon me, will be shown in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PATNA CONTROVERSY.

Administration as Commissioner of Patna.—Preliminary Remarks.—Plan of Narrative.—My Position at Patna.—State of the District.—Measures adopted.

HAVING now reached the point at which it becomes necessary to enter upon a narrative of my administration as Commissioner of Patna in 1857, I find myself in a somewhat embarrassing position.

On the one hand I am deeply impressed with the necessity of presenting a true and complete picture of the events which occurred during the appalling crisis of the rebellion, the measures I adopted, and the points on which my actions were misunderstood or misrepresented; while on the other I am sincerely desirous of keeping out of this present work, as far as it is possible, all unpleasant reminiscences which are not indispensably necessary for the vindication of my name.

With regard to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, while detailing without acrimony or exaggeration the

points on which I believe his judgment to have been erroneous, and his treatment of myself unjust, I shall avoid all harsh or vindictive expressions, and knowing, as I do, that his sudden and unexpected opposition to proceedings which under his express and immediate patronage I had zealously undertaken, was mainly caused by the secret and insidious misrepresentations of two or three individuals (as I have shown in the last chapter), I shall, in my narrative of the unhappy differences which subsequently arose between us, make due allowance for this unnatural state of things, and, avoiding all unnecessary commentary on his acts and intentions, confine myself to an exposition of the established facts.

I will first, however, mention that a short narrative of the events which transpired during the three first months of the Mutiny, was published by me shortly after the occurrence, in a little book, of which the first edition was called *Our Crisis*, and the second (republished by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., on the recommendation of Dr. Duff), *The Patna Crisis*. This little brochure, being written while I was still in the service, was necessarily circumspect and moderate in its tone, and passed over many minor incidents which, though important in themselves, it would have been unsafe and perhaps unwise to lay before the public; it contains, however, an accurate though brief summary of the events as they occurred, taken principally from a journal which my wife kept throughout the period; those who wish to have a correct idea of our position, from the commencement of our troubles to the day of my suspension from office, will find it carefully detailed in this little work, which is too

long to insert here, but which for the third time has been reprinted.*

Having given a description of the incidents which, through the machinations of others, led to the painful misunderstanding between Mr. Halliday and myself just before the commencement of the mutiny, I will proceed to the consideration of the subsequent events which occurred during the progress of that terrible movement, and which culminated in my summary dismissal.

The somewhat peculiar circumstances under which I was appointed Commissioner of Patna have been fully related in a former chapter, and do not require any further exposition; but before I proceed to a narrative of the events which led to the controversy regarding my administration, it may be advisable to give very briefly a general idea of the district, and specially of the great city, its previous history and antecedents, and its condition at the particular period when the controversy arose.

My readers will have remembered the flattering approbation recorded by Mr. Halliday of all he witnessed at Arrah, especially in connection with the dispensary established by me with the generous aid of native subscribers, and will, I trust, have paid some little attention to the discussion which arose regarding the scheme of popular and industrial education, which I had organised, and which was ruined by the underhand machinations of a few individuals acting on the mind of

* *The Patna Crisis.* 3rd edition. W. H. Allen & Co. Price 2s.

the Lieutenant-Governor, with all the other concomitant facts.

It will not be necessary to enter into any minute particulars of the minor events and incidents which occurred during the following three months, but there are some which it is desirable to notice, as they will give the reader an idea of the position which I occupied, and the grave embarrassments in which I was involved.

The great majority of my readers will, of course, be familiar with the name of Patna, as one of the chief districts in the Province of Behar, which lay between Calcutta and Benares.

The city of Patna was one of the largest in India, being six miles in length, and containing more than 300,000 inhabitants, a large proportion of whom were Mahomedans, and, a fact which was of infinite importance, it was the head-quarters of the fanatical sect called Wahabees.

The author of the celebrated red pamphlet which was published in Calcutta during the first days of the rebellion, and was so frequently quoted in Parliament during the earlier discussions, thus wrote:—

It may be easily imagined that, with a rebellion incited, fostered, and kept up by Mahomedans, a city in which men of that religion formed a preponderating class, must be an object of no ordinary anxiety. From the days of Meer Kasim Ali, Patna had always been a rebellious city. Even so lately as 1846, the Mahomedan nobility had endeavoured to take advantage of our balanced fortunes on the bank of the Sutlej; what might not be expected when our own native troops had spontaneously, apparently, revolted, and when our European troops lay scattered and beleaguered all over the country, and, in fact, the question which, not private individuals only, but secretaries to Government also,

asked themselves when news of the revolt of the half of India reached them, was this, Why has not Patna risen?

The above spirited and faithful passage will give the general reader a correct idea of the city and district under my immediate control, and enable them to estimate the extent of my responsibility, and the perilous character of my duties.

During the first few days of reported disaffection in other parts of India, I indulged the hope that from my intimate acquaintance with many of the leading native gentleman, and the influence I had obtained over them, Patna might possibly escape the contagion of disaffection which had been unmistakably exhibited in the upper provinces, and in some of my earliest letters I had expressed this hope to the Lieutenant-Governor.

Mr. Halliday, also, had treated the affair with comparative indifference in his communications with Government and myself; his instructions to me were to write to him a line each day, adding, "the less fuss the better."

But this unwise confidence was soon dispelled—the state of feeling in the surrounding districts of my Commissionership gradually became disturbed, and the actual condition was thus described in a letter written by me to the Secretary to the Supreme Government on the 17th June:—

There can be no doubt that the charge and management of the province of Behar at this moment is one of no little responsibility and importance.

Everyone looks to me for orders, advice, and instruction.

Information is daily sent me, not only from outside alarmists, but public officials, containing serious matter, and showing, that in spite of all my efforts to re-assure people's hearts, there is a

general and deep-seated alarm throughout all the district, and no one trusts a black man in any shape. The whole English community of Tirhoot have demanded protection, as they believe that the people will rise and the Nujeebs mutiny.

And this state of undefined alarm, for which there was but too much ground, was shortly after confirmed by an event which showed beyond doubt that awful danger was at our doors.

On the morning of the 7th of June I received a letter from the Assistant Adjutant-General at Dinapore, informing me that there was excitement in the lines, and warning me to be on my guard. On this I gave notice to all the residents, who, with their families, children, and servants, assembled at our house. Towards evening Major Nation, who commanded the police, came to me with a letter which had been given to him by one of his men, to whom it had been delivered by two sepoys from Dinapore; the man, being providentially loyal, gave it to his commanding officer, who at once brought it to me. The letter was addressed by the sepoys at Dinapore to our police, telling them that they were coming down to Patna that night, and begging them to be ready with the treasure! My feeling of horror may be imagined! The police were our only protectors. Had such an attack taken place, the massacre of every Christian would have been inevitable; but, through God's mercy, the catastrophe was avoided. The misdelivery of the letter prevented the deadly purpose from being carried out, and at 4 o'clock in the morning Captain Rattray arrived with his regiment, and we were saved!

What were the feelings of my wife and myself for

some hours may be imagined; we alone, besides Major Nation, were aware of the fact. Had the letter been delivered to the man for whom it was intended, the attack would have taken place, and a massacre, awful as that at Cawnpore, would have ensued.

This critical event, so mercifully over-ruled, at once opened my eyes: it was obvious that there was an understanding between the regiments and our police, and such a fellowship doubtless included some at least of the citizens.

I at once, therefore, resolved to make rigid and searching inquiries, to ascertain as far as possible the extent of disaffection, to investigate the character of the leading citizens, and more especially to watch the doings of the Wahabee fanatics.

I had at the earliest moment written to tell Mr. Halliday of the startling discovery made, and fully expected in reply an earnest injunction for the adoption of all necessary measures for our safety, which I was myself prepared to undertake in the confident belief of the Lieutenant-Governor's hearty sanction and encouragement.

My letter was written on the 8th, the day after the occurrence narrated; to my utter bewilderment I received his reply, dated the 13th, saying that "he could not satisfy himself that Patna was in any danger," and that "the mutiny of the sepoys was inconceivable"!

I leave my readers to conjecture what my sensations were on the receipt of this letter.

I did not, however, waver for a moment. Mr. Halliday was 400 miles distant, telegraphic communication had become uncertain, every Christian life was at stake,

and moments were too precious to be wasted in remonstrance or argument.

The measures, therefore, which I felt to be essential, and which my intermediate inquiries had helped me to ascertain, were at once carried out. I disarmed the city as far as possible, forbad the citizens to leave their houses at night, and, what was of most importance, placed the Wahabee leaders in precautionary confinement in a bungalow not far from my house.

The particulars of these proceedings, including the important but semi-comical scene accompanying the arrest of the fanatics, are described in detail in the *Patna Crisis*, but are too long to be here inserted.

Shortly after, *malgré* Mr. Halliday's assurance, a serious *émeute* occurred in the city, and an English officer was barbarously murdered, but the riot was quelled by the aid of the Sikh soldiers under the command of Captain Rattray; on the following day, the principal actors in the movement were traced and arrested by the native Deputy-Magistrate, Dewan Mowla Buksh, a Mahomedan officer of conspicuous loyalty—since decorated with the Star of India—and, when the preliminary proceedings had been completed under his direction, the prisoners were committed, and after trial and conviction by myself and the magistrate, under the special powers committed to us, the leading rebels were sentenced, some to death, and others to imprisonment. One other trial was held after this. A trooper of Captain Rattray's regiment was convicted of aiding the escape of a notorious rebel, and was sentenced to death and his accomplices to imprisonment. Shortly after these occurrences, namely, on the 3rd of July, notwithstanding

Mr. Halliday's confident assurance that such an event was "inconceivable," the Dinapore regiment mutinied, and escaping unhurt, arrived at Arrah. The officials of Arrah took refuge in a house, where the mutineers, aided by the celebrated landowner Kooer Singh, besieged them. Patna, in consequence, I may venture to say, of my precautions, remained, during the excitement, quiet and undisturbed.

Some days after these measures had been carried out, I persuaded the General at Dinapore to despatch a body of the English regiment from Dinapore to the relief of the garrison at Arrah. This was done, but, owing to painfully bad management, the detachment was overpowered and beaten back, with fearful slaughter.

The scene of their return was witnessed by my wife and myself, and I cannot resist transcribing the account of it from the eleventh chapter in the *Patna Crisis*, as I think it may be found interesting :—

After several hours of anxious expectation, the steamer hove in sight; as she neared the shore, every breath was held in excitement; an unusual stillness first attracted the notice of the spectators; no waving hats, no cheers, no sign of exultation. Down they came, steamer and flat, dull, quiet and ominous; all seemed to feel the weight of some heavy disaster, and, when the vessel made for the hospital, instead of coming onwards to the usual moorings, the feeling became certainty.

Never had I witnessed, God grant I never may witness, so harrowing a scene, too dreadful to forget, far too dreadful to attempt to describe with any minuteness.

Of that gallant band of 400 men which had left the shore in bright array, and in assurance of victory, but a few hours before, 180 had been left dead on the field, several officers were no more, *almost all* the survivors were wounded!

The scene that ensued was heart-rending, the soldiers' wives

rushed down, screaming, to the edge of the water, beating their breasts and tearing their hair, despondency and despair were depicted on every countenance.

We returned to Patna in a state of mind which may be imagined, taking with us Mrs. Boyle, the wife of Vicars Boyle, then in the garrison. An hour afterwards I received a letter from a Mr. Bax, a civilian at that time accompanying Major Vincent Eyre, then at Buxar.

In this letter Mr. Bax informed me that Major Eyre proposed to march down to Arrah with a view to rescue the garrison, and asked my advice, as Commissioner, on the subject.

In my reply, looking at the disaster which had just occurred, and of which Major Eyre was evidently ignorant, I suggested that as he had only 150 men in his detachment, it might be more prudent to drop down in his steamer to Patna, and then with some additional men, whom I thought I could obtain, march up to Arrah.

This letter, containing only my advice, from a civilian to a civilian, I sent open to the General at Dinapore, that he might pass his own orders.

Meanwhile, contemplating the terrible condition of the outlying Christians in the Province, and carefully considering their utter helplessness in the event of Major Eyre's defeat, I called in the officers from the two stations of Gya and Mozufferpore.

A few days afterwards Major Eyre's glorious victory, and the relief of the Arrah garrison was announced, and Mr. Halliday, accusing me of "panic," dismissed me from my appointment. This subject will be dealt with more in detail in the following pages.

And now, having reached the period of the controversy which followed the events described, and being sincerely desirous of avoiding all unnecessary unpleasantness, I think the most simple and unobjectionable mode of dealing with the whole question, will be, first, to place on record all the charges, great and small, which the Lieutenant-Governor at the time recorded to my prejudice, as justifying my summary removal from the high office which I held, and then to exhibit the evidence recorded on the opposite side, on each and all of the points referred to.

These comparative statements, carefully and conscientiously considered, will, I apprehend, enable all my readers to form a just and righteous conclusion on the entire subject in all its branches, previous to my return from India.

All I would myself ask is, that the established rules which are universally recognised by civilised men in arriving at such conclusion may be observed, and that bare assertion unsupported by fact shall not be accepted in opposition to direct, trustworthy, and unanswerable evidence.

The result will thus be attained without the necessity of imputing dishonourable motives, or embittering the controversy by irritating expressions.

But as the subject will be by no means exhausted even by this process, and as many most important incidents and facts in connection with it have occurred since my return to England, I propose to add, in an appendix at the close of the volume, a further summary of the evidence which has since accumulated; so that while the continuity of the narrative of thirty-eight years of my

autobiography will not be disturbed, the entire evidence accumulated during the unceasing controversy of the last twenty-two years may be read by all those who are interested in the question.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONTROVERSY.

Brief Summary of the Facts to be established.—My Dismissal from the Commissionership.—Mr. Halliday's Report to the Supreme Government.—Condition of Patna, as described by Mr. Halliday.—No Danger recognised.—The Mutiny of the Dinapore Sepoys declared "Inconceivable."—Catalogue of my Delinquencies.—Portrait of my Character.—"Reckless Thirst of Blood."—"Violent and unwise Proceedings."—Evidence in Opposition to these Charges. — Abusive Letter of Mr. Samuells.—Additional Charges.—Explanation suggested of Mr. Samuells' Animosity.—Extract from my Memorial to Court of Directors.—Concluding Remarks.

BEFORE I enter upon the proposed summary, I would wish to exhibit in a few words the character of the facts which I propose to establish.

An Anglo-Indian with a grievance, I am well aware, is generally regarded as a "bore"; but I am fain to believe that, in the present instance, the "grievance" is so strange and unprecedented, that the *boredom* will be overlooked, and some sympathy excited even among those who are not personally interested in the question.

This, then, is the tale which I am about to tell.

At the period of the great rebellion and mutiny of 1857, I was the Commissioner (the highest executive officer next to the Lieutenant-Governor) in charge of the large and important province of Patna.

After three months of painful excitement and sensational events, Mr. Halliday, then the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, alleging that I had committed an error of judgment, "under the influence of panic," summarily removed me from my high post; and subsequently, to support and justify this act, prepared and submitted to the Supreme Government a catalogue of alleged sins and offences which he thought right to impute to me, thus subjecting me to disgrace before the whole of India, and placing me and my family in a position of pecuniary distress.

What I am now about to show is, that by unanimous and unanswerable evidence of every conceivable description, it has been clearly established, not only that all the accusations brought against me by Mr. Halliday are absolutely unfounded, but that, by God's mercy, I was on every point essential to the safety of the province and the lives of the Christian residents, correct in my discrimination of events, whether as connected with the character of the peoples, the purposes of the sepoys, or the general objects of the rebellious movement; and that I eventually secured the following results:—

Firstly. The preservation of the important province entrusted to my charge, and the approval, admiration, and gratitude of all those whose lives and fortunes were at stake.

Secondly. That this general feeling of approval and

gratitude was confirmed and corroborated at the time by the entire press of India, and the voluntary testimony of other competent witnesses in Calcutta and other parts of India.

Thirdly. That since that period events have occurred unmistakably corroborating the accuracy of my judgment on *each and all of the points essential to the safety of the great province.*

Fourthly. That the evidence recorded at the time by the whole body of the residents, and by the unanimous verdict of the Indian press, has since my return to England been strikingly confirmed by a marvellous accumulation of corroborative testimony.

The two great historians of the time, Kaye and Malleson, have warmly upheld my measures. The entire press of England has confirmed the verdict.

Fifty-eight members of Parliament, on both sides of the House, have memorialised the Prime Minister, praying that the "national disgrace" of my treatment may be removed, and public recognition made of my services, which they describe as eminent; and 174 distinguished officers and gentlemen, connected with or interested in India, have submitted another memorial to the same effect.

These memorials contain, among others, the names of Sir John Low, Sir Le Grand Jacob, Sir George Clerk, Sir Eardley Wilmot, General Colin Mackenzie, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Napier and Ettrick, Lord Mark Kerr, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Dr. Alexander Duff, and very many other celebrated statesmen.

In short, no single element of evidence is wanting, no further testimony is possible, to the facts of my successful administration, and to services which so many distinguished men have declared to have been eminent.

And yet I am still without redress. The return for my eminent service is abuse, vilification, heavy fine, and public dishonour; and this in the 19th century, and under a Christian Government. This is my "grievance," which, if a bore to others, has not been a cause of particular pleasure to myself.

The narrative contained in the last chapter will have shown the particular crisis at which the Lieutenant-Governor thought it right to dismiss me, and the grounds on which the dismissal was based, as recorded by him at the time.

Shortly after the issue of this order, he submitted a report to the Supreme Government, containing sundry other charges, and eventually, on the 17th March 1858, prepared an elaborate indictment, which he sent home for submission to the Secretary of State, who had succeeded to the position of the Court of Directors.

As in all probability there may be some of my readers who will grudge the time and thought required for mastering all the facts of the controversy which has ensued on this subject, I shall endeavour to present it in as brief a form as possible, and at the commencement will first show concisely the pleasant portrait drawn of my character, my position, and my acts, by the Lieutenant-Governor, with certain supplementary attributes suggested by the gentleman whom he appointed to succeed me.

First, then, in regard to my position. Sir F. Halliday officially declared that there was "no danger at Patna."

Secondly, as regards the Dinapore sepoys, that the "mutiny was inconceivable."

He then proceeds to delineate my character, and describe my actions as below :—

1st. The sole danger of Patna was caused by my "violent and unwise proceedings."

2nd. That I "lent myself to a thirst for reckless bloodshed."

3rd. That I sentenced and executed men who were not convicted of any crime.

4th. That I kept under arrest "innocent and inoffensive gentlemen against whom there was no cause of complaint."

5th. That I made myself the tool of worthless and designing traitors.

6th. That I showed a "great want of calmness and firmness."

7th. That I interfered with the military authorities.

8th. That I concealed *as much as possible* my acts and intentions.

9th. That I was guilty of a "quibble."

10th. That I wrote "frequent orders to Major Eyre not to advance to the relief of Arrah."

11th. That I was under a "panic."

12th. That I issued a "disgraceful" order.

13th. And, finally, that I created universal scandal and discontent by my measures.

This is my portrait as drawn by Mr. Halliday, but it would not be complete without the subsidiary traits communicated, as a sort of æsthetic decoration, by his deputy, Mr. Samuells, which I here subjoin :—

Strings together a series of libels, every one of which, to a greater or less extent, is based upon fiction or misrepresentation.

Daubs freely, with the blackest colours, his immediate superior the Lieutenant-Governor and his two successors.

Fuss and parade.

Dishonest artifice.

Miserable perversion of facts.

Piece of pure slander.

Could not support this calumny.

Mr. Tayler's statement is *wholly untrue*.

Voluntarily making himself the vehicle of the lies and calumnies of a parcel of worthless intriguers.

A simple piece of impertinence, and wholly untrue.

Simply talks nonsense.

Wholly without foundation.

Silly piece of rhodomontade.

Perfect audacity.

Facts and dates manufactured without scruple.

Statements irreconcilable either with dates or facts.

Pack of impudent and unprincipled libels.

Vague grandiloquences, of which Mr. Tayler is so fond.

Pure romance.

Imaginary measures.

Ill-judged measures.

A man of inordinate vanity, singularly bad judgment, and utterly unscrupulous; venting his spleen on all around him who are not inclined to take him at his own estimate, or who interfere with the spurious claims he sets up.

Cap in hand seeks the suffrages of the people.

Wholesale misrepresentation.

Barefaced claptrap.

Rottenness of reputation.

Charlatan.

Misrepresentations and misstatements.

Picks up the dishonourable weapons of his anonymous friends!

Without further comment on this appalling catalogue of iniquities, any two of which would be sufficient to condemn me as an accomplished reprobate, I will now refer briefly to the evidence which was recorded at the

time, in regard to the subjects mentioned, and leave it to my readers, and those whom it concerns, to form their opinions.

Beginning, then, with the two first positive statements, which, in truth, comprehend the whole question, as regards the state of Patna and my position,—viz. that there was "no danger at Patna," and that the "mutiny of the Dinapore sepoys was inconceivable,"—I would refer to the following two extracts of the Court of Directors.

The most difficult position of all the local civil officers in the Lower Provinces during the period under review was that of the Commissioner of the Patna division. The district most exposed to danger when revolt had actually broken out in the N.W. Provinces were those subject to his authority: Mr. Tayler had, moreover, strong reason for believing that the large Mahomedan population of the city of Patna, and its neighbourhood, sympathised and were ready to co-operate with the mutinous soldiers. The magistrate of Patna reported, on June 28, 1857, that the greater part of the Mahomedan gentry of that place were more or less disaffected, and would probably rise had they the opportunity, but that they lacked the means of offensive operations; and the reports of the magistrates of adjacent districts show that there was a very general apprehension *both of a mutiny at Dinapore and a rising* at Patna.

Again—

They (*i.e.* the narratives sent home by Government) show that, from the first, he took a correct view of the critical circumstances in which the districts of his division were placed, and that his measures for meeting impending danger were taken with great promptitude and vigour; an outbreak in the city of Patna, the provincial capital, where disaffection largely prevailed, was immediately suppressed, and the general peace of the division, throughout a season of great difficulty and peril, extending to the time of the mutiny at Dinapore, was successfully maintained by the efforts of the local officers, acting under the constant advice and vigilant supervision of the Commissioner.

The annexed extract from Dr. Alexander Duff's work entitled *The Indian Rebellion, its Causes and Results*, is also to the point:—

All Calcutta knows with what trembling anxiety we were looking out, day after day, for the intelligence from Behar, and how all, except a few blinded officials, knew that Behar generally was ripe for revolt, and was saved mainly through the energetic but irregular extra-routine measures of one man.

That man, as all Europeans in the Company's service and out of it (except the members of a small clique that shall be nameless), that is, all Europeans in Behar are ready to testify, and, indeed, have testified, is *Mr. W. Tayler, the Civil Commissioner of the Province.*

Apprehending that nothing more is necessary on these important points, I will now subjoin the series of letters all written at or shortly after the time, and hope my readers will have the patience to peruse them.

But first, I cannot resist the satisfaction of quoting the remarks made by the late Lord Derby in the House of Lords, at the same crisis.

COPY of LORD DERBY'S remarks in the House of Lords, 1857.

Then there is another gentleman whose conduct has not received the sanction of the Government—I mean Commissioner Tayler of Patna. His conduct has been disapproved by the Government, but the papers appear to me to show that he had a more enlarged view of the crisis, a keener sense of the danger and a better idea of the remedy than the Government itself. (Hear, hear.)

LETTER from the Rev. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D.

MY DEAR SIR, Calcutta, February 18th, 1858.

I have to apologise for being so long in answering the note which you so kindly addressed to me on leaving Calcutta for Patna. Let me at once say that the delay has arisen from no want of sympathy with you or your policy—quite the reverse. I avow myself one of those who watched the whole of your proceedings during the terrible months of the crisis, and noted them with

unqualified approbation. According to the current phrase, I regard you as "the right man in the right place, and at the right time," and now that your own narrative of events sets forth authentically the whole of your doings, and the reasons by which you were guided, I can only say that I have risen from the perusal of your narrative and correspondence with my feeling of approval and admiration vastly enhanced.

In pp. 19 and 20 of the *Narrative*, you have recorded your views of the nature and origin of the great revolt or rebellion. They are views to which I was led, in substance at least, to give expression as far back as May last. Need I say, then, how thoroughly, how intensely I accord in them? You have, I believe, hit the very truth, and for the manly Christian courage which has enabled you to embody them in writing, I for one not only honour you, but with my whole heart thank you. By so doing you have rendered an important service to the cause of truth and righteousness in this land; and when the days of a crooked, selfish, patchwork policy—a policy, too, as shortsighted and ruinous as it is selfish—are numbered, you and others who, like you, have honestly tried to probe the grievous national sore to the bottom, in order that it might be more effectually healed, must rise to the surface and be borne along by the approving plaudits of the wise and the good.

After all this, I need scarcely add that I regard you as a thoroughly ill-used man. Writing to an influential friend in Scotland the other day, a friend who is sure to make use of my remarks, I could not help saying, that if there was a man living who deserved the honour of British knighthood at the hands of his Sovereign, that man was Mr. Commissioner Tayler. But instead of this, what shall I say? Indeed, words fail me to give expression to my sense of the unmerited indignity which has been offered to you.

But, my dear Sir, your *Narrative* shows that you have learned to put your trust in the God of Providence, and that you are not ashamed to own your faith in Christianity. In this I rejoice more than I can tell you, and I am sure, sooner or later, in your case, the gracious assurance will be verified—"Them that honour Me, I will honour." Cheer up, therefore, and wait God's good time for deliverance.

Yours very sincerely,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

Major NATION, commanding the Local Battalion at Patna.

September 2nd, 1857.

I cannot help expressing to you my extreme regret that Government has seen fit to remove you from your appointment. Your energy and coolness were producing such good effects, that I, and many others, thought *that these provinces were entirely indebted to your exertions for having been kept quiet so long.*

Lieutenant-Colonel ROWCROFT, commanding 8th N. I., Dinapore.

September 5th, 1857.

I consider *the zealous, active, and energetic performance of your arduous duties mainly contributed to the tranquillity which prevailed in the city of Patna and the districts around throughout the three very critical and anxious months of May, June, and July.*

C. E. DAVIES, Esq., Landholder and old Resident of Behar.

September 7th, 1857.

To you, under the mercy and guidance of a gracious Providence, *we owe the safety of the province,* the quiet possession of Bengal, our hold of the highways to the north-west, and the enjoyment of life and property.

W. KNOTT, Esq., an able and distinguished Uncovenanted Deputy Collector, Patna.

September 7th, 1857.

I can conscientiously assert that it is to your energy and tact, by the blessing of God, we owe also the safety of our property. Had "panic" interfered with your counsels, Patna, nay, the whole of your division, would have fallen into the hands of rebels.

W. H. URQUHART, Esq., Sub-Deputy Opium Agent. (To a Friend.)

September 9th, 1857.

The facts brought forward by him (Mr. Tayler), in elucidation of the causes which led to the conclusions he came to, and which he acted up to with true Christian fortitude, are clear, manly, and convincing.

E. WHITCOMBE, Esq., Resident Railway Engineer, Patna.

September 9th, 1857.

As you are aware, I expressed my confidence in you by offering to execute unhesitatingly anything you might ask me to do.

There is no other man in India, except the now celebrated Lawrence, Havelock, Neill, and Holmes, to whom I would have so bound myself.

FROM the Entire Body of the Non-official Christian Residents of Patna.

September 7th, 1857.

When the whole of Patna was nearly shipwrecked, at the moment when the rebels rose at Dinapore; and before that, when the mischievous machinations of Peer Ali and his accomplices had endangered not only our own city, but nearly the whole province, who opposed and braved the storm?—whose were those wise, far-seeing and statesman-like plans which saved us then? And who so kindly and considerately threw open his house to receive the Christian populace at the hour of the greatest peril? With one voice, we answer it was you; and were it not for you, and for your exertions, which cost you many an anxious day and sleepless night,—were it not for the highly prudent measures adopted by you to nip the spirit of rebellion in its bud,—*were it not for the politic orders that you passed to secure (and which did secure) the safety of the province, Behar would ere this have become a scene of anarchy and confusion.*

FROM a Large Body of the most respectable Native Citizens of Patna.

November, 1857.

Had you not, by your labour and exertions, kept down the disaffected and evil-doers, *the whole of the districts under your jurisdiction would have been ruined,* and all the well-disposed inhabitants have fallen victims to the rebellious and the wicked.

Rev. L. F. KALBERER, German Missionary, who had resided twenty-one years at Patna.

November 13th, 1857.

But there is a consolation for you in this, that you have done your duty towards your fellow-countrymen and saved the lives of many, and probably the lives of thousands of natives. Had you been dismissed under circumstances for neglect of duty, the cup would have been bitter, for you would not have had the sympathy of all those who know what measures you have adopted for our safety.

RICHARD FOLEY, Esq., Merchant of Patna, who left the District when I was removed.

November 20th, 1857.

It is no wish of mine to offer comments on the proceedings of your Government; but this far I will say, and so will all the residents both of Patna and Dinapore, *that it is to your energetic measures Patna owes its safety.*

R. SOLANO, Esq., Indigo Planter and Landholder, possessing extensive property in the Patna Division.

November 28th, 1857.

That the safety and tranquillity of Patna has been due entirely to your severe but just and well-judged measures, it is needless for me to mention, for every one in Behar knows this fact.

Several INDIGO PLANTERS of Tirhoot, 1857.

We are thankful that the great crisis was passed before your removal; for now, although the credit due to you, and to you alone, may be given to another, *the benefit of your able administration is ours.*

Bishop ATHANASIUS ZUBER, Roman Catholic Bishop of Patna.

February 20th, 1858.

One must have lived on the spot, and been loaded with responsibilities, in order to understand the difficulties of your position and judge of the expediency of your measures. I, and with me, *all my congregation, are of opinion that we owe the safety of our lives and property, next to God, solely and exclusively to your strenuous exertions, and shall, therefore, ever gratefully remember you.*

Captain ALEXANDER, Executive Officer, Dinapore.

August 28th, 1857.

I have read Tayler's defence, and think it most complete. I have thought from the first that he has been most unjustly treated. Whatever may be done by his successors, *for the last four months Patna owes its tranquillity to his energetic measures*; and for my own part I should feel more confidence in Tayler alone than in Solomon himself with a Mahometan assistant.

Rev. M. Burge, Chaplain, Dinapore.

August 14th, 1857.

We can only hope with you that a fair hearing may be given to Mr. Tayler, and that Government may yet find out their mistake in discarding the valuable services of one whom *all acknowledge* to have acted with more zeal and judgment than most, or perhaps all, whose abilities have been taxed during this present year of horror.

E. Woodcock, Esq., C.S., Collector, Patna.

September 1857.

In my judgment your acts, from the commencement, appear to have been dictated by sound judgment, calm deliberation, and acknowledged ability; and, as an old friend, it is hardly necessary to say how much I share the very general sorrow for the severe displeasure of Government under which you have lost your appointment.

R. King, Esq., Deputy Opium Agent, Patna.

People may say what they like; *but there can be no doubt that the peace of this large city has been all along preserved by Mr. Tayler's decisive and most justly rigorous measures* for the punishment of those who dared to raise their hands against the Government.

Petition presented by the respectable Citizens of Patna, to the Lieutenant-Governor, dated August 6th, 1857.

Representation of the servants of the beneficent Master, high in dignity. May he ever reign and prosper!

We devoted servants (of the State) do with great pleasure offer our congratulations on the expulsion of the rebels of Arrah, and give thousands of thanks to William Tayler, saheb bahadoor, revenue commissioner, *for his excellent management of this city* (Patna) *and successfully dealing with the conspirators of this place.* We are gratified and delighted with the good management and extreme diligence of the gentleman above alluded to, and offer him our thanks. Up to this present moment we are in every respect enjoying peace and tranquillity. Such management, if continued,

will increase our happiness and comfort, and completely exterminate all rebels against the Government.

W. Robertson, Esq., C.S., Tirhoot.

September 8th, 1857.

There are not, I am happy to say, two opinions here: we are all of one mind, and no one will hesitate a moment in backing up your orders, both as required by the State and for the saving of European lives.

W. McDonell, Esq., V.C., Magistrate.

September 6th, 1857.

Living as I was with you at the time, and consequently knowing what was going on, I felt confident that when people heard your side of the case they would see that you did not act without good reason: your defence is an admirable one, and must carry weight with it.

W. Tanner, Esq., Merchant, Patna.

March 4th, 1858.

According to my idea, every Christian in these districts—indeed, I may take a wider range, and say the country—owes you a debt of gratitude *for the judgment and the resolution with which you grasped the difficulties and dangers that at one time beset us*, and that but for being met, as they were met by you, might have ended in a serious calamity to the State and in the destruction of many a poor Christian.

Louis Jackson, Esq., Judge of Rajshahee (now Sir Louis Jackson, Judge of the High Court).

I don't know anyone in the service whom I would have chosen rather than yourself for this union of the *suaviter* and the *fortiter*; and, having more than one native correspondent on the spot, I have always been assured, that your administration in matters of police had been marked by caution in receiving intelligence, as well as decision in acting upon it when worthy of confidence.

I shall not, I imagine, be considered unreasonable if I venture to hope that the above evidence (though only

a portion of what I hold) expressed and placed on record at the time by all classes of the community, by men directly interested in the safety of the district, and more or less intimately acquainted with the circumstances, is a little more valuable and conclusive than the opinions formed by a single individual, however great his ability, or exalted his position, and this more especially when such individual was himself at a distance from the scene of action.

With regard to the long catalogue of sins and misdemeanors, as summarised above, all I need say is, and I say it without fear of contradiction, that every single charge, grave or trivial, from my reckless bloodthirstiness to my writing notes to the judge, have, on impartial investigation, been unanswerably disproved; the only unintelligible part still remaining without elucidation is, how Mr. Halliday could have been induced to put them on record.

For this there is but one explanation, which it is but fair to him to suggest, viz. that his mind and judgment were altogether misled by the malicious information privately conveyed to him, and the unfounded reports circulated in one of the daily journals through the same instrumentality; precisely as Mr. Samuells' head was turned and his feelings perverted by the indignation and ridicule which the appointment of his Mahomedan assistant had produced.

The two cases appear to me in a great measure analogous, and to be intelligible in no other way.

"*Ira furor brevis est,*" is an over-true saying, frequently exemplified, and more frequently overlooked.

The sudden transition in Mr. Halliday's mind from

high and flattering admiration to unsparing and unmitigated censure of all my doings, and the abrupt change in Mr. Samuells from warm and sympathising friendship to deadly enmity, are both of them phenomena of the same character, sufficient to form subjects of investigation by the students of "occult science."

And here I am tempted to say a few more words regarding Mr. Samuells.

I am anxious, for many reasons, to make as much allowance as possible for the strange and unexpected course he pursued.

Mr. Samuells was not only a public officer of repute, possessed of considerable ability and bearing a high character, but he was also a personal friend of mine; and though he had for many years past been a special *protégé* of the Lieutenant-Governor, he had not scrupled, as I have shown in Chapter XII., to express in strong terms his disapproval of Mr. Halliday's proceedings and his unfair treatment of myself in the matter of the "Industrial Institution."

When he first reached Patna as my successor, his conduct was friendly, and I have a note now in my possession, in which he endeavours to persuade me not to resign, and expressed his belief that, after a short time, I should probably obtain a seat in the High Court.

Our intercourse, moreover, for some time during his incumbency at Patna, was pleasant and cordial, and we frequently held consultations on different subjects. His appointment I attributed entirely to the belief that he was the most able civilian available for the post, and had no idea of any personal antagonism arising from the arrangement.

What it was that suddenly converted him into a deadly and infuriated enemy, I could not at the time imagine, and it was only after the publication of the letter, which caused astonishment even to his friends, and indignation to all others save Mr. Halliday, that I found some clue to his exasperation.

The secret some time afterwards was disclosed. The fact is, that my sudden removal at such a crisis from an appointment in which I had, as has been clearly shown, secured the confidence and approval of the entire province, and the appointment of another officer who knew little or nothing of it, was in itself viewed with general disapproval, a disapproval immeasurably intensified by the addition of a Mahomedan law officer as an assistant to the new Commissioner.

This general feeling of disapprobation rapidly increased, and in a short time the papers teemed with articles and letters, some in grave terms of indignation, others in the shape of ridicule and satire.

These attacks evidently acted on Mr. Samuells' feelings, and latterly I was aware that his medical attendants had forbidden him to read the daily papers.

This state of things went on from bad to worse, till at length he, unhappily, worked himself up to such a state of irritation and wrath, that all his former feelings of friendship and good-will evaporated, and his passion at last found vent in his extraordinary letter.

Unfortunately for me, for Mr. Samuells, and Mr. Halliday, the latter, blinded, I fear, by his desire to accumulate charges against me, instead of at once warning Mr. Samuells against the publication of so indecent a letter, accepted it eagerly, pronounced it a "successful

performance," sent it to the public papers, and circulated it throughout the country, forwarding it officially to all the commissioners' offices, for the information and guidance of his subordinates, while, at the same time, he refused to give any publication to my reply!

It was some satisfaction to me to find that this insulting epistle, thus circulated by Mr. Halliday throughout Bengal, was strongly condemned by members of the Supreme Council; though I may, perhaps, with some reason, express my disappointment that no communication was at the time made to me on the subject, and that no steps whatever were taken to prevent the further circulation of the disgraceful document, which is still on record in all the commissioners' offices throughout Bengal.

The following are extracts from the notes of the Supreme Council, with reference to the letter and its publication.

EXTRACTS from the Minute by the Honourable B. PEACOCK, dated the 21st June 1858.

There is nothing in Mr. Tayler's *Narrative of Events* which can, in my opinion, either justify or excuse the general tone of the letter, or the language which has been made use of by Mr. Samuells.

Mr. Samuells (paragraph 81) admits *that he has not measured his blows, and that he has not treated Mr. Tayler with a courtesy which he did not deserve.*

But he should have recollected that even though courtesy was not, in his opinion, due to Mr. Tayler, respect to the Government which he was officially addressing ought to have induced him to moderate his language.

In my opinion the letter ought not to have been admitted on the records of Government, and, at least, I should imagine that the inexpediency of publishing it under any circumstances would have

been apparent. But the letter from the Government of Bengal, in which the Secretary informed Mr. Samuells that the Lieutenant-Governor considered that *he had ably and successfully exposed the fallacies which pervaded Mr. Tayler's pamphlet*, was dated the 15th of February 1858; on the very next day Mr. Tayler was appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor to officiate as Civil and Sessions Judge of Mymensing; and on the 20th, the Blue Book containing Mr. Samuell's letter was forwarded to the Government of India for information and record.

If the Lieutenant-Governor believed the charges brought against Mr. Tayler in that letter, he ought not to have appointed him to officiate as Civil and Sessions Judge, without at least further inquiry if he disbelieved them; the mere fact of his having appointed Mr. Tayler to one of the highest judicial offices in the Mofussil, independently of any consideration of justice to Mr. Tayler, ought, in my opinion, to have induced him to abstain from publishing them.

I would also inform the Lieutenant-Governor that the President in Council wholly disapproves of his having published Mr. Samuells' letter, and of his having sent it to the editors of the newspapers.

I would request him to stop any further publication of the letter, and to be more cautious in future as to the papers which he lays on the editor's table, or sends to the editors of the newspapers; and I would tell him that, in the opinion of the President in Council, correspondence or papers which expose dissensions between officers of Government, and especially when offensive and unbecoming language is used therein, or which tend to bring the administration of justice into discredit, ought not to be laid on the editor's table, or circulated for the information of the public.

21st June 1858. (Signed) B. Peacock.

Extracts from the Minute by the Honourable H. Ricketts, dated the 5th July 1858.

I agree with the Honourable the President, that before expressing any opinion as to the publication of Mr. Samuells' letter, we should invite the Lieutenant-Governor to explain his reasons for adopting so unusual a step.

I would not at present express any opinion of the language made use of by Mr. Samuells, but I would point out to the Lieutenant-Governor that it is expected that, in finally disposing of the case, whether the decision be favourable or unfavourable to Mr. Tayler; he will not overlook the necessity of confining official correspondence within the limits of decent courtesy.

7th July 1858. (Signed) H. RICKETTS.

EXTRACT.—From C. BEADON, Esq., Secretary to the Government of India, to A. R. YOUNG, Esq., Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

With reference, however, to Mr. Tayler's assertion that the Lieutenant-Governor has published Mr. Samuells' letter to the world, and sent the book, or collection of papers with which it is printed, to the editors of the public newspapers, I am directed to inquire whether this is the case or not, and, if it be the case, why the Lieutenant-Governor adopted so unusual a course with a document in which very serious charges are made against a public officer, who had had no opportunity of defending himself against them.

What was the light in which it was regarded by the celebrated Alexander Duff, a personal stranger to me at the time, will be seen by the subjoined extract from an article written by him, and published in the *Phœnix* newspaper :—

Now, may we not calmly appeal to our readers and ask whether if a tithe of these vituperative expressions and epithets had been applied by us, or any other portion of the Indian press, to a member high in civil service, whether we would not be chargeable with violating the Gagging Act and the law of libel both? And whether we would not be justly exposing ourselves to the derisive scorn of those who are ever ready to raise the shout against the "vile, abusive, rascally press" of India? And yet, it is no public journalist who, in a fit of irritation, has employed all this intemperate and unseemly language. No. It is an aged man, recently one of the judges in our Supreme Court of Native Appeal, and now

Commissioner of the great Central Division of Behar! But surely such an extraordinarily indecorous effusion cannot have passed without well-merited censure and rebuke? So one would have anticipated.

But what is the fact? In acknowledging the receipt of it, the Secretary of the Bengal Government is directed to assure Mr. Samuells that, as regards the substance of his letter, the Lieutenant-Governor considers it able and successful, "although it is not to be denied that the language in which his remarks are conveyed is in some places less measured than is customary in official correspondence."

And with this very mild and softly silken remark, the whole is accepted and approved of. After this, what are we to say? If men of the age and high standing of Mr. Samuells are to be thus allowed, with the most absolute impunity, to break through all the bounds and restraints of ordinary decorum and propriety, how can he, or any other heads of departments, ever after consistently find fault with any language, however offensive, which their subordinates may employ?

If the grave and sober judge is to be allowed, with absolute impunity, to revel in the filth and mire of Billingsgate, how are we to check the young, the inexperienced, the hot-blooded? Why, if all were to imitate the style of which Mr. Samuells has set so melancholy an example, men's hearts would be filled with all uncharitableness, and their lips with the most rancorous utterance; their pens would be dipped in gall and wormwood, and their lives would be a continued Iliad of savage and unrelenting warfare.

We need scarcely add that, in writing as we have done, we have no personal interests to serve—no interests whatever save those of truth and righteousness. Of Mr. Samuells personally, we know nothing. We never had any dealings with him. Indeed, we are not aware of having ever so much as seen him with the outward eye. From all that we have heard of his antecedents previous to the Patna appointment, our prepossessions were decidedly in his favour. That appointment, however, from the circumstances in which it was made, and the purposes it was designed to subserve, was notoriously an unpopular one; his untoward alliance with the Mahommedan advocate, Ameer Ali, more unpopular still; and his

quasi chivalrous vindication of that alliance, with its transparent fallacies, the most unpopular of all. And as men strongly felt and thought on the subject, so did they strongly speak and write. Accustomed to hear himself referred to, in the style of courteousness and respect, as a sort of model, *par excellence*, of the calm sedate, sound-headed civilian, such free speakings and writings on the part of an independent community, which had nothing to fear from the frown of official displeasure, and nothing to expect from the smile of official favour, seemed to be too much for Mr. Samuells.

His sensitive nature was sorely galled and fretted, and the wonted equanimity of his mind rudely disturbed. Had it been otherwise, he might have ultimately risen in public estimation. Had he written under an intense consciousness of the rectitude of his own motives and cause, he would have proved himself to be at least a man of robust mental and moral frame-work—a man, not of affected, but of real dignity and strength of character.

But, alas! the strain was too much for him; the provocation was beyond the powers of his endurance; the placidity of his temper became strangely ruffled, assumed loftiness of mien and demeanour soon shrivelled into essential littleness; the forbearance which true magnanimity inspires, gave way to the touchiness of the nettle, the stateliness of the courtier civilian shrunk into the perturbation and disorderliness of the burly demagogue, the calmness of the sober judge evaporated in the effervescence of the irate partisan, and in the effusion of unprecedented bitterness, worthy of O'Connel in his palmiest days, Mr. Samuells has done what he could to blast the well-earned reputation of a whole life spent in honourable service.—*Phœnix*, 6th April 1858.

I have thought it necessary for obvious reasons to set forth the above correspondence at some little length, as without it my readers could scarcely comprehend or realise the character of the struggle with which I had to contend. Many more strange details I could adduce, but the subject is a painful one, and I gladly refrain from further comment.

I will only add that if any of my readers think that the evidence I have here produced is not in itself sufficient to override the dishonouring statements recorded against me, I would refer them with some confidence to the Appendix placed at the close of this volume, where they will find it confirmed on my return from India by an overwhelming mass of testimony of every conceivable kind, comprising, in addition to the warm and hearty sentiments of the most distinguished Indian statesmen, the deliberate verdict of the two able historians of the Indian Mutiny, the universal consensus of the press, and, finally, by the petitions presented to the Prime Minister, first by fifty-eight eminent members of the House of Commons, and, finally, by the memorial signed by one hundred and seventy noblemen and gentlemen connected with or interested in India, praying that "the gratitude of the nation for services nobly rendered may be shown" to me.

Copies of these petitions, with the signatures attached, will be found in the Appendix.

And now that I have presented to my readers this rather unintelligible narrative, I would wish—for the double purpose of throwing, if possible, some further light upon the subject, as well as of offering some reasonable explanation of the extreme antagonism which suddenly affected Mr. Halliday—to relate some peculiar incidents which I would, under other circumstances, have gladly passed over, but which I now feel it to be my duty to narrate.

At the time the Mutiny first broke out, there was living at Patna an aged gentleman, formerly in the Bengal Civil Service, who had amassed a large fortune,

and on retiring from office had purchased a house at Patna, and taken up his permanent residence at the station.

Unhappily, however, instead of utilising the position which his long official services and acknowledged ability would have made important and influential, he adopted a system of life which created universal regret among his friends and acquaintance, and caused petty scandal throughout the district.

Himself an avowed and ostentatious atheist, he made no secret of his opinions, and, as if to leave no room for doubt, he surrounded himself with a seraglio of native women, whom he established in cottages within the precincts of his garden, surrounded with a high wall, and assumed the life and habits of an Oriental, while at the same time he kept up, as far as possible, the acquaintance and society of his English neighbours.

When I first came to Patna as Acting Commissioner—my wife being in England, I was *en garçon*—so I called upon this gentleman, and held ordinary and courteous communication with him.

When, however, my wife and daughters returned from England, I could not consent to their entering his garden, as some of the other ladies did, not considering it, under the circumstances described, as a fit place for them to be seen in.

This resolution, after some little time, became known to him, and there were not wanting one or two who took a pleasure in giving prominence to the incident.

Unfortunately, the old gentleman himself regarded my scruples as a dire and unpardonable insult, and I

was some time afterwards informed by one of the residents that he had been heard to say he would "leave no stone unturned until he could obtain my removal from Patna."

The above facts I have given as simply as possible, omitting many subsidiary details which, though calculated to excite indignation, are not absolutely necessary.

One circumstance, however, which came to my notice during the crisis of the Mutiny, I considered it right to report officially to the Government, as being of special significance, namely, that the principal lady of this gentleman's harem was a pupil of the notorious Wahabee traitor Molvee Ahmed Oolla!

And I must now explain that the object which has actuated me in making this unpleasant exposure, is simply to show that, for the reasons above stated, the individual referred to was my unscrupulous and bitter enemy, whose aim and object for many months was to misrepresent and distort my purposes and actions to Government, and thereby obtain the great object of his ambition—viz. my removal.

And here, I think, it is desirable to give the proof of the above statements, that there may be no doubt as to the facts. My witness, then, is Mr. Samuells himself.

In one paragraph of his celebrated philippic, Mr. Samuells thus wrote :—

> While the latter (*i.e.* all the residents of the Province) were applauding Mr. Tayler to the echo, a retired civilian, who had known Patna for some forty years, and had property in the station, as he stated, of the value of two lacs of rupees at stake, laid before the Government of India a memorandum of the causes of the dangers which, at the time, menaced this city, in which he traced these dangers principally to Mr. Tayler's ill-judged measures.

It is not difficult to understand the effect which such a communication may have had on Mr. Halliday, who, at the time, was displeased with me for protesting to the Supreme Government against the proclamation which he had issued, and by which he had unfortunately stultified both himself and me, and cast reproach upon all the efforts which had heretofore been made to obtain the assistance of the wealthy natives in works of utility and benevolence.

But that letter I was never allowed to see, though evidently, according to Mr. Samuells' statement, it was accepted by the Lieutenant-Governor and acted upon without my knowledge; thus an irresponsible individual, notorious for his degraded character and disreputable connection with the natives, as well as for his personal hatred of myself, was at such a crisis constituted an accuser of the head officer responsible for the safety of the entire district, and the interested statements of such a man, accepted behind his back, were made the ground of that officer's degradation.

I will only add, that up to the present day I have never seen this letter, and on application to the India Office find that, like many other important papers, it is not to be found!

And now, to place the whole question of my character and proceedings in an intelligible form, so as to enable the most careless or indifferent reader to form a judgment upon them without difficulty or doubt, I put the following questions:—

1st. Was it true that there was in 1857 "no danger in Patna"? or, Has it not been unanswerably proved that Patna was the centre and focus of danger?

2nd. Was my position one of security and ease ? or, Was it not—as officially declared by the Court of Directors—"the most difficult of all the local civil officers" ?

3rd. Was the mutiny of the Dinapore sepoys "inconceivable" in the month of June 1857, when mutiny was raging throughout India ? or, Was it not to be expected ?

4th. Was Ahmed Oolla the leading Wahabee Molvee (as declared by Mr. Samuells, with the approval of Mr. Halliday), "an innocent and inoffensive gentleman" ? or, Was he not afterwards convicted on judicial evidence of being a deadly traitor, and sentenced to be hanged ?

5th. Was it true that there was no cause of suspicion against the Wahabees generally ? or, Has it not been proved that they are the most dangerous, and deadly conspirators ?

6th. Were Dewan Mowla Buksh, and Syud Wilayut Ali Khan deceitful traitors, who made me their tool for treasonous purposes ? or, Were they not loyal and honourable men, aiding me at the risk of their lives, and have not both been decorated by Her Majesty, one with the Star of India, the other with the Order of the Indian Empire ?

7th. Did I "interfere with the military authorities" ? or, Is it not proved that I scrupulously avoided all such interference ?

8th. Did I show a "great want of calmness and firmness" ? or, Is it not testified by all present that my calmness and decision kept all in heart ?

9th. Did I write frequent and urgent orders to

Major Eyre? or, Was not the only letter I did write addressed to a civilian, who asked my advice?

10th. Did I ever advise Major Eyre not to advance to the relief of Arrah? or, Was not my advice to advance by another and more secure route, and was not even that advice sent to the General for his orders?

11th. Was I guilty of a "quibble," as declared by Mr. Halliday? or, Did not the Court of Directors rebuke him for making the allegation?

12th. Did I assail the Judge with notes on the trial of Lootf Ali Khan, contrary to humanity? or, Were not all my notes written in answer to those of the Judge at a time when I was prosecutor, and bound to give all obtainable information?

13th. Was I under the influence of "panic" when I directed the abandonment of the civil station? or, Was not the order given on a cool, careful, and deliberate contemplation of the state of affairs, as shown by both histories of the Mutiny, and the universal testimony recorded?

Lastly. Did my "whole proceedings cause public scandal and discontent"? or, Did they not receive general, cordial and enthusiastic approval from the entire Province (with the exception of three personal enemies); an approval subsequently ratified by a large body of most distinguished statesmen, by the entire press, and both the able historians of the Indian Mutiny?

And now—after having, I fear, been betrayed into unreasonable length in the narrative of my struggle, which is excusable only in consideration of the extreme importance to my dearest interests—I wish to quote a few

words from my memorial to the Court of Directors, in 1857; and my object in doing this is to state—a fact in which I confess I feel some satisfaction—that in all I have written from 1857 down to the present day, I would not alter, modify, or withdraw one single word or sentence.

EXTRACT from MEMORIAL to the COURT OF DIRECTORS.

51.—If, as cannot now be questioned, because it is proved by the voluntary and unanimous testimony of all classes living in the district, who must be the most competent judges; if it be an established and unquestionable fact that your Memorialist, by firm, wise, and vigorous measures, preserved Patna—and with Patna the entire province of Behar—through all the perils and disasters of that critical period: if, as is established by the same evidence, your Memorialist displayed "calmness, forethought, and judgment; "inspired confidence in all around him"; exhibited, as far as his *own* life went, a "recklessness of danger," and appeared to "court assassination": if, though stern and unflinching in his severity towards evil-doers, he obtained valuable and effective co-operation from the loyal among the natives, as is shown by their address after his removal (printed among the correspondence), and the conduct of many of them at the time: if he foresaw, and provided for the danger, when the Lieutenant-Governor blindly ignored it, baffled the plans and checkmated the schemes of the conspirators and the mutinous regiments, and thus kept the great Mahomedan city in peace, safety, and tranquillity, during all the convulsions around (though it is *proved* that conspiracies and plans for the destruction of the Christians were rife in the city and district): if your Memorialist devoted himself, as all have testified, heart and soul, with all his energies and with entire self-abandonment, for the good of the State and the well-being of all those whose lives and honour were committed to his keeping: if your Memorialist has done this, may he not humbly hope, that even if the Honourable Court of Directors should concur in disapproving the single act (though this he trusts will not be the case), they will yet think that he has not deserved, after the services he has rendered, to be singled out for degradation, insult, and penalty; and will, in

their justice, restore him with full compensation to the appointment for which he was, on public grounds, specially selected, for the sake of which he voluntarily gave up his claim to a higher post, in which he has ardently exerted himself for great and good objects, and his final removal from which, he respectfully submits, would be an undeserved and indelible disgrace.

Here, then, I pause, and here I ask my readers, my fellow-countrymen generally, Members of Parliament, and officers in authority—nay, I venture to appeal even to our gracious Queen herself—to say whether, in the light of the unprecedented mass of evidence which I have produced—evidence voluntarily recorded by noble, illustrious, and competent witnesses, corroborated by the national press, and confirmed by history—I am still to remain under the ban of dishonour, with the record of my disgrace still unreversed, my name disgraced, my services unrecognised, officially stigmatised as a man given to "a reckless thirst of blood," the murderer of innocent men, and the sole cause of all the danger in the great province of Patna; and all this on the unsupported statement of a single individual!

I make this appeal with confidence in the majesty of truth, and under the solemn conviction that it is the right of every individual in a Christian country not only to demand but to receive justice.

Deeply impressed with this conviction, and in humble remembrance of the unanswerable appeal once made by Him, who, though God, was also Man, sensible of man's feelings, and full of sympathy for the oppressed—I presume to say: "If I have done evil, bear witness of the evil; if good, why smitest thou me?"

CHAPTER XV.

NATIVE CHARACTER.

Character for Good and Evil of the Principal Natives.—Importance of the Subject.—Dewan Mowla Buksh.—Syud Wilayut Ali Khan.—Nujeem-ood-Deen.—Their Characters.—Their Loyal Conduct during the Crisis.—The Opinions recorded by Mr. Samuells.—The subsequent decoration of Mowla Buksh.—Wilayut Ali Khan.—Case of Syud Nujeem-ood-Deen.—His Valuable Services as Manager of the Bettiah Maharajah.—Delusion of Government regarding the Character of the Wahabees.—Final Remarks.

INDEPENDENT of the general question as to the condition of Patna, and the character of the masses, which I have discussed in the foregoing chapter, there is a special and most important subject well worthy of careful consideration, and requiring, from its importance, a separate chapter. I refer to the character of the leading natives, residents of Patna.

I need hardly observe that this is a matter which, above all things, directly affected the safety of the city, and one which, unlike the general question concerning

the great body of the inhabitants, was, by careful inquiry and observation, susceptible of ascertainment.

Now, there were at Patna, in immediate communication with the authorities, several individuals possessing more or less influence, and whose character, whether good or evil, it was of the utmost consequence to ascertain.

Selecting, for brevity's sake, the most influential of these, though, at the same time, gratefully remembering the loyalty and good feeling of many others, I will give a short description of them.

Firtly, then, there was Dewan Mowla Buksh, the deputy magistrate, an old man, who for many years had been in the service of Government, and who possessed great influence in the city and district.

Secondly, Syud Wilayut Ali Khan and his relative, Lootf Ali Khan, two wealthy bankers, living in the city.

Thirdly, Molvee Ahmed Oolla, the head of the sect of the Wahabees, with several other leading men of the same fraternity.

Now it will, I imagine, be admitted by all that it was of the greatest consequence that the true character of men who, in their respective spheres, exercised immense influence, should be known and appreciated by me as Commissioner; it is difficult, indeed, to measure the consequences of forming an erroneous opinion of their characters, of trusting the disloyal or discouraging the loyal.

It will be my painful task, however, to show that the Lieutenant-Governor, acting, I doubt not, on the misrepresentations secretly made by my personal

antagonists, was betrayed into an utterly false estimation of the characters of all these individuals whom I have mentioned—a misapprehension which, if it had not been counteracted by me, would have been fatal.

With regard to Dewan Mowla Buksh and Wilayut Ali Khan, the following extracts from one of my official reports will show the opinions I held regarding their loyalty and the valuable assistance I had received from them during the most critical period of danger.

23. It is also gratifying to me to be able at this time to record the assistance I have received from several of the respectable native residents of Patna, more especially from the following—Maha Rajah Bhoop Sing, Wilayut Ali Khan, Sheikh Ruza Hossein, Altoof Hossein, Roy Hurreekishen, Baboo Chooneeloll; and several others who have tendered their services and expressed their willingness to be of use.

24. Wilayut Ali Khan has been conspicuous from the very commencement of the disturbance; and the bravery and frankness with which he has, at very great risk to himself, cast his lot on the side of the authorities, is deserving of special recognition at the present time, and has been in itself of *great use*.

25. A few days after the news of the mutiny reached us, he presented to me a petition, stating that he was ready to devote life and property in the service of the State, and from that day he has incessantly exerted himself in the cause of Government, seeking for information, ferreting out bad characters, watching the city, and obtaining good information through emissaries employed at his expense from the neighbouring villages.

26. It is well known that both he and Dewan Mowla Buksh have incurred the deadly hatred of many in the city for the services they have performed, and that their lives are in danger.

27. Wilayut Ali has accordingly taken possession of an English house at the west end of the city, and I have directed Mowla Buksh to hold his office for the present at Bankipore.

28. Of Dewan Mowla Buksh it is difficult to speak too highly.

Though now old and in bad health, he has exerted himself unsparingly night and day in the service of Government.

29. The entire conduct of the preliminary proceedings in the late outbreak had been committed to him by the magistrate, and he has displayed firmness, zeal, and tact, and an unswerving impartiality in the performance of his duties.

30. He has lately held his office within my compound, as I have had constant occasion for confidential consultation with him on matters connected with the plot discovered, and the interesting disclosures already made.

31. I have, therefore, had the best opportunity of judging, by direct contact and observation, of his high qualifications.

32. I have to recommend that some special token of the Lieutenant-Governor's approbation be bestowed on these two persons Wilayut Ali Khan and Dewan Mowla Buksh.

33. The former, being a rich and independent gentleman, the only suitable mode of acknowledging his disinterested services and conspicuous loyalty will be by bestowing upon him some social distinction. I would, therefore, beg to recommend that a dress of honour and the title of Bahadoor be conferred upon him.

34. That Dewan Mowla Buksh's salary be raised to such an extent as the Lieutenant-Governor may think fit, and a handsome sword presented to him on the part of Government; and that a letter of acknowledgment be sent to Altoof Hossein and Ruza Hossein, who have both shown an excellent spirit throughout.

35. It is the obvious policy of the State to reward such services at such a juncture *promptly* and liberally.

And what was the character eventually established in regard to both these individuals?

Some years after the events related, I was present at a durbar held by Sir John Lawrence in the upper provinces, when Dewan Mowla Buksh, then more than eighty years old, was publicly decorated with the Star of India, to my intense satisfaction—a satisfaction not a little increased when, before several officials and others

standing by, he looked up solemnly to Heaven, and said with expressive emphasis, "Bilkool Tayler sahib, bilkool Tayler sahib," "It is all Mr. Tayler, it is all Mr. Tayler."

The loyalty and high character of Wilayut Ali Khan have, in later years, been specially and most honourably mentioned. In 1876, he was introduced to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, during the durbar held at Patna; warmly commended by His Royal Highness for his services in 1857, and has since been decorated with the Order of the Indian Empire.

But there is one other individual whom I must in justice mention; whose eminent services were of the utmost importance, although not exercised at Patna itself; I refer to Nujeem-ood-Deen.

This man was, at my suggestion, appointed by the Maharajah of Bettiah as his dewan, and it was entirely owing to his influence that the powerful landowner was induced to exercise his authority throughout a large portion of the province in the interests of Government!

These three men were my respected and confidential friends, and the two who have survived retain their attachment to the present day.

Yet two of them were officially pronounced by my successor as disloyal and hypocritical traitors, who had deluded me for their own evil purposes. Dewan Mowla Buksh was removed from Patna, and Wilayut Ali Khan was subjected to suspicion and treated with contempt.

The services of Syud Nujeem-ood-Deen were, however, recognised—though not to the extent of his deserts—

and the thanks of Government were officially communicated. He has to this day, however, received no tangible reward for his valuable assistance, the importance of which, at that particular crisis, it is difficult to exaggerate.

Those who have any just idea of the difficulties to be encountered by an individual native when surrounded with influential and disloyal colleagues, will appreciate the importance of Nujeem-ood-Deen's unshaken loyalty.

It will, I imagine, be unnecessary to add anything on this point, and I will, therefore, proceed to the other side of the picture.

The instances given show how the good and loyal who had faithfully assisted me throughout, at the peril of their lives, were condemned by Mr. Samuells—with the concurrence of Mr. Halliday—as traitors and hypocrites. I will now show, as briefly as possible, how the most dangerous and deadly conspirators were—in spite of information on the records of Government—declared to be "inoffensive and innocent gentlemen."

The following quotations are from the interesting and able judgment of Sir Herbert Edwardes, before whom the great trial of the Wahabees was held in 1864 at Umballa.

Para. 272.—The *Gazette of India* of January 30, 1864, which has been filed by the prosecution, narrates the arduous and prolonged military operations which H.M.'s Indian Government was compelled by this state of things to undertake, for the sole purpose of breaking up the hostile colony of Hindustanees at Mulka and Sitana. Those operations are so recent, that it is unnecessary for the Court to recall them; it is sufficient to take judicial notice of the fact recorded in the *Gazette*, that the losses therein sustained by H.M.'s troops, were as follows:—

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total Killed and Wounded.
European officers	15	21	31
,, men	84	118	152
Native officers	4	21	25
,, men	174	460	634
Grand total	227	620	847

At page 273 (printed edition), Sir Herbert then proceeds to describe the machinery by which these fanatics worked their treasonous purpose. He says:—

A central office of treason and sedition, called by the *initiated* the "Little Godown," is stated to exist at Patna in the shape of a family of Molvees, disciples and successors of the late Wahabee leader Syud Ahmed, whose history has been traced; from whom they hold letters patent to spread his tenets, enlist followers, and promote, after the strictest code of the Corân, the revival of Mahomedan ascendancy.

These Molvees are men of distinction, learning, and importance in their native city. They are described as having extensive premises in the Sadikpore Street of Patna, consisting of the private houses of the different members and their families, the tombs of their sainted dead, a musjid for public prayer, and a "kafila" or hospice for disciples and students of theology and similar studies.

In this "Little Godown" resided as proprietors, prisoners seven and eight, with their relative and co-proprietor, Molvee Ahmed Oolla,* who is, or was, associated with the British officials as a member of the local committee and income-tax assessor.

At page 310, he writes:—

There is an incident worth noticing in the deposition of this witness. He says—"Four or five marches after leaving Patna, we fell in with a Molvee named Nuseer-ood-Deen, who also preached to us that an Imam was to appear. He was also on his way to the west. He was preaching in the villages."

* The man whom I arrested, and who was afterwards released and specially petted by the Bengal Government.—W.T.

Here we have an emissary of treason working his way up through India and spreading disaffection in the villages along his route; no one informing the police, and the police not seeming to know of it. One of the most remarkable features in the mass of correspondence which the magistrate has laid before the Court in his trial, is the *widespread diffusion through the Mahomedan* villages of Bengal of the knowledge of this treason, *of the machinery at Patna* by which it was carried on, and of the religious duty of aiding it, either with men or money, &c.

Such are a *few* of the facts connected with the pleasant little family party at Patna, which have been judicially established; those men whom Mr. Halliday designated as the "Wahabee gentlemen," whom he concurred with my successor in describing as "innocent and inoffensive, against whom there was no cause of suspicion," and whose precautionary arrest was imputed to me as a crime!

To this conclusive picture, I will only add that our present rulers will do well to see that such dangerous neglect of fanaticism is not again suffered to deceive the authorities, and paralyse all measures for the protection of the country.

The letter written by Mr. Samuells is still on record in all the commissioners' offices in Bengal, and the dangerous misdescription of the Wahabee fanatics, strengthened by the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor, may again be quoted to deceive a succession of ignorant officers, and thus shield, as before, the deadly designs of fanatical fury.

Some may imagine that fanaticism has been extinguished because its flames are not perceived. There cannot be a more dangerous or more fatal delusion. In the late census, as I have learned from good

authority, the Wahabees devised a scheme for concealing their religious position, and altogether merged the name by which they have for years been distinguished, and thus misled the authorities.

They have, doubtless, fresh in their recollection the unparalleled blindness of the Patna authorities in 1857; still, perhaps, point with deep though disguised satisfaction to the illusion of the Lieutenant-Governor and Acting Commissioner; recall the murder of Justice Norman; and last, though not least, the assassination of Lord Mayo.

I should hope that when the whole subject is deliberately and impartially reconsidered, that mischievous document, which officially declared the special innocence of these most dangerous traitors, and was publicly circulated "for the information and guidance" of all the commissioners in Bengal, will as soon as possible be cancelled or withdrawn from all the public offices.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CRISIS AT ARRAH.

Awful Effects of the Defeat and Slaughter of the Force sent for the Relief of the Garrison.—Critical Position of the Province. — Concentration the only Chance of Safety. — I issue Orders withdrawing the Christian Officers from Tirhoot and Gya.—Copy of Letter and Minute recorded at the time.—Unexpected but Brilliant Victory of Eyre.—Mr. Halliday accuses me of Panic, and removes me summarily from the Commissionership. — Correspondence.—Extract from my Memorial.—Letters from Lord Ellenborough and Vincent Eyre.—Remarks on the Release of the Garrison. —Wonderful Foresight of Vicars Boyle.

THOSE who have given attention to the foregoing narrative, which is given at much greater length in the *Patna Crisis*, will be able to realise, though not, perhaps, fully appreciate, our painful situation on ascertaining the defeat of the gallant force despatched for the relief of the Arrah garrison. What our feelings were when we witnessed the disembarkation of the survivors at

Dinapore, saw with our own eyes the agonies of the wounded men, and the greater agonies of the wives and parents who met them, I have before described. The whole scene passed before us like a horrible dream.

But beyond and above these horror-stricken feelings, caused by the awful sight which we had witnessed, was the appalling prospect before us.

The fatal consequences of the unexpected defeat at once presented themselves to my mind in all their dread reality. What would be the effect, what the inevitable consequences of the destruction of our only defenders?

Such an unprecedented disaster would doubtless cause unusual exultation among the rebels. Kooer Singh would receive an accession of strength; the neighbouring regiments, then hesitating between rebellion and loyalty, would join the victorious army at Arrah; the Seikhs, already annoyed at being sent in separate detachments to the surrounding districts, would be disheartened by the slaughter of the fifty men who were in the Arrah garrison, and the entire province would be left without protection.

Such were the unavoidable prospects which presented themselves to my mind. I was responsible not only for the lives of my wife and children, but of every Christian in the district. My counsellors were but few. I was conscious of the increasing malignity of the small clique who had schemed for my overthrow, and of the unfriendly feeling which their petty misrepresentations had excited in the Lieutenant-Governor; but I was upheld by God's goodness. I recognised my position, and at

once resolved on the only course which appeared possible.

There was no time for deliberation, no possibility of consulting or seeking advice from the Government. The telegraph wire between Patna and Gya was broken. Kooer Singh might send down thousands of his men to Gya in a few hours, and to the other stations almost as speedily. The police were not to be trusted. Small parties of Englishmen would fall an easy prey to traitors or rebels.

The only hope, the only possibility of safety, was in concentration, and that, if to be effective, as speedy as possible—not a moment was to be lost. Fully convinced of this fact, I did not hesitate, but resolved at once, on my return to Patna, to issue an order to the officials at the two stations where retreat was possible, to come into Patna.

The minute which I drew out on the occasion is here given, with a copy of the letter with which it was forwarded to the Lieutenant-Governor; whether its tone or substance affords any indication of the term "panic," which was applied to it by Mr. Halliday, or merits the epithet "disgraceful," I leave to my readers to decide.

From the COMMISSIONER OF THE PATNA DIVISION to the SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL.

SIR, Patna, July 31st, 1857.

In continuation of my demi-official letter of yesterday's date, I have the honour to forward herewith copy of a Minute drawn up this day, exhibiting my idea of the course to be pursued at this critical moment.

2. Separated as Englishmen are, and scattered in small num-

bers over several districts, with no sufficient *protection whatever*, we can now expect nothing but murder and disaster.

3. *Concentration* for a time, therefore, appears an imperative necessity, and is the only means of recovering our position.

4. I have, therefore, authorised all the officials of the districts to come into Patna. Those of Chuprah have been in for some days. They made an attempt to return to Dooriagunge yesterday, but returned when they heard of the defeat of our force.

5. I trust the Government will approve of the measures taken. Whatever be the temporary confusion caused by this measure, the object appears to me to justify it.

6. I have hitherto endeavoured to encourage all public officers to stand fast, but I now consider that their so doing only *increases* the danger to all, &c.

W. TAYLER,
Commissioner of Revenue.

MINUTE.

The district of Shahabad is in open revolt.

It is feared the authorities are murdered.

The city has been plundered, the prisoners released; a relieving party of Europeans and Seikhs, despatched to rescue the local authorities, who are besieged by the rebels, has been driven back with serious loss in officers and men.

The English reliable military force in this division consists of about 700 Europeans, 500 Seikhs, and 6 guns; at the several outstations, beyond the regular police and a few nujeebs, there is no protection whatever for the English residents.

The rebels are now in force; their escape from Dinapore *without injury*, in the face of our guns and soldiery, the late success against the relieving force, the countenance and support of Kooer Singh, will give them such confidence and strength, that I consider it no longer justifiable to expose the lives of the residents to a danger which may arise at any moment, and against which there is *no* efficient protection whatever.

Every fresh murder of Englishmen and Englishwomen, besides the horror of the catastrophe itself, is a shock to our power and

prestige. It is no *disgrace* to a few Englishmen to retire prudently for a time from a situation of peril, especially when this temporary retirement is with the object of more speedily and effectually recovering our position.

Matters have now arrived at a crisis at which, in my opinion, all considerations must yield to the one great object, viz. the prompt re-occupation of Shahabad, the arrest and execution of Kooer Singh, and the infliction of terrible vengeance on the rebellious villagers of that district who have joined in the revolt.

But before this blow is struck, it *is essential that* a strong military position be taken up.

I believe the General agrees with me in this, and I conclude that Dinapore will be the place.

I would suggest that immediate steps be taken for forming an entrenced position at Dinapore, with the river in our rear.

But it is not my wish to abandon Patna.

The city of Patna has been hitherto kept in subjugation; the only outbreak which has taken place being evidently a hurried and desperate effort, which signally failed.

But there is beyond doubt a large body of disloyal and disaffected people; there are still many villains who have plotted against us unpunished.

There is wealth in the city, and a great temptation is thus held out to the turbulent and the rebellious.

Disturbance at Patna should be kept down, if possible; and the civil authority should, if possible, be maintained.

I think this is feasible, without sacrificing the main object of our strong position.

With the river in our rear, and one or two steamers to keep up communication with Dinapore, and a gun-boat at our command, as it will be in a few days, it will be desirable to intrench a position on the banks of the river, where the Magistrate's and Commissioner's cutcherry and the Seikh encampment now is, and, thus holding it, to carry on all necessary duties within the intrenchment.

In this way we shall still keep the city down, and carry on all important business, while we shall be well prepared for any attack,

and have the means of retreating on Dinapore, if possible, by the river.

The only other point for consideration is the opium godown.

The walls of the godown are so strong, that, with communication by water kept up, as it may effectually be by a steamer or gun-boat, the garrison would be safe against any attack, and, if pressed, would have the means of secure retreat. But it would be most desirable if the opium itself could be *at once removed*.

The necessity of holding a *third* position is embarrassing. It occupies a large number of guards and of English gentlemen, who could be otherwise employed in far *more important duties*; it is a source of temptation to plunderers and in every respect a nuisance.

If some loss were occasioned by its removal to Calcutta, it would be of trifling importance, compared with the mischief of its remaining.

As a subsidiary measure for present protection, and more efficient action when the time comes, all the unemployed officials, indigo-planters, and railway officers, should form themselves into a volunteer corps, under the command of an officer of one of the mutinous corps.

These would make a formidable body, and would do good service in wreaking vengeance on the rebellious district.

Martial law should be proclaimed throughout the division.

Ladies and children should all be sent to Dinapore, and thence, as opportunity offers, proceed to Calcutta.

W. TAYLER,

Patna, the 31st July, 1857. Commissioner.

The state of suspense and expectation in which we remained after our return to Patna may be imagined, but, through God's mercy, it did not last long. On the 3rd August, Captain Emerson, then at Dinapore, drove up to our door in a native ekha, and in a few words communicated the glorious news of Vincent Eyre's victory. My wife had the unspeakable pleasure of at

once communicating the joyful news to Mrs. Boyle. The whole scene was changed, and every heart beat with exultation and joy. The crisis, through God's mercy, was passed; the rebels were discouraged, the loyal were confirmed in their loyalty—the province was saved!

But while we were all exulting in the glorious issue of the struggle, a strange fate awaited me. When the crisis had passed and the danger was over, the Lieutenant-Governor—acting at once on his rather peculiar view of the matter, without seeking for explanation, or giving me the opportunity of defence—summarily removed me (as before stated) from my appointment, terming the order of withdrawal "disgraceful." This unexpected termination of events, I need hardly say, created universal astonishment and indignation throughout the district, and I here subjoin a small portion of the correspondence which ensued.

It is easy to be "wise after the event"; but to form a sound judgment, the reader must picture to himself what would have been the position of the province if Major Eyre had been defeated.

The following extracts will, I trust, place the question in intelligible form, and possibly exhibit the facts in a somewhat different light from that in which they were represented to Lord Canning.

The first contains in a few words some of the arguments used by me in vindication of the act, which, I may here mention, has since been universally vindicated both by history and the evidence of the most competent witnesses. The second extract shows my remonstrance against the harsh treatment of Government, which, even

if the act were regarded as an error of judgment, was, I venture to say, utterly undeserved.

EXTRACT.

The whole of the rebel force, with thousands of men, was at that time rampant at Shahabad, free to move, unquestioned and unchecked, wherever it suited their fancy. Under these circumstances, after a serious and thoughtful survey of the actual position of affairs, and impelled by an anxious regard for the lives of my fellow-countrymen, I authorised the temporary withdrawal of the civil functionaries.

That I was fully justified in this—the state of affairs in the division, as sketched above, will, I conceive, clearly prove. If *that* is considered insufficient evidence, it will at least be seen by the letters in the appendix that my views are shared by the great majority of the public officers, and that had I refused at such a crisis to sanction the withdrawal, I might have been justly and *unanswerably* charged with the murder of English gentlemen.

Without derogating from the importance of the Lieutenant-Governor's opinion, I must say I should suffer under such an imputation—if deserved—far more poignantly than under his displeasure.

If I have—in the judgment of wise and reflecting men—erred in thus lending my sanction to a step which ensured the safety of Englishmen, at a time when the blood of the bravest and best of our countrymen is yet crying from the ground, I cannot in my conscience reproach myself or feel—notwithstanding the Lieutenant-Governor's condemnation—that I have been guilty of aught that is "disgraceful." I request attention to the letters annexed, which will show what the majority of the officials think and feel upon the subject, and prove, at least, that if *I did err*, I erred in sympathy with gentlemen of long experience and irreproachable character, who were good judges of the state of things in their own district.

EXTRACT from my MEMORIAL to the COURT OF DIRECTORS.

50.—But admitting, for the sake of argument, that the act was an error of judgment, your Memorialist would earnestly submit for the

Honourable Court's deliberate and impartial judgment, that an error committed at a time of such danger and difficulty; when, from the stoppage of communication, no timely or authentic intelligence could be obtained or expected; when the rebels in overpowering numbers were in complete possession of Shahabad, and there was no adequate force to oppose them, even at the central stations; when a detachment, almost equal in numbers to the whole remaining force at Dinapore, had been defeated and driven back with fearful slaughter; when, as everyone believed at the time, all the civil functionaries and Christian residents at Arrah, with a detachment of Sikhs, had been destroyed; when Major Holmes and his wife, and the officers of the 12th Irregular Cavalry had been murdered; when English gentlemen had been hunted over one district, and English soldiers struck down like wild beasts by the villagers in another; when the Sikhs, on whose fidelity our very lives depended, were loudly murmuring at being cut up in detail; and the nujeebs of Patna were necessarily suspected: under such circumstances of danger, if your Memorialist did—in anxiety for the lives of English gentlemen and brave soldiers, and for the sound strategic purpose of concentrating the small force of the province in a tenable military position—commit what the General in Council deems to be an error—is such an error to subject him to disgrace, indignity, and loss?

The following letters connected with this subject will be read, perhaps, with interest :—

Copy of a Letter from the Right Hon. the Earl of Ellenborough.

Sir,

I received to-day your letter of September 21, and the printed correspondence relative to your removal from the Commissionership of Patna.

It seems to me that the question whether a station was given up or retained, should, from the commencement of the outbreak, have been decided only upon military principles; that it was our policy to diminish as much as we could the number of our disseminated positions and to concentrate our forces; above all, to avoid all risk without a very great object. We were sure, and

held ourselves to be so, that at some time, not far distant, we should be able to reoccupy whatever, under the pressure of circumstances we abandoned; and of all losses the greatest—affecting what is termed our prestige, and, what is more, our honour—is the massacre of English gentlemen and outrage perpetrated upon their families.

The greatest disasters we have experienced have arisen out of a disregard of these considerations, and I do not feel at all sure that a yet greater disaster has not occurred which may be traced to the same origin.

I cannot say, therefore, with the facts before me, as you have stated them, that you committed an error of judgment, in directing the temporary abandonment of Gya, very important as that place is; and, indeed, I am inclined to think that act of yours was not the real cause of your removal.

I shall be happy to receive the further communications you offer me. I am very desirous of having before me all the facts I can obtain, with the view of forming my opinions.

Yours faithfully,

W. Tayler, Esq., Patna, (Signed) ELLENBOROUGH.
November 4, 1857.

Copy of a Letter from Colonel VINCENT EYRE.

MY DEAR TAYLER, Calcutta, February 23, 1863.

I always thought you most ungenerously treated, especially in regard to your note to Bax. Had I been in your place, I should probably have thought and written very much as you did in regard to my advance with so small a force, after what had happened. I felt at the time that I was incurring a fearful responsibility, and that, should I fail, Government would not spare me. But I nevertheless felt a confidence of success, which never failed me, even when things looked ugliest, and which, now that I can calmly look at the position, seems a mystery to myself. I saw that a crisis had arrived, when, if Kooer Sing were not checked, the insurrection must spread over the lower provinces; and, feeling myself in a measure free to act on my own judgment, I followed the bent of my instincts, and Providence blessed the venture.

Lord Canning was so just a man, that his treatment of you

must have resulted from bad information, and such seems now the general opinion.

I rejoice to learn that you have rather thriven than suffered from the injustice you experience.

The fall, which would have utterly smashed most men similarly situated, only caused you to rebound to a higher elevation than before. So we both owe a grateful tribute to the manes of poor old Kooer Sing, whose folly was our fortune.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) VINCENT EYRE.

In concluding this chapter, I would wish to make a few remarks on what I regard as one of the most remarkable features in the event.

The general history of the great victory achieved by Vincent Eyre and his little band of heroes, has been so fully and frequently given by distinguished writers, and especially by the two historians Kaye and Malleson, that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt any further description.

In this sensational struggle the courage and gallantry of all were equally conspicuous, and though the historians naturally make special mention of Boyle, Wake, and Colvin, it is not from any superiority over the rest of the garrison, but because they were, from their position, the leaders.

Among the others, however, George Field deserves special mention, as he was one of the best shots in the garrison, and conspicuous for his cool, unflinching action, and sensible advice.

Each individual, in fact, deserved well of his country, and might—I venture to say—have received more handsome recognition from the Government. But though the pluck and resolution of all were the same,

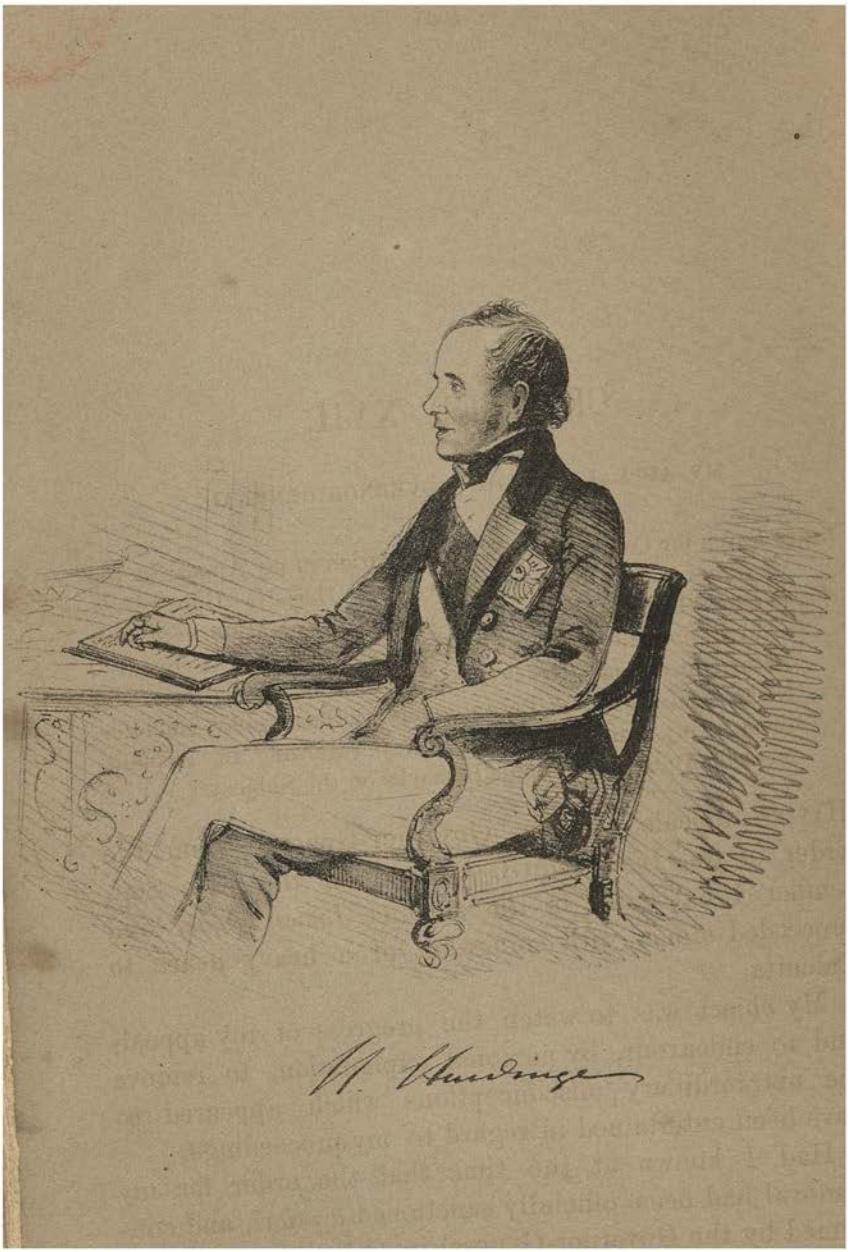
it can never be forgotten that the safety of all was due to the wonderful prescience and sagacity of Vicars Boyle. But for the precautionary measures so wisely suggested and so ably carried out by him—no chivalry, however brilliant, could have saved the noble band from destruction. In Malleson's history this pregnant fact is made sufficiently clear, but Kaye has scarcely given it due prominence. I venture now to mention it as a matter which strict and impartial justice demands, and also because it is in itself a most remarkable instance of practical foresight, not always conspicuous during the events of the great rebellion.

But, although historians have been able to give authentic accounts of the facts which transpired within the walls of that little garrison, and describe from the testimony of the actors themselves the sensational particulars as they occurred, thus drawing a picture of true heroism never surpassed,—there are none who can realise, much less record in words, the agonising sensations of the many who, though at a distance, were picturing in their imagination the terrible dangers with which the little band of heroes were beset, and to which every successive hour gave additional intensity.

Vicars Boyle subsequently wrote a brief and unpretending account of the daily incidents, and I painted a picture of the scene as presented to the imagination after the event, which was lithographed in England, though not as well as it might have been. The little house which was converted for the time into a garrison was familiar to me, from the acquaintance of five years previous, as a billiard-room; and it is, even at the present moment, difficult to conceive how it

could have defied, as it did, the great army of Kooer Singh.

Had the enemy possessed one powerful gun, with projectiles more powerful than the castors of chairs and tables, how different would have been the result. To God be the praise.



CHAPTER XVII.

MY APPEAL TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Leave Patna for Calcutta, for the Prosecution of my Appeal to the Governor-General.—Am received by the H. Holroyds.—Personal Interview with Lord Canning.—Appeal unsuccessful.—Invitation to Dinner at Government House declined.—Return to Patna.—Gratifying Gift of Champagne from Mr. Nichols.—Incidents at Patna under my Successor.—Machinations of my Enemies.—Controversy regarding the Appointment of Ameer Ali.—Some Remarks on the Subject.

HAVING appealed to the Governor-General from the order of the Lieutenant-Governor, on the 12th September I left Patna in the steamer *James Hume*, and proceeded alone, with somewhat of a heavy heart, to Calcutta.

My object was to watch the progress of my appeal, and to endeavour, by personal explanation, to remove the extraordinary misconceptions which appeared to have been entertained in regard to my proceedings.

Had I known at the time that the order for my removal had been officially sanctioned *à priori*, and confirmed by the Governor-General in Calcutta a few days

after it was passed, my course of procedure would have been different. And had I been aware—when first I reached the Presidency—that Mr. J. B. Elliott had been allowed to send in private reports against me to the Supreme Government; could I have dreamed that the very day after my removal, a series of charges—of which I had never heard, and which I had no opportunity of answering—would be recorded against me, I should not, in all probability, have wasted my time in an infructuous and useless appeal. As it was, I remained in Calcutta for about two months, during which time I was hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holroyd, who warmly sympathised with my misfortunes. Towards the close of my stay I had a private interview with Lord Canning, in his room at Government House, in which my affairs were briefly discussed, and it then became evident to me that his lordship had been prepossessed, and had committed himself, as was not unnatural, to Mr. Halliday's representations.

Some few minutes I occupied in studying Lord Canning's profile, as I sat by his side, being desirous of obtaining his portrait for my collection; and while the interview lasted, I had the satisfaction of seeing Lady Canning's feet underneath the purdah which separated the room in which Lord Canning was seated from the adjoining room—a fact which I was vain enough to attribute to the keen interest which I was told her ladyship had taken in the case.

On the 23rd of December, it was intimated to me privately that Lord Canning had rejected my appeal, and the next day I received an invitation to dinner at Government House, and was told by the wife of one of

the secretaries that Lady Canning had expressed a wish that I should accept the invitation; but my heart was too full for such an entertainment; I felt, as I ever have throughout the many years of my controversy, that truth and justice had been violated, and, after respectfully declining the invitation, I laid my dâk for Patna and conveyed, in person, the pleasant news of my defeat to my wife and daughters.

But though I declined the invitation of the Governor-General, I was not left without some sympathetic token of my countrymen's gratitude at this sacred season, as the accompanying letter, written by an entire stranger in Calcutta, will show:—

DEAR SIR,

While Lord Harris and the good folks at *Madras* are doing honour to the *illustrious dead*—I, of course, allude to the ever-to-be-lamented General Neill, for his services in the *Bengal* Presidency, and one of our deliverers in Calcutta—rest assured our safety was also secured by your *energy* at Patna, preventing the "budmashis" and other mutinous scoundrels coming down upon us.

In grateful remembrance, do me the honour of accepting the accompanying case of Frederick Giësler and Co.'s best *Champagne* as a token of my opinion of the value of your services. It is seasonable, too, when you think of your relations and friends in *England*—but not confined to families—the whole nation is with you, because you did your duty to your Queen and country.

To one and *all* fill up a joyous bumper. Happier days are coming to all of us in *India*.

I remain,
Yours very truly,
WM. NICHOL.

Christmas Eve,
1857.

For several months after this I lived—or, rather, subsisted—at Patna, on my starving allowance, greatly

consoled by the hearty sympathy of friends, and my own internal consciousness of right. One kind friend, who was in the secret of the "Cabinet," wrote to recommend me to confess that I was wrong, and I should then be restored to Governmental favour, and probably obtain a seat in the Sudder Court. My reply was, that, being conscious, in the sight of God, that I had faithfully discharged my duty, I spurned the idea of succumbing to injustice, and that, if he spoke on authority, he might reply on my behalf that, rather than yield against my conscience, I would suffer any hardship, but at the same time he might tell his prompter that I intended—for several months at least—to live like a Tartar, on horse-flesh, which I did, by selling one of my favourite steeds every month.

During this refreshing interval, I had a fair opportunity of witnessing the progress of events under the reign of my successor with his Mahomedan assistant; and, at the same time, finding that my distant friends throughout the country, bewildered by my summary dismissal and subsequent penance, imagined that I had in truth been guilty of some serious misfeasance, I determined to write for "private circulation" a "brief narrative" of the events which had occurred, a step which was subsequently cited to my disadvantage, as exhibiting a want of respect to authority.

Meanwhile, my successor, having placed himself completely in the hands and under the influence of the small band of my personal enemies, gradually changed his tone towards myself, and on reading my little pamphlet—which, though criticising the appointment of a

Mahomedan lawyer at such a crisis, said not a word against himself—lost his head, and, abandoning all self-control, suddenly brought out a letter, which, curiously enough, he addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor, containing an elaborate defence of this obnoxious appointment.

The letter called forth several able replies, and was very generally regarded as an ingenious failure, convincing nobody and rather damaging than doing good to the parties concerned; and the well-known correspondent of the *Friend of India*, writing from England, remarked that "the special pleading of Mr. Samuells" had not made "a single convert or produced any effect whatever, except to place the writer in the ranks of the timid politicians with Mahomedan sympathies."

In fact, no single act of the Bengal Government within the memory of the present generation ever caused such deep and unanimous dissatisfaction among all classes of the community as this appointment. With the sole exception of Mr. J. B. Elliott, and two or three other individuals, not a man in the province approved of it; and the clear, continuous, and uncompromising disapproval of the measure which found expression in the daily papers, in the shape of leaders, letters from correspondents, and contributed articles, some of them witty, some puerile and in bad taste, some forcible, and some unmistakably trenchant, at last produced the desired effect, and Ameer Ali, bowing to the storm, subsided from his temporary elevation into the more retired sphere of his legitimate duties.

But I will not now dilate further upon this subject, as it does not affect to any material extent my own interest.

Sufficient it is to say that Monshea Ameer Ali was elected to undertake the *rôle* of a hero, sent to save a great city from the evil consequences of Mr. William Tayler's blood-thirsty rule; he discharged his mysterious functions with ability, he satisfied his employers, calmed the wild beasts of the city of Patna, as Orpheus charmed the inhabitants of the infernal region, and, after a short reign, returned to his former post in a blaze of glory.

And there I leave him. For the gentleman himself I had a sincere regard, and in criticising the appointment, have no desire whatever to cast a slur on his character or disparage his proceedings; it was no fault of his that he had the character of a pseudo-hero thrust upon him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MY APPOINTMENT AS JUDGE OF MYMENSINGH.

Daily Journal of my Visit to Mymensingh, with Brief Description of all I saw or did during the Three Months of my Penal Residence.—What I felt is left to the Reader's Imagination.

In the month of February, just seven months after my removal from the Commissionership, I received a letter from the Secretary to the Bengal Government, informing me that I had been appointed Civil and Sessions Judge of Mymensingh, a district in the east of Bengal, some 600 miles from Patna, notorious for its damp and unhealthy climate.

Remonstrance, I need scarcely say, was not wanting on my part against this sentence of banishment, but without avail; indeed, the special merit of this station in the eyes of the Government was its exceptional distance from Patna.

It was a hard blow, but resistance was impossible. I was resolved, however, not to relinquish my hold upon Patna, as I was still in the hope that my second memorial which had, as I fondly imagined, been sent home

some time before, would have persuaded the Court of Directors of my innocence, and secured my restoration.

My evil genius, if such there be, at this crisis, seemed resolved to concentrate his malignant action against me. Not only did the long journey present a gloomy prospect, but the hot weather was setting in, and just at the crisis my wife was seized with an attack of small-pox; but my youngest daughter, in the spirit of a true heroine, volunteering to accompany me, I made up my mind, and after three or four days of preparation, we set out on our weary pilgrimage.

As I wrote at the time a detailed journal of our voyage and subsequent residence, I here subjoin it, with some few omissions.

The complication of hardships might have driven me to despair, but I am thankful to God that He gave me the heart to brave all the sufferings which were entailed, with unflinching heart, confident, even then, as I ever have been, that all was ordered for my good, and that, whatever human autocracy might think or do, I had with heart and soul discharged my duty to my Queen and country.

The following is a copy of my journal, taken and illustrated at the time from day to day.

Whatever its demerits, it is genuine; and as the district, in spite of its uncompromising damp, was picturesque, and essentially characteristic of ultra-Bengal, I trust it may have some interest for those who can recognise its features.

RANDOM NOTES BY AN EXILE DURING HIS BANISHMENT.

CHAPTER I.

Think not the King did banish thee:
But thou the King; woe doth the heavier sit,
When it perceives it is but lightly borne.

RICH. II., Act i., sc. iv.

Having had the misfortune, during the memorable insurrection of 1857, to fall under the displeasure of the authorities, and my misfeasances, for reasons best known to themselves, being considered unpardonable, I was summarily ejected from the Commissionership of Patna, and an income of nearly £4,000 per annum, and sent, without an hour's warning, to the barren and unprofitable *far nienté* of an officeless officer, without purpose and almost without pay.

After six months' stagnation in the political vacuum of non-entity, when it was supposed that I had sufficiently paid for my sins, atoned for my cruelty to the Mahomedans of Patna, and expiated the enormity of saving the lives of my fellow-countrymen and Christians, I was graciously re-admitted into the pale of official employment, and a nice little desolate spot being selected in the farthest corner of eastern Bengal, just six hundred miles from Patna (where my family necessarily remained during my appeal to England), I was posted to the Judgeship of the district, and packed off on an enforced pilgrimage to the *ultima thule* of Bengal swamps.

It certainly did require some resolution to keep heart under this penal servitude; and if the writer of these "Random Notes" deserved reprobation for all else he

The unhappy pair, with wandering steps and slow,
From Patna took their solitary way.—Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

has done or dared, he is yet entitled to some little credit for the attribute which immortalised Mark Tapley, under circumstances which would have tried the equanimity of that jolliest of men.

But a somewhat strongly developed organ of combativeness, the companionship of a dear daughter, the consciousness of duty performed, and an unshaken trust in the eventual triumph of truth and righteousness, afforded me great support, and though I might feel with Bolingbroke that—

> Every tedious stride I make will but remember me, what a deal of world I wander from the parts I love,—

I took to myself the comfort which the aged Gaunt gave to his exiled son, and resolved, God helping me, to meet with a stout and unflinching heart whatever I might be called upon to suffer or to do.

Thus did it come to pass that, on the 5th of February 1859, my youngest daughter and myself left our home at Patna, and set out for Mymensingh, where it pleased the "Dii Majores" of Bengal that the Commissioner of Patna, with his sins upon his head, should, for a time at least, be left to his reflections.

The following verses, written, as I afterwards discovered, by a clergyman cognisant of the facts, appeared in the *Englishman* newspaper just about this time :—

> Rejoice, O Halliday, thy foe is down
> Low, very low, by Brahmapootra's wave;
> Fit mead for one who did his best to save
> Fair England's fame, her children from the grave—
> Abuse his pension, and contempt his crown.

THE EX-COMMISSIONER LEFT TO HIS REFLECTIONS.

Oh! it is well when our poor country's sore
Is scarcely healed, the active and the wise
Should be so banished from a people's eyes,
Victims of vile and petty jealousies,
To waste his talents on that muddy shore.

So have I seen upon the gory plain,
The war-horse lying wounded and alone:
The dog, the wolf, the crow, and kite have flown
To feed their malice, gloat upon his groan.
And why? Because he cannot kick again.

But listen! cliques and parties, spleen and spite,
Hark! 'tis old England's thunder drawing near,
Louder and louder, yet in strength and fear,
Soon will it boom upon your trembling ear,
The wrong t' avenge, to recompense the right.

Aye, they shall hear its voice, and rue the day
They used their power to soil a patriot's fame,
Fed private malice with the country's shame,
Made English heroism a crime to blame.
Yes! who deserves to suffer—he, or they?

INDIGNATION.

CHAPTER II.

The sullen passage of thy weary steps,
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.

The melancholy portrait at the close of the last chapter is not a representation of actual life, but an imaginary scene, struck off in a fit of savage pleasantry, when first I heard of my banishment. It is more a picture of what the enemy would wish than what ever really was, or likely to be, for my "reflections" never have been dark, thank God, nor caused me sadness.

If I spoke as a heathen, I should say that "Dame

Fortune" had about this time been paying off an old grudge against me; for the goddess so-called, as if pleased at having brought me down, now struck further blows at my devoted head.

Just before I started, small-pox broke out in my family; news arrived that a collection of pictures, which I had just sent home to be published, had been lost in the *Ava*. These disasters, together with the loss of some 25,000 rupees in salary, permanent degradation to a lower office, the prospect of journeying some 600 miles in the hottest season over the worst roads in India, at a great expense and some risk, and being separated during these anxious and eventful times from wife and family: looking at all these incidents, my case, to compare small things to great, bore some resemblance to that of Job.

To make matters better, my successor, a brother officer, taking this occasion to hit me when I was down, with his little thunder, launched forth an elaborate and highly seasoned *olla podrida* of slang, scandal, and donkeyism, very much in the style (as a writer in a paper facetiously remarked) of an "inebriated cabman," and the composition being exactly suited to the tastes of the "august mind," it was bottled up, embodied in print, and hurled at my wicked head in the shape of a ponderous Blue Book by the Lieutenant-Governor.

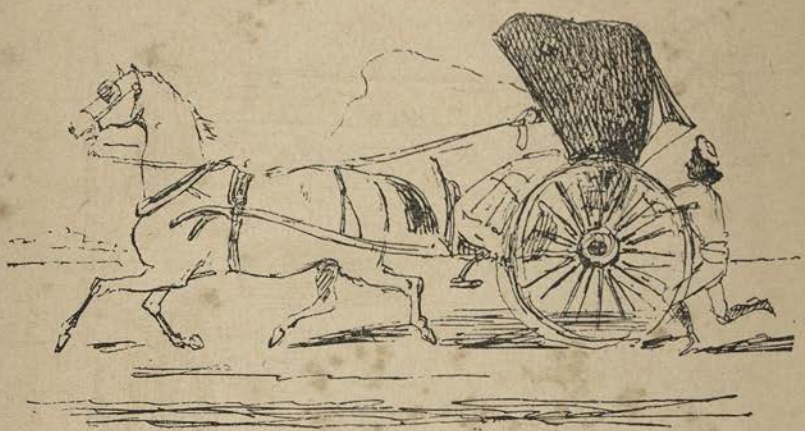
The adventures we met with in our way were neither interesting nor numerous; suffice it to say that, after a dreary journey through Baraset, Jessore, Furudpore, and Dacca, over bad roads and disgraceful ferries, across muddy pestiferous swamps and pestilential jungle, sometime in palanquins, at other times in boats,

a stray buggy here, an accidental elephant there, occasionally relieving ourselves by an evening walk on the

THE PALANQUIN.

THE DINGHEE (BOAT).

green banks, exploring shady lanes, or frightening unsophisticated bullocks, ever hot, never comfortable, but invariably "jolly," and constantly furthered on our way by kind and sympathising friends, we at last reached the



THE BUGGY.

THE ELEPHANT.

THE "SHADY LANE."

THE UNSOPHISTICATED BULLOCKS.

end of our journey, and took up our abode with a generous and hospitable host in that remote corner of Bengal which maps and natives call Nusseerabad, but which in Anglo-Indian parlance and official records rejoices in the name of Mymensingh.

We arrived at Mymensingh in April, and it is a fact that there was scarcely a dry day from that time to the end of May, so incessant have been the storms of thunder and lightning, so perpetual the rains of all degrees of potency, from the blue drizzle to the furious downpour called "cats and dogs."

As for the storms, the common-place "donner and blitzen" of other lands is like the voice of sucking doves compared with the hoarse rattle and dazzling flash of the true Mymensingh article, which roars and cracks over your head as if Keraunian Jupiter had gone mad, or was again defending his throne against the angry Titans. As for the winds, I doubt whether King Lear himself could have had the face to bid them blow harder than they do. It is a *terra procellosa* in good earnest; and after a sojourn here, all other storms will appear as gentle zephyrs, or the "sweet south upon a bank of violets."

To watch a regular thorough-bred Mymensingh nor'-wester brewing on the other side of the Brahmapootra, towards the Garrow Hills, gathering itself, first by slow degrees, piling cloud upon cloud, till the whole sky is loaded with a thick mass of inky blackness which hovers, dead and still, over the horizon, and then comes down upon you with a rush and a roar, the great cloud-mass riding majestically on the wings of the wind, up-whirling the sands of the river, and making of them fierce and fantastic earth-clouds at its feet, the thunder banging

away all the time with incessant discharges like a park of artillery, and the lightning blazing across the entire heavens; that is a sight for an exile which I am very glad—as I *was* there—to have seen, but of which one may have a great deal too much. The consequence of all this raining and roaring is, that even in the merry month of May, when all ordinary mortals are undergoing a process of corporeal grilling, at Mymensingh you are cool and comfortable night and day; often dispensing with punkahs for days together, and sometimes—if you are imaginative—talking and dreaming of fires. But it is so cruelly and unmercifully damp, that coloured ribbons and gloves break out into confluent leprosy in a few hours, black boots and shoes become hoary with mildew, books envelop themselves in a green mould, and the driest joke of our dry humorist becomes moist in the utterance.

To those, therefore, who prefer cool damp to dry heat, who do not mind storms or lightning, are not rheumatically inclined, and have no objection to be cut off from the rest of the world and chew the uninterrupted cud of their own sweet fancies, Mymensingh has its attractions.

CHAPTER IV.

MY NIGHTLY VISITANTS.

All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you.

TEMPEST.

Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

HENRY IV.

There is, perhaps, no part of a gentleman's life in India that presents so great a diversity from that of ordinary

Englishmen who "live at home at ease," as the proceedings in his bed-room, and the way in which he disposes of himself during the silent watches of the night. From his costume to his companionship, all is different.

The "gentle reader" is probably familiar with the nocturnal appearance of a respectable English householder, as typified in *Punch's* Mr. Briggs, with his high cotton night-cap well pulled down over his ears, and long decorous night-shirt, bare legs, and slippered feet; such

READY FOR BED.

NIGHT IN INDIA.

THE SLEEPER!

is the respectable householder of England when composing himself to sleep. The man has a drowsy, soporific, beddy sort of appearance, suggestive of heavy slumber, well-regulated snoring, and all other seemly accompaniments of the night. If you see him out of bed, you feel for him with his cold legs. He may be the "right man," but clearly he is not in the "right place," and you long for him to turn in again into his warm bed well down among the feathers—perhaps feel a positive anxiety to tuck him up yourself! But the

unhappy sleeper of Indian life—what a contrast! "Look at that picture and on this."

Instead of the close-drawn night-cap, there is wild, dishevelled hair, damp with perspiration; part of a night-shirt is perhaps visible, but made as little of, and put as much out of the way as possible, the collar thrown wide open, the sleeves tucked up; instead of long and sober drapery, with innocent subdued legs peering modestly below it, his nether man is enveloped in loose indefinite Turkish pyjamas, full all round, frequently of coloured fabrics of dissipated appearance; and in place of the quiet air of becoming and respectable drowsiness, the demeanour is one of restless excitement, or exhausted languor.

Then the bed, "the lap of Nature's nurse," in which all mortals lie, rich and poor, the duke and the dustman, the countess and the costermonger; what a contrast!

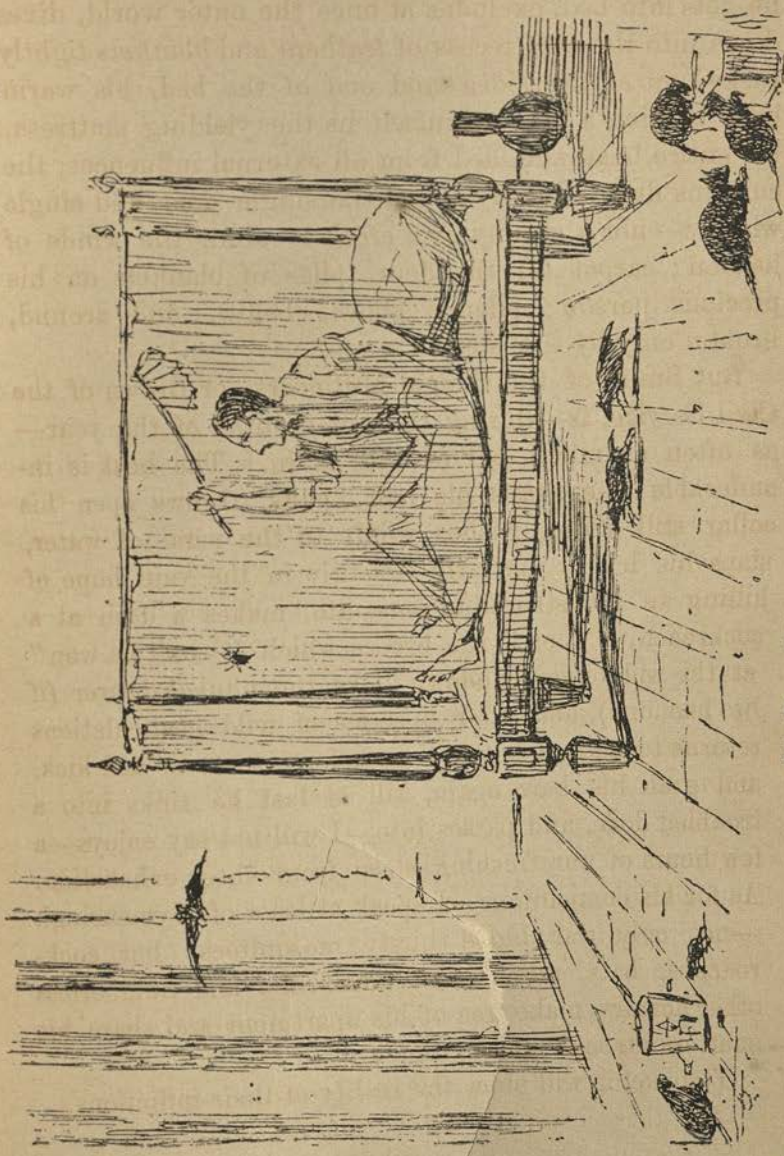
The neat four-poster, or little canopy-bed, with its close dimity curtains, massive feather-bed, soft pillows, blankets and counterpane; the cozy little carpeted room, with its single door and close-shut windows, all redolent of sleep and "sweet forgetfulness," though certainly at times somewhat close and frouzy withal.

Au contraire—behold the bed of the unhappy Indian; perhaps a charpoy, at all events a plain hard couch, with four legs certainly, but scarce another attribute of bed-ship; a hard mattress, hard pillows, bare posts from which is stretched a mosquito-net, to save the sleeper from being devoured alive, as if he were a cake or joint of cold meat in danger from flies; windows, all of which open to the air; a grass-made mat on the floor, bare white walls, and a barn-door ceiling. "Anglicus," when

he gets into bed, excludes at once the outer world, dives down into the safe recess of feathers and blankets tightly tucked up at the sides and end of the bed, his warm body making a pit for himself in the yielding mattress, his entire head shielded from all external influences, the curtains drawn closely round the single door and single window—not a cranny or a creek to admit the winds of heaven; carpet on the floor, piles of blankets on his precious person; silence above, below, and around, broken only by the sleeper's nose.

But Smith of the Bengal Mutineers, or Brown of the Civil Service, is—during the hot months of the year—as often as much out of bed as in. The heat is insufferable; he grabs his hair, puffs, throws open his collar still wider, rushes wildly to the serai of water, slaps his leg or his arm violently in the vain hope of killing an indestructible mosquito, makes a dash at a cockroach, "woos" the breeze which "won't be won" at the wide-open window, kicks the punkah-bearer (if he has one), and after a series of wild gesticulations returns to his bed hotter than before, to toss, and kick, and grab his hair again, till at last he sinks into a troubled doze, and passes into—I will not say enjoys—a few hours of unrefreshing sleep from sheer exhaustion. As for his companions—I speak at least of Mymensingh—not only the blood-thirsty mosquitoes, but cockroaches, bats, rats, toads, musk-rats, and numberless other horrors, make free of his apartment and share his quarters throughout the night.

The sketch will show the reality of their inflictions.



My First Night at Mymensingh.

CHAPTER V.

CHOLERA CHAUNT.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.

As we drove into the station of Mymensingh, at the latter end of February 1868, we encountered several successive bands of men marching in procession, howling and screeching at the top of their lungs, and "tearing passion to tatters," assisted by the sackbut and psalter of the Indian orchestra, and above all by the everlasting tom-tom.

This violent ebullition, vocal and instrumental, continued for many days after our arrival, and I found, on inquiry, that it was a sort of perambulating musical exorcism by which the cholera fiend—then committing great ravages—was to be driven from the district. The burden of the song howled forth on these occasions consists of passionate invocations to the black goddess Kalee, and Krishna the "Presens Divus" of the Bengali deities, who made incessant love to uncountable milk-maids, and has been deified accordingly. These incantations are supposed to be efficacious; but whatever the effect of the music or the faith may have upon the patient, the physical consequences of such discordant yelling and hullabaloo cannot be particularly soothing to the nerves of a prostrate invalid.

All Mymensingh, however, has implicit faith in the remedy, and every *vakeel* (pleader), *mokhtar* (attorney), and ministerial officer of my court, occasionally joined in the procession and chorus.

Whether any particular form of words is used, or the sentiment is supplied by the inspiration of the

moment, I could not discover. The respectable people whom I questioned appeared somewhat ashamed of the mummery, and shirked the subject when cross-examined.

Sir William Jones has pronounced Hindoo music to be something exceedingly fine and "our lady musician" at the station rather startled us by declaring a decided approval of what she called the "wild harmony" of this concertus, which she pronounced to be very fine music, and infinitely superior to the Gregorian chants. There is no accounting for tastes, especially the tastes of ladies; but though bound to pay deference to the fair critic—herself no mean songstress—yet, speaking unsophistically, and according to my own sensations, I think I should prefer a concert of jackals at any time.

Cholera has not been long enough known in India to have received an "apotheosis," as the better known small-pox, who has been entered in the mythological calendar as a goddess "Seetula," who sitteth on an ass.

I have not heard of music being made the medium of worship, or the means of appeasing the deity; but amulets with this lady's figure sitting cross-legged on her steed, in a very unladylike attitude, are tied round the neck, and supposed to be effective both for prevention and cure.

I have one in my museum, a sketch of which I give for the benefit of the reader (p. 328).

The rather unpleasant mode of propitiating the lady "Seetula," is to collect all the dried incrustations—vulgarly called scabs—from the faces of the patients, put them into kedgeree pots, and then deposit the said pots on the centre of a road, generally where four roads meet.

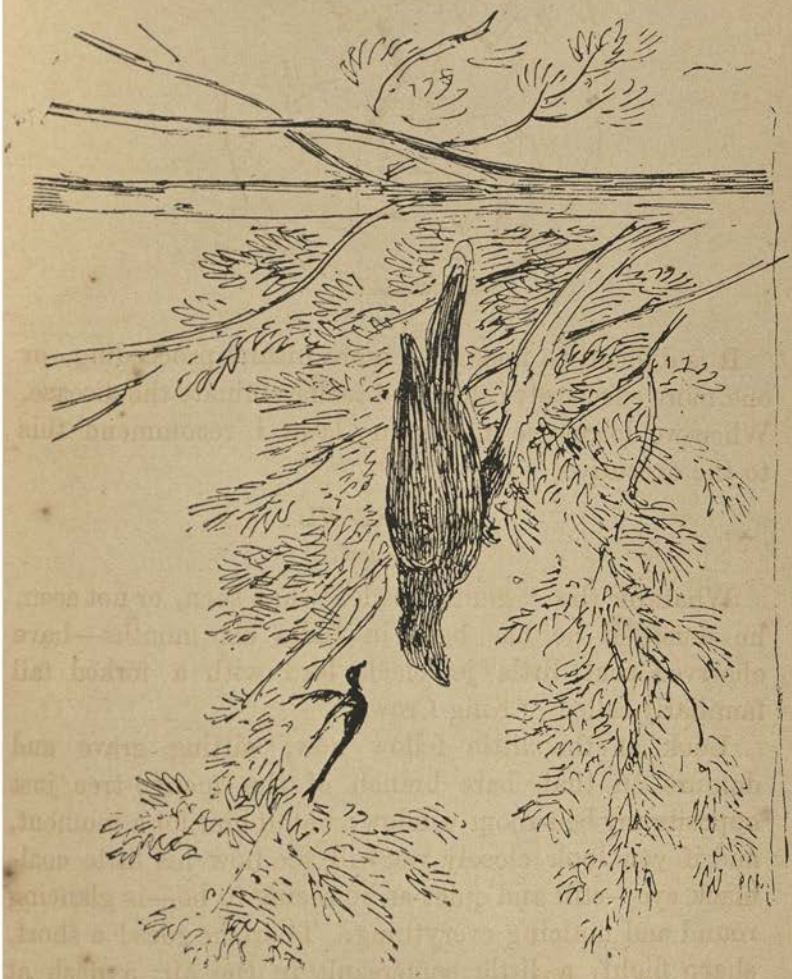
It is difficult to imagine a more insane proceeding, or one more effectively calculated to disseminate the disease. When we do rejoice in sanitary laws I recommend this to the executive.

CHAPTER VI.

KING CROW.

Whatever the "gentle reader" has seen, or not seen, he must—if he has been in India six months—have observed that little jet-black bird with a forked tail familiarly called "King Crow."

Look at the little fellow now, sitting grave and demure on that bare branch of the mango-tree just opposite my bed-room window; watch him for a moment, and if you look closely you will see how his little coal-black eye—still and quiet as he seems to be—is glancing round and noticing everything. There he goes! a short, sharp flight, a little somersault in the air, a dash at something, and he is seated again with a warm, quivering insect in his inside. Stay! here comes a crow, and



ATTACK ON THE KITE.

has the presumption—so the little fellow thinks—to sit near him; presumption not to be endured for a moment. Away he goes from his naked branch, dash at the crow five times his size, right at his head, once, twice, thrice, up in the air, down again. *Corvus Bengalensis* shifts about, bobs his head, doesn't like it at all, and at last takes flight like a black-hearted coward as he is, little Fork-tail pursuing him with triumphant shouts, shrieks, and darting down upon him every minute as they fly together, to the extreme discomfiture of the enemy. When well away, back comes our little friend to his bare twig, and sits grave and demure as before. He has not been there long before a heavy large-winged kite comes sailing slowly by him; a great bird, big enough to swallow twenty such as young Fork-tail.

Come, he will not say anything to such as he, surely? Won't he? Bide a wee. Not this time, it was not worth his while; but now mark! Mr. Kite is wheeling closer, and I saw the little king's eye twinkle—he means mischief. Another long circuit on his smooth large wings; this time the kite comes nearer, he is within three yards of the naked bough. Off goes "King Crow," slap at the giant bird's head, with such a vicious dash! The lazy kite increases his pace, but what chance has he? the "little 'un" flies right over him, dipping down every fifth second at his head, so sharp, so bold, and so fierce, that the giant is flabergasted entirely, and is glad enough—like the crow—to evacuate the place. When he is fairly off, our champion returns, and there he sits as if there were no kites or crows in the world; quiet, perhaps, and innocent, but ready for anything, from a sand-fly to an adjutant.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MANGO.

Everyone knows all about mangoes, except the derivation of the word. Whether, as intimated by the old genealogical tree of King Jeremiah, it is connected with Mungo (Park), or, as our dry humorist suggests, is the fruit which, under the name of "apples," first made *man go* altogether wrong, it is impossible to say; but that it is the staple fruit of India, and that millions almost subsist on it during the season, is known to all Indians; it is, in fact, a most important gift from our all-bountiful teeming mother, Nature; and the Government of the country might have done incalculable benefit to the nation, by paying some attention to its propagation and culture.

Mangoes deserve mention in my "Random Notes" because at Mymensingh they are painfully, pre-eminently bad, and on the usual principle of *quieta non movere*, nobody seems even to have attempted to improve them.

The story is that some unusually sacred and particularly malicious fakeer, *inter sanctos sanctissimus*, having had his saintship offended in the province, got the devil on his side (without much difficulty, it may be supposed), and cursed the mangoes, and they are cursed ever since.

The said curse assumes the form of a malignant little beetle, which at some period of the fruit's existence contrives to enter, and henceforth takes up his abode, dwelling inside with a house of pulp all round him, and apparently taking short excursions over his fruitful territories according as his fancy leads him.

The effect on the mango is shown in the picture, and not one in a hundred escapes the visitation.

There is the fruit, showing the ravages of the accursed beetle. Here is the little black beast itself, just the style of insect that you may imagine called into existence under the anathema of a black wizard; sometimes he is white, however, and looks like a maggot made round.

It is a phenomenon, and by no means a pleasant one for mango lovers; you seldom see one of the fruit here without its tenant.

I have lived in many lands in India, but never saw this before, though folks say the curse extends to several districts of eastern Bengal.

I asked several zemindars and other natives about the insect, and whether anyone had ever taken the pains to ascertain the cause, time, or manner of its entrance into the fruit; the same *insouciant* answer was received from all, "Hum kya jani?" "What do I know?"

THE ESCAPE.

What, indeed, unhappy beings, and what should you know, when you never learn anything, and your masters never teach you? This wretched apathy is the real curse, and not the insects; the "Hum kya jani" is the social blight of the Hindoo, it keeps their cattle thin, makes them burn their manure, shut up their women, and choke their sick with mud! What do they know about insect ravages?

The effect on a stranger of this diabolical little scamp, who jauntily rushes out of his pulpy cave directly the mango is cut, may be imagined. As to the liberated prisoner himself, the sudden entrance into a world of light and life, after such long seclusion within its darksome cell, seems to cause him no embarrassment whatever; he enters at once upon new scenes and horribly new respon-

TREE AS IT WAS.

sibilities, with all the life and much more than the energy of some human fruit-eaters, and doubtless fully performs his allotted task in the world, whatever that may be.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAUMATODENDRA, OR CURIOSITIES OF TREES.

This eccentric tree, which is in our host's compound, and is here accurately depicted, is entitled to a place at the head of this chapter, which treats of phenomena among trees, *i.e.* all that is strange, quaint, and singular.

The first sketch finds the tree by broad daylight, precisely as it is; the second as it appeared by the dim light of a young moon *after dinner*!

TREE AS "FANCY PAINTED HER."

It is just opposite the front verandah, and forms a very pleasing object for an imaginative bachelor to contemplate at the close of a monotonous day. What images might not be conjured up by such an one, in connection with that broad-brimmed hat and green ribbons! What soft reminiscences flit about the round and taper waist! what tenderness is aroused by the gentle flutter of those flounces! and then that leg, how firmly planted to support the graceful saltatory form, while its ambitious fellow seeks the skies! No wonder in ancient days enlightened men learned to worship Dryads, when trees can take such forms as these.

We have all read how Daphne was turned into a laurel by the jealousy of a rival, and those who know ought of Hindoo love have pitied the lonely Toolsee, for ever wedded to her pebble lover, the Saligram; possibly here, also, some beauteous maiden has been thus transformed by jealousy or hate, and is now expiating the sins of her youth, and the consequences of her beauty, in the passionless existence of cold green leaves,—who knows? It is a matter to think about in all events, and that is something at Mymensingh.

While mentioning the fable of Toolsee, the following original verses may, perhaps, be appreciated. It is curious to discover such close similarity between the Oriental and Grecian romance. Love has evidently no regard for nationalities.

A COMPARISON:

"SALIGRAM AND TOOLSEE" *versus* "DAPHNE AND APC

When Toolsee, with her lover god too free
By Lukshmee's curse was turned into a tree,
The amorous *Vishnu* scorned to be out-done,
And merged his god-head in the senseless stone.

Thus, ever since, in hard unconscious rest,
Fair Toolsee by the Saligram is prest;
A lasting sign to all posterity,
How *green* a *maid*, how *soft* a *stone* can be.

DAPHNE AND APOLLO.

But when chaste *Daphne* fled Apollo's vows,
And veiled her charms within the circling boughs,
The practised rake, in Cupid's wisdom schooled,
Was by the metamorphose quickly cooled;
A vegetable wife he knew would prove,
A poor affair to meet celestial love,
And not much relishing a tree in bed,
He *cut* the laurel, and then *boughed* his head.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PEEPUL AND THE DATE.

Here is a phenomenon, a date-tree apparently rising out of a peepul-tree, shooting straight up as if trying to get away from his neighbour's embraces, and, if you observe, perfectly clear upwards from a certain point, while all the lower part is encased by the entanglements of the affectionate peepul.

Now, when you are told that the curious combination has been brought about by the seed of one of the trees being accidentally dropped into the other, you will pro- that the seed of the date, or inner tree, of the peepul, and shot is conclusion, I have the hat you are wrong, the

The peepul-tree bears a nly fond of; it is eaten, -tree, the peepul being a many a poor man has to

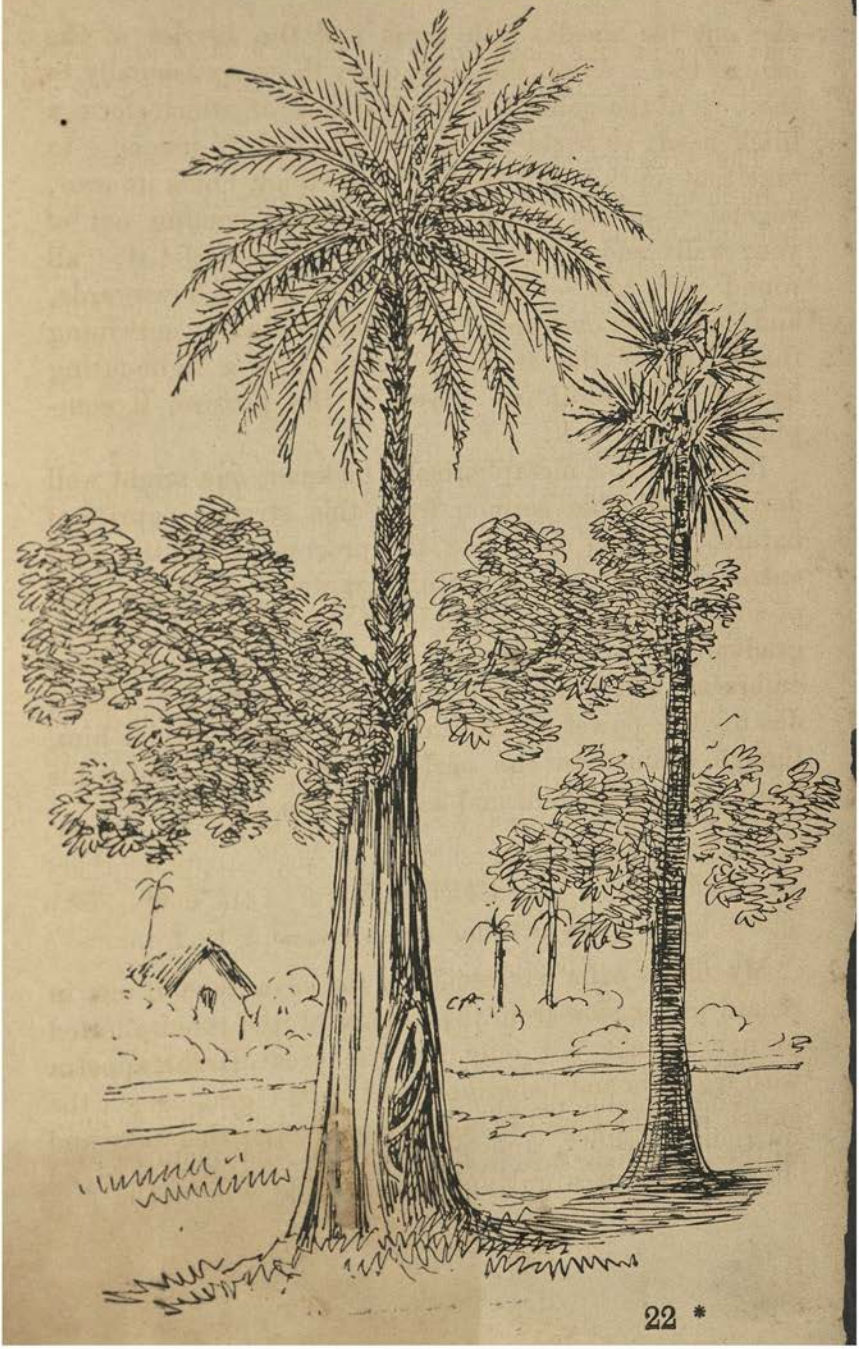
eke out his meals with these and the berries of the banian-tree. Well, the birds carry these occasionally to the tops of the palm, the upper leaves of which form a thick head, or frond; a seed is dropped, it manages to take root on the soft part of the frond, holds its own, vegetates—as the peepul will anywhere, coming out of your walls and floors, growing, if you would let it, "all round your hat"—and then throws roots downwards, and branches outwards, the root gradually entwining the stems of the enclosed victim, like a tight-fitting leather case, until, as shown in the picture, it completely envelopes it.

If seriously or metaphorically inclined, one might well derive a valuable sermon from this strange caprice of nature, showing how like the process is to the first entrance and growth of earthly depravity—how the seed of sin, first deposited in the heart, takes root there, and, gradually developing itself, entangles man in its close embraces and binds him to the ground, yet cannot destroy the power of the inner life, which enables him, though chained to the earth below, still to raise his heart towards heaven, and aspire to the skies.

CHAPTER X.

OUT OF MY I

My fellow exile has de
regard to her view from t
to her, for she not onl
with its boats and fisher
churs, but the blue hills
in the immediate foregro



who loves no one else, and who, though *black* and not comely, is incapable of deceiving her—a long-armed monkey.

The attachment of "Hoolook" to her mistress is something noticeable, and would be interesting if it did not partake too much of cupboard love.

Whether her affection would support itself without the aid of plantains, cakes, and mangoes, is a question that will not probably be put to the test. All human love is said to be selfish, so it would be hard to inquire too closely into the affections of the ape.

There is nothing more curious to behold than the transit of an Indian river by a herd of cattle. Just opposite the window, about eighty or a hundred yards from the bank, is a strip of chur, or alluvial soil, on which hosts of cattle graze during the day, returning to the continent in the evening, which to reach it is necessary to swim across the intervening stream; but before the sun sets, a little naked knock-kneed boy, some two feet high, is seen collecting the unwilling herd, and driving it with shouts and gesticulations, and earnest flourishings of a long bamboo, towards the edge. On they come, slowly, irresolutely (like everything Indian), stopping every now and then to take a last mouthful of the coarse doob grass, but always nearing the edge, and well knowing what they are expected to do.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "MILD BENGALEE."

Many amiable people, deeply versed, as they believe, in Indian history, and pleased with the pictures they have read of pastoral and peaceful life among the mild

Hindoos, imagine that species of the human family which peoples the Gangetic valley of Bengal to be a gentle inoffensive animal, bowed down by centuries of servitude, yielding his neck more submissively than his own bullocks to the yoke of his masters, reclining under the shade of the banian or the plantain in peaceful and passionless indolence—a brown angel in muslin drapery, a seraph in sepia. The ladies of the race, and especially the old women, are known to be given somewhat to scolding, but with this exception amiable and unresisting gentleness is supposed to be the prevailing character of the race.

Never was there such a mistake. The Bengalee of the lower order is as ferocious an animal, *when he dare indulge his passion*, as, perhaps, any in the world; cowardly he is beyond doubt, and therefore gentle and inoffensive to those he fears; but pusillanimous, weak, incapable of enterprise or action, though quick-witted and wide-awake to his immediate interests; steeped in falsehood to an extent that makes truth an impossibility, and honesty a dream. Cringing, subservient, and submissive to those from whom he can obtain anything, or at whose hands he can be made to suffer, he is savage and unrelenting as a wild cat to those *who are in his power*, if they injure or annoy him.

I have been at this little ultra-Bengal station three months, and in that short space of time several cases of cold-blooded deliberate murder have been before me, in some of which several men coolly perpetrated it on no further provocation than a casual dispute, trifling disregard of order, or other unimportant difference.

I do not refer to cases of sudden quarrel, in which (as

in Behar among the manly Rajpoots) there is a fierce dispute, a word, and then a swinging blow with the iron-bound club (the latkee or loh-bunda of the war-like peasant), but deliberate, deadly murder, carried out with the same relentless unconcern as if a party of revellers had killed a pig for their feast.

Consultation of Amlah.

In almost the first case that was brought up to the sessions court (over which I presided as judge of the district), the prosecutor presented himself *sans* ears and *sans* nose, like the old man in the seventh stage of existence.

He had had an argument with a neighbour, a "mild" Bengalee, while bathing in the river; the mild Bengalee became warm, then angry, and having exhausted the prolific slang vocabulary of his country, went off to his house, returned with two or three assistants, seized his argumentative adversary, threw him down, mounted on

his chest, and while the co-operators held his hands and legs, deliberately sliced off his nose and the lobes of his ears!

I had intense satisfaction in sentencing the gentle operators to five years imprisonment in irons.

Soon afterwards, and at short intervals from each other, two cases came before me, in each of which a Hindoo had murdered his wife, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, with no provocation whatever but some slight neglect or disregard of her lord's behest. In the latter case, the poor girl was tied by her hands and feet to an upright post, beaten and bullied while thus tied, and the next morning (as some of the witnesses described it) was found talking like a *paugul* (idiot), and the tragedy was concluded by the gentle husband hanging her.

The abominable custom of infant betrothal and early marriage, wherein the contract is managed entirely by calculating parents, and no scope is given whatever to the affections, is a fruitful source of demoralisation, and supplies many a dark page to the unwritten annals of Indian matrimony. When the wife has lived to a certain age and borne children to her husband, and established some influence over him, she usually holds her own, and is tolerably well-treated; but it is the unfortunate young girl, child in years, more than child in mind, who is delivered over to the embraces and tyranny of a brutal, despotic, and unloving husband, whom she has scarce seen and cannot care for; these are the helpless objects of pity, and too often the victims even unto death.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MYMENSINGH "FLORA."

Among the residents of Mymensingh, there were at the time of our arrival a lady and a gentleman in the first flush and fervour of incipient botany.

Stirred with the desire of discovery, as all enthusiasts, our friends undertook exploring excursions morning and evening, and usually brought back some plant or creeper, or bulb, which they fondly imagined might be vegetable entities unknown as yet to fortune or to fame.

As I had in my great passion for gardening dabbled myself to some extent in botanical names and characters, I became a referee usually on the discovery of a supposed new species, and one of the first flowers

THE PRIZE!

submitted to my inspection was from a plant that the enthusiastic pair had dragged home in triumph from a

village, with beating hearts and beaming faces, under the conviction that it was a prize.

The lady especially, with the impulsive earnestness of the sex, dilated eloquently on the beauty of the blossom, the brilliant yellow of the petals, the luxuriant richness of the foliage, and doubtless pictured to herself in imagination the glory of giving a name to the future *Fannia superba* of botanical catalogue.

"Bap re, Mera Kuddoo!"

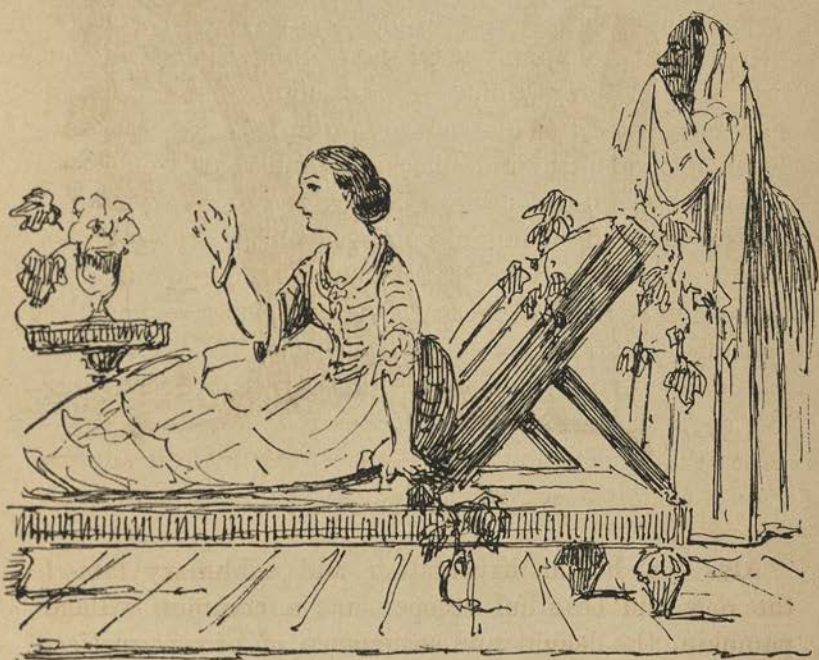
THE ADMIRING GENTLEMAN.

THE PUMPKIN ELEVATED.

Alas for human expectation and sublunary fame! the new and beautiful creeper was a common village pumpkin, the delight and sustenance of brown rustics, grossly cucurbitaceous in all its features. But though familiar to rustics and, perhaps, just about the oldest plant in India, the enthusiasts might well be forgiven their mistake; for the pumpkin is, in fact, a very handsome and striking climber, the leaves are vine-shaped and bright green, the tendrils are elegant and gracefully

spiral, and the flower of a soft but brilliant yellow, quite sufficiently handsome to excite the hopes and justify the admiring gaze of the gentleman and the fair discoverer's enthusiastic rapture.

The pumpkin's established position in the villages is generally on the roof of the peasant's cottage, which it



THE ENTHUSIASTIC LADY.

covers with its large bright leaves, making a sort of small garden on the top, and doubtlessly contributing to the efficiency of the thatched covering, while it keeps

ever before the eyes of the proprietor the prospect of pleasant food and profitable barter.

No unimportant plant is this pumpkin (kudoo); not only does the fruit, or rather vegetable, afford excellent and nutritious food for native stomachs, but a material by no means to be despised for the English cuisine, where it is concocted into sham carrots, soup-fritters, fictitious apple-sauce, and sundry other delicate and ingenious purposes. Its utility, however, does not stop here; dried pumpkins, with their interiors scooped out, are used all over India as water-bottles, and seem to have suggested the idea of the favourite serai, which we have also adopted and placed of late years in crystal glass on our dessert-table as a decanter.

Nor does the pumpkin minister only to the refreshment of men's bodies or satisfaction of the appetites, but travels into the intellectual, and appears in many a melodious instrument. The sitar—*Anglicé*, guitar—the classical cithara, with others, all are split pumpkins, Nature's ready-made sounding boards.

So that our botanists were not wrong in their admiration, though deceived in their expectation of "something new."

The only painful part of the transaction above described, is the possibility that, in their enthusiastic seizure of the unknown plant, they may have carried off the precious fruit from the top of an old woman's bungalow—a shocking conjecture, which I have endeavoured to depict.

CHAPTER XIII.

Vanity of vanities.
Il faut souffrir pour être belle.

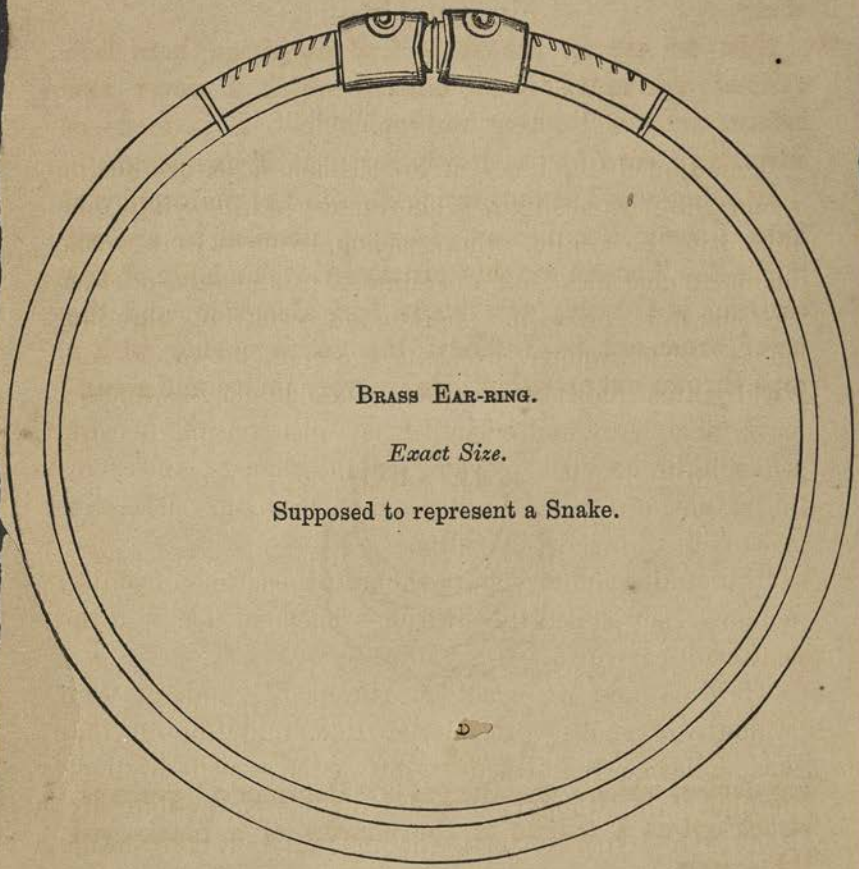
I mentioned the blue Garrow Hills as a feature in the scenery of Mymensingh. There is a wild, naked people inhabiting these hills, who occasionally pay a visit to the plains, and cut heads off on religious grounds—a practice that used to be rather fashionable even in Christian lands. The women are true women, however, and vividly illustrate the principle of the old adage which I have taken as a motto; and what with boring of ears, screwing-in of waists, powder, patches, hoops, and crinolines, our own fair countrywomen have in successive ages helped to show its truth.

But of all voluntary martyrdom at the shrine of vanity, none ever surpassed the Garrow women—at least, in the matter of ear-rings.

Here is one of exact measurement, and in form evidently a snake, probably a rude imitation of that ancient device—emblem of eternity—the serpent swallowing his tail; though this Garrow serpent—like Mr. Bouncer's sixpence—has got no tail, but two heads instead.

The ring is formed of solid brass, and is of great weight; yet six, eight, and even ten of these are worn in each ear by the belles of Garrow; and happy the maiden or matron whose ear gives way to the pressure and splits in two.

The serpent entering the woman's ear is an old and over-true tale, and the devil has continued to keep a



BRASS EAR-RING.

Exact Size.

Supposed to represent a Snake.

remembrance of his victory in many a strange way throughout the universe.

Ophiolatry has had more followers than any other "'latry" in the universe, and the serpent is, alas! still the "Prince of this world."

Are these wild women carrying about, without knowing

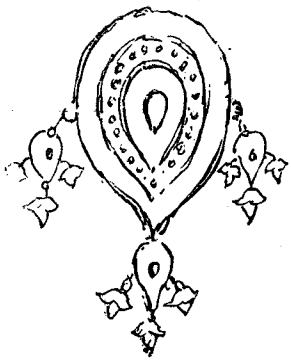
it, the badge and memento of their seduction? Who shall say?

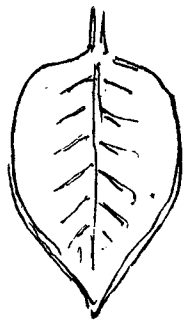
Now we are on the subject of ear-rings, here is a curious specimen of a pattern which I never saw before, and of cunning workmanship. It is made of silver, and worn by the lovely ladies of Mymensingh.

Looking—as I always try to do—to the philosophy of form, I seem to make out clearly a nautical or ancient "fish-like" origin for this ornament. The body of the ear-ring is palpably two boats laid alongside, and the lower ornament is, I fancy, the native anchor with a rope thrown out on either side; a very pretty and mean

ing device, which some Bengalee "Benvenuto," perhaps, struck out as a tribute to the charms of a black-eyed "Piscatrix."

There is a meaning in all ancient things. It is only "Brummagem or cockney" decoration that has no soul or sentiment, and is, being interpreted, "*Brummagem* and cockney." See how the natives borrow their forms direct from the Great Architect. I have a *delicate* nose-ornament, procured since I have been here, *called*, "peepul-pat," *i.e.* peepul-leaf; I have put a real peepul-





f by its side to show how exact the copy is. The le pendant leaves, which shake with the least move- exactly represent the quiver of the peepul-leaf, moves and trembles with the slightest breath of for which there is a physiological reason to be l in the formation of the stalks.

e adoption of Nature's forms, and their nice adapta- to conventional fitness, is the essence of true

most interesting subject of artistic investigation research would be the history of ornamentation from im eval times to the present day—what was the earliest orm of decoration—whether the feet, the wrists, or the ears were the first portions of the selected body; whether the nose-ring was introduced as an ornament, or a means of securing obedience and submission in women, and whether any attempt was ever made by the female to introduce it in the nasal organ of her husband.

These and many other points now hidden from common ken would form a most captivating study, and might lead to strange revelations.

The following little sketches were taken at random. The first exhibits the gigantic "arum" leaf, which is constantly used by the natives in the swamp of Mymensingh as an umbrella.

NATURE'S PARASOL.

The two girls were particularly pretty specimens, and stood for their portraits with modest pleasure, and a becoming amount of self-satisfaction.

The process of portrait-painting is sometimes regarded by oriental juveniles with bewilderment if not alarm, and when asked to stand they seem to think that some sort of enchantment or fascination is going on, which may or may not have some unpleasant consequence ; and when the process is complete, and they have suffered no pain or discomfort, they regard the picture with a curious admixture of surprise and satisfaction.

My present sitters, or rather standers, formed a pleasant exception, and underwent the trial with unceasing smiles.

The cow-boys were less conscious than the girls, but seemed rather puzzled at my action with the brush.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

Return from Mymensingh.—Arrival in Calcutta by Boat.—Proceed to Patna in the Steamer *Charles Allen*.—Application for Leave refused.—Demi-Official Letter to Mr. Talbot.—Return to Mymensingh alone.—Correspondence.—Second Suspension.

AFTER four months had passed of my enforced banishment, during which the generous hospitality of Charles Campbell, the Collector of Mymensingh, who had received and sheltered us, made our sojourn as pleasant as possible under the circumstances, I obtained the private leave of absence to which I was entitled, and we left Mymensingh and started for Calcutta on our way to Patna. Mrs. Charles Lance, the heroine of the pumpkin, accompanied us; having at last obtained permission to join her husband in the upper provinces, which were now reported comparatively safe. We started in country boats, one of which we jointly occupied during the day, while the other served me for a bed-room during the night.

We had a pleasant and uneventful passage, during

The Ladies on the boat.

which my little daughter and her companion amused themselves during the day with working, Mrs. Lance being incessantly employed—as absent wives generally are, or profess to be—in working a pair of interminable slippers for her absent husband.

Both of them obtained some variety of amusement by the companionship of the beloved "Hoolook," the black long-armed monkey which I had presented to my daughter, and which was on his best behaviour during the voyage, though he died a miserable death.

On reaching Calcutta, we dined and slept at Spence's Hotel, and embarked the next day for Patna on board the river steamer the *Charles Allen*, where I amused myself in sketching all that was interesting on the vessel, including the captain and some of the passengers.

Eighteen days on board the *Charles Allen* from Calcutta to Patna, with its illustrations, would form a small book of itself, but is too bulky to be introduced in the present volume, though I have all the illustrations.

After a short, too short, sojourn with my beloved wife and family—being refused by Mr. Halliday an extension of leave, for which I had applied in hopes of the receipt of the decision of the Court of Directors on my memorial—I was compelled once more to return to my desolate swamp in solitary grandeur, and resume my uninteresting duties.

There was peculiar hardship in the compulsory return to a district 600 miles distant, and the more especially as Lord Canning had by telegram expressed his readiness to withdraw, for my benefit, a general prohibition then existing against the grant of leave; there was no help for it, however, and I again accom-

plished the lonely journey, not this time relieved by my daughter's presence, but in solitary sadness.

And here I am tempted to quote a demi-official letter which I wrote, on the occasion of my first banishment, to Lord Canning's private secretary; a gentleman who, as far as in his position it was possible, exhibited, throughout the period of my suffering, the most gratifying sympathy, and has since, in writing, stated his conviction that if Lord Canning had known the real facts, he would have done me justice.

My dear Talbot, Patna, March 2nd, 1858.

Before I leave my family and household, and set out on my weary pilgrimage of 600 miles, to sojourn like a solitary snipe in the swamp of Mymensingh (such are the laurels won by labour in the 19th century), I cannot refrain from writing a few lines for the consideration (if his lordship will deign to consider them) of the Governor-General, especially with reference to the gigantic Blue Book which has just been published by Mr. Halliday. Although I have, perhaps unwisely, ventured to place myself in open antagonism to Mr. Halliday, whom I find it impossible to respect, and whose conduct towards me I feel to have been unworthy and unjust, I have, I hope, never lost sight of the deference and respect due to his lordship; and as his lordship's decision in regard to my removal rests *solely* on the single act of calling in the civil functionaries from the out-stations (an act in which I may have erred without entailing any disgrace or discredit), and as the only matter in which the G. G. in Council expressed any strong opinion has been, I trust, satisfactorily explained, I hope his lordship will not be indisposed to pay some little attention to my present very peculiar position, which is this:—Irrespective of the act which the G. G. in Council has condemned, it cannot be denied that with the exception of Mr. Elliot—an old man who, with a house full of native women, is completely under native influence—and Mr. ———, who has been for years Mr. Elliot's satellite—with the exception of these two gentlemen (the very same individuals who attacked me so bitterly in the matter of the

Industrial Institution), every person in the province, civil, military, clerical, missionary, merchant, indigo-planter, the *respectable* natives, all with one voice have declared their conviction that I *saved Patna*, and with Patna—Behar. I lately sent you this letter (I have a book full) which will show you what is thought of my proceedings by a man celebrated for his genius and knowledge of India.

The expression of unanimous opinion you may well imagine is highly gratifying, and probably far more than I deserve; but just at this crisis Mr. Halliday publishes a Blue Book, containing at its close, a long letter of eighty-one paragraphs from Mr. Samuells, my successor; in which he has exhausted the entire vocabulary of abuse and invective against me. I am liar, libeller, inordinately vain. That by this furious onslaught and vulgar violence Mr. Samuells has placed himself beyond the pale of gentlemanly controversy, and ruined his reputation as a statesman, will be a source of regret to his friends, but little consolation to me. What I would wish to submit to his lordship is, the great injustice of this book being *published* without giving me first the opportunity of answering and exposing the accusations contained in it. The same I may say of the Lieutenant-Governor's minute of the 5th of August —which I have *now for the first time seen*, and which contains five or six additional accusations against me—every one of which I can completely refute—from documents in my possession. To give you an instance of the *cruel unfairness* of the proceedings, one charge—and a serious one against me—is that I attacked and assailed the judge (in the trial of Lootf Ali Khan), and some of my *private* notes to Mr. ——— (which that gentleman sent to the L. G.), have been *printed*, but none of Mr. ———'s letters *to me* have appeared.

If they had, the charge would have broken down at once, because it would have been seen that my notes were all answers to his! and that *he*, the *Judge*, did not scruple to write to me *first* in that form about the case. In addition to all this abuse and vilification, Mr. Samuells maintained that I not only did *no good*, but very nearly ruined Patna! and that it was only saved by the advent of Ameer Ali!

His witnesses in this are again old Mr. Elliot and Mr. ———,

and the statement is directly opposed to the belief and opinion of every other Englishmen in the province—perhaps in India.

But what makes me more anxious to press the whole subject on his lordship's serious attention is, that I find for the first time, in the Blue Book, that Mr. Elliot had sent up a Minute to the Government of India, ascribing all manner of mischief to my *measures*; *the very measures* which other gentlemen (except himself and Mr. ———) have so highly approved. I thus see that, as I suspected, I had been traduced and misrepresented to his lordship. Did the gentlemen who submitted this memorandum to his lordship, apprize him of Mr. Elliot's character and antecedents? Did he tell his lordship that he is an open and professing contemner of the Christian religion? that he has passed a long life in the open violation of decency, and has at this time a harem in his house, and is known to be under the influence of *native feelings*? Would it not have been fair to his lordship, and fair to me, that this should have been disclosed, that so his lordship might have judged whether such a man was a safe counsellor at such a critical time?

I herewith enclose a private copy of some remarks, hurriedly copied, in regard to all Mr. Halliday's extra charges.

These, of course, will be brought forward publicly, and in more complete form, and my only excuse for sending them in this form, and asking his lordship kindly to peruse them is my anxiety, which I hope will be understood, that I may not be held guilty of those scandalous charges in his lordship's private estimation.

I feel sure Lord Canning would not tolerate unfair and unmanly dealings, and I yet hope that when his lordship sees how much of underhand intrigue and interested and dishonest opposition has been employed against me, what unjust charges have been brought, and how old grievances have been raked up to crush a man already down (at least for a time), his lordship will not refuse to interpose and protect me. A simple list of the unfounded accusations and unworthy modes of procedure would, I believe, startle any honourable man. I am about to prepare one for submission.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

(Signed) W. Tayler.

I start Saturday next for Calcutta, when—after a short stay of a week—I proceed to my banishment.

I particularly asked for a station near Patna or Calcutta; therefore, of course, I am sent to the *ultima Thule* of Bengal.

My wife is just laid up with small-pox to add to my happiness.

I must be either a very wicked or unfortunate man. I have this moment heard that all my *Facts and Fancies* have been lost in the *Ava*.*

It was while I was thus for the second time enduring the penalty of continued banishment that the second blow was struck which led eventually to my resignation from the service.

I have already pointed out that I had sent a second memorial to the Court of Directors, in which I disposed of all the additional charges recorded against me, and my desire was to take no decided or irredeemable step until I could receive their judgment upon it. The Court had, in their decision on my first memorial, entirely absolved me from all the serious accusations which Mr. Halliday had brought against me, and recorded high eulogium of my administration, a fact which gave me sanguine hopes of complete triumph when they should read the further explanations submitted.

This gratifying judgment, however, was somewhat weakened by the fact that the Lieutenant-Governor, while publishing those portions of the despatch which were on minor matters unfavourable to me, *had suppressed the portions which were favourable*!

This circumstance I represented to the Supreme Government, and the President in Council gave me permission to publish the whole despatch in any manner I might choose.

* These were sketches sent home for publication.

Meanwhile nothing had occurred to lead me for a moment to doubt that my *second* memorial had, in the usual course, been forwarded; nor could I conceive that any obstacle or delay in its transmission could possibly have taken place, at all events without information being at once given to me, to whom delay was obviously most injurious.

What, then, was my pain and astonishment when one day I accidentally read in the *Englishman* newspaper a correspondence, which the editor had surreptitiously obtained, between Mr. Halliday and the Supreme Government, which disclosed the extraordinary fact that my second memorial to the Court of Directors—the answer to which I was, in my simplicity, daily and anxiously expecting—had *never been submitted at all;* although no hint or intimation had been vouchsafed to me of this most injurious and cruel detention!

The reason alleged for this proceeding was, that one expression in the document was disrespectful and offensive; that is, that I had complained that Mr. Halliday had made a "misrepresentation"—a fact which was then beyond dispute, and had been confirmed by the Court of Directors themselves.

On this discovery I at once seriously remonstrated—as I felt in duty bound—against this procedure, explaining that I had deliberately made the statement in justice to myself, and in vindication of my character; but this explanation, though respectfully worded was, strange to say, held to be a repetition of the offence. At the same time other letters of mine which I had just written under the express sanction of the Supreme Government, for the purpose of making known the favourable portion of

the Court's despatch (which, as I have mentioned, had been concealed both from me and the public), were, arbitrarily pronounced to be disrespectful, and the Supreme Government, whose Secretary (Mr. Beadon) was Mr. Halliday's special friend and *protégé*, for the second time directed me to be suspended from office; thus I was—solely on the grounds of alleged indiscreetness of expression—once more cast on the world, while 600 miles from home!

But if these trivial acts of—at the worst—verbal imprudence were sufficient to justify my ruinous dismissal as a criminal from office, what were the acts from which I was suffering? How had the Lieutenant-Governor dealt with me?

He had, as before stated, suppressed the favourable portion of the Court's decision, while he published the unfavourable. He had detained my second memorial for several months on the sole plea of an objectionable expression, and carefully concealed the detention from me. He had approved, published, and circulated throughout the Bengal Presidency, the indecent letter of Mr. Samuells, replete with personal abuse. In spite of Lord Canning's direction that there was nothing to prevent my re-employment in high office, he had kept me seven months on starving allowance, and then sent me to a distant and unhealthy station 600 miles from Patna; had subsequently refused me short leave of absence, though the medical officer attested that the indulgence was necessary for my health, and Lord Canning had purposely suspended a general order in my favour; yet all these acts were condoned, while my "little sins" involved me once more in disgrace, distress, and poverty.

This time, however, the order for my suspension was limited, *i.e.* to take effect until "I had given assurance to the Lieutenant-Governor that I would in future conduct myself with becoming respect and in proper subordination to the Government under which I was placed."

As I had never intended to show insubordination, and had—in the points referred to—only acted in accordance with what I believed, and still believe, to have been my duty, I immediately and willingly gave the assurance required. Mr. Halliday, however, refused to accept it, on the ground that my promise *looked as if I regarded it as a mere matter of form*, and, therefore, intimated that he should keep me unemployed on probation, and at his pleasure, for an undefined period. This interpretation of my letter I at once warmly repudiated, repeating my assurance—but to no effect.

Thus, then, was I again kept for several months on a miserable pittance; and a respectful application to be informed when it was even *probable* that he would re-employ me, was refused.

Although, then, this second suspension has no immediate connection with my removal from the Patna Commissionership, it forms an important episode, and unless it is to some extent made intelligible, my readers will with difficulty appreciate my painful position. As it was, the proceedings I have described reduced me to despair. Daily and hourly my pecuniary difficulties were increasing; and to what period they would extend, it was impossible even to conjecture. The result was inevitable; I had no alternative, and sent in my resignation.

CHAPTER XX.

EVENTS AFTER RESIGNATION.

Effects of my Resignation.—My Feelings on the Occasion.—Resolution to establish a Law Agency Office.—Gratifying Encouragement received.—Case of the Rajah of Hutwa.—Terms offered and accepted.—Successful Result.—Subsequent Proceedings in Calcutta regarding the Case.—Triumphant Issue.—General Encouragement in my New Profession.—Petty Scheme for my Injury detected and frustrated.—Independence secured.

It is not a particularly pleasant thing for a public officer, holding the principal official position in a large district, on a salary of some £4,000 a year, to be suddenly reduced, with a large family on his hands, to what is pleasantly called in India "subsistence allowance," and there is no doubt that the power which a Lieutenant-Governor holds of reducing troublesome or obnoxious subordinates to this dilemma of the *res angusta* is usually sufficient to ensure submission in the suffering victim, even when right is on his side.

Had not the subject of my controversy with the

Government of 1857 been exceptionally serious, and my conviction of right *exceptionally strong, I should* probably have succumbed to the power which, by the stroke of a pen, deprived me of all but daily bread, and left me, with my wife and grown-up daughters, hardly sufficient to pay my servants' wages and keep ourselves alive.

But a great question was at issue; I knew that I was right and my adversary wrong.

A vital principle was involved, and I felt a deep conviction, not only that I was justified in maintaining a struggle in the cause of truth, but that, through God's mercy, I should, if life was spared, establish the soundness of my views, the importance of my measures, and the vindication of my character.

And though this great object, as I foresaw, could only be achieved by resignation of the service in which I had laboured faithfully for twenty-eight years, I saw clearly that the first and most indispensable requisite was independence. So long as I could be kept on starving allowance, sent off 600 miles at a few days' warning, or suspended from office on the plea of imaginary disrespect, I was but a helpless tool in the hands of autocratic disfavour; my appeal could be, as it was, withheld, my letters burked, my requests ignored; my position was one of slavish imbecility; and the inevitable end—ruin.

Such were my convictions, intensified by consideration, and confirmed by a belief in the ultimate triumph o truth.

The announcement of my resignation was receive with general regret by all my friends; but I had, aft

mature and careful consideration, resolved on the step. The continued and unrelenting persecution to which I had been subjected, the misconstruction of my sentiments, and the unmeasured personal abuse recorded by my successor, which, without rebuke or censure, had been circulated throughout the country, my banishment, even when re-employed, to a distant and unhealthy province, and the refusal to transfer me, even when its injurious effects were attested by my medical attendant, this combination of wrongs convinced me that I could never rely upon fair or honourable treatment, and I felt internal assurance that, God willing, I should be able, by my own exertions, to earn an honourable living, and possibly in an independent position continue to do some good service to the people.

My proposal to establish a legal agency had some days before been communicated to several friends, and all had agreed that such an agency might be found extremely serviceable to natives of property, who, as all are aware, were generally at the mercy of selfish and interested advisers, who encouraged litigation for their own benefit.

Immediately my intention was known, the most gratifying encouragement was afforded by several wealthy individuals, European and Native, who offered me [illegible]al retainers, varying from 100 to 300 rupees per [illegible] and before I had been at work for a month I [illegible]ceipt of a considerable income.

[illegible]he most remarkable incident which occurred in [illegible]t days of my new career, was in connection with [illegible]jah of Hutwa, one of the wealthiest nobles within [illegible]tna province.

The late rajah died some months after my resignation of the service, having by his will bequeathed his splendid estate to his grandson, but he had several nephews who claimed the property in virtue of their nearer relationship.

After the claim of the nephews was fairly lodged before the Civil Court, one day the Rajah's principal mokhtar (attorney) paid me a visit, and told me he had been deputed by the present Rajah to engage me as his counsel, and on extremely liberal terms. I was to receive 300 rupees a month for four years, 20,000 rupees was to be given when I entered the court to plead, and 20,000 more if I won the case; the property was worth millions, and the title would, of course, appertain to the successful suitor.

Now, the plan which I had in my own mind proposed to myself did not include personal advocacy. I had intended to establish an office of advice and consultation, receiving fees for the examination of the papers of each case, and for the opinion and advice which, after examination, I should give.

But this splendid offer tempted me to change my mind, so I went at once to Calcutta and laid an application before the Court for the necessary permission.

As I had been myself a judge for five years in Shahabad, where, as I have shown, I had received strong testimonials of efficiency, and as I might, wished it, have been promoted to the Sudder b difficulty was made, and the diploma, which ena to plead in all the courts of the country, was granted.

I then returned to Patna, and signified my acquie

in the arrangement proposed by the Rajah's mokhtar, and a written agreement was accordingly executed.

After the usual delay, a day was fixed for the hearing of the suit, and I went to Chuprah for the purpose; and a note for 20,000 rupees (£2,000) was, according to the agreement, placed in my hand before I entered the Court.

I was not allowed, however, to carry out my purpose without opposition, and an amusing scene took place. I had some days before been informed that the vakeels on the other side intended before the hearing commenced to object to my pleading, on the ground that I was an Englishman, and they could not understand what I said. I was not much disturbed at the idea, because I felt myself perfectly competent to plead in Hindustani, so I said nothing, but rather wickedly allowed the scene to be enacted.

Directly the judge took his seat, the principal pleader on the part of the plaintiff rose, and joining his hands, told the judge that he had a representation to make before the hearing commenced. He then made a speech, highly complimentary, saying that they all knew Mr. Tayler, were aware of his abilities, and held him in great respect, with other expressions of politeness; "but," he then added, "my Lord, Mr. Tayler is an Englishman, and we are natives of India; how can we understand Mr. Tayler's reasoning, how appreciate his arguments?"

When he had completed his speech, the judge turned civilly to me, saying, "Mr. Tayler, these objections appear reasonable, what do you say to them?" "Well," I said, "I think the objections are perfectly reasonable, and I appreciate the courteous civility of

the speech made; the only thing I have to say is, that I am prepared to plead in Hindoostani."

As I had given no hint to anyone there present of this reply, it caused some sensation, and, perhaps, a little disappointment, but there was no answer.

The fact was, that in the unrestricted intercourse which it had been my pleasure to carry on with natives of all classes, and on all subjects, I had acquired a complete mastery over the Ordoo language, and rather prided myself on the fact.

The sequel was that I won the case; the second 20,000 rupees (£2,000) was immediately paid, and by this victory the debts contracted during the whole of my Indian career were, as if by a special interposition of Providence, at once discharged.

This important case, with its auspicious results, gave me, as may be imagined, great encouragement, and great cause for gratitude and confidence for the future.

Having married when so young, and both my wife and myself having unfortunately a taste for the beautiful, we had, as in those days almost all young civilians did, outrun the constable, and what with our frequent change of residence, furnishing and refurnishing separate houses, the expense of my sons' education, and my wife's journeys to and from England, the rapid increase of our family, and last, though not least, my premature passion for dogs and horses, I had incurred considerable debt, always with the reasonable hope, in which unwise friends and even the tradesmen in those days themselves encouraged me, of paying it off when in receipt of higher salary.

My sudden suspension from office, entailing the reduction of my salary from £4,000 to £360 per annum, little more than sufficient to pay for house-rent and servants, necessarily placed me in the most painful and embarrassing dilemma, a fact which was, of course, well known to Mr. Halliday, and which, it is to be feared, encouraged him to hope for my submission.

It may, therefore, well be imagined with what feelings of gratitude to God I found myself, within a few short months of my humiliation, not only free from debt, but in the enjoyment of an income very nearly equal to that which I had received as Commissioner; for not only had I obtained the grant of yearly payments in the shape of several retainers to a considerable amount, but the editor of the *Englishman*, directly he heard of my resignation, wrote to offer me a monthly salary of 500 rupees (£600 per annum), on condition of my contributing editorial articles to his paper.

But I must not omit the subsequent incidents connected with the Hutwa case, although they occurred some time afterwards, as they form altogether a sort of mild romance.

Some time after my client, the young Rajah, had won his case, the opposite party appealed to the Calcutta High Court, and, as I was informed, he was dissuaded from again engaging my services, his advisers telling him that it was all very well to employ Mr. Tayler at Chuprah, where there were only native vakeels, but in Calcutta there was the great Mr. —— and the celebrated Mr. ——, men of superior ability and practised pleaders.

I, of course, said nothing, but being much interested

in the case, I went down to Calcutta to witness the proceedings.

The arguments lasted during the entire day, the most distinguished barristers being employed on either side; and when the Court rose, the aspect of affairs was so obviously hostile to the Rajah, that the general conviction was that he would lose the case.

I recognised at once the position, which was caused by the misapprehension on the part of the Rajah's counsel of a single Persian word.

I dined that evening with an old friend, John Cochrane, and just after the cloth was removed, a servant came in and said that the Rajah of Hutwa was at the door, and wished to speak to Mr. Tayler.

He was shown into a separate room, and the moment I entered he rushed towards me, took off his turban and put it on the ground, and then kneeling down, seized me by the knees, and screamed out, "I am a fool, I am mad! What shall I say? Oh, why did I not employ you! Oh, forgive me! Here is ten thousand—twenty thousand rupees, any sum you may demand!"

Then, while still panting and sobbing, he entreated me to go into Court the next day, and save his Raj, as he knew I could.

The scene was ludicrous in the extreme, for the young Rajah was an unusually large and portly man, in handsome costume, and he was crying like a baby.

I told him, when he stopped for a moment, that I was extremely sorry, but it was impossible to comply with his request; both his counsel had already spoken, and no one else would be allowed to interfere.

Nothing, however, would satisfy him, so our confab

ended in my saying that I would go into Court, ask permission of the judges to say a few words, at his urgent and special request, and then, if allowed, and I was successful, I would accept his proffered fee.

With this understanding, he left me with expressions of intense gratitude, still repeating the words, "I was mad, I was a fool."

The next day I went to the Court, and just before the proceedings commenced, I rose, and after apologising to the judges, as well as to the Rajah's counsel, I said that I was anxious to say a few words on behalf of the respondent (the Rajah) at his earnest request; that I hoped my learned brethren would not be offended at my saying that being intimately acquainted with the facts of the case, which I had conducted throughout in the District Court, I felt that there had been a misapprehension of the real signification of a single word, which I should be able to remove.

On this the Rajah's counsel courteously expressed their assent, but the counsel of the Plaintiff (as perhaps they were bound to do) vehemently opposed my request.

The judges on the bench were Mr. Levinge, a barrister, and Mr. C. Steer, the civilian; they put their heads together, whispered a few words, and then Mr. Levinge, turning towards me, said, "Mr. Tayler, the Court will be happy to hear you." Mr. Steer then added, "You must not be long."

To this I replied, "I shall have no occasion to be long—a few minutes will suffice."

I then in a few words pointed out the misapprehension which I had observed, which consisted in a confusion

between the two native words (which my civilian readers will comprehend), viz. "kork" and "zubt," the one meaning preliminary attachment, the other confiscation.

The case was won, and I accepted without scruple the additional fee.

It will be easily understood that this unexpected success, which even from the first commencement attended my new scheme, completely frustrated all purpose of securing my submission to the cruel treatment I had received.

And further gratification arose from the letters received from several of the authorities expressive of their belief of the advantages which they considered would be derived, especially by the wealthy natives, from the establishment of my agency.

From that moment I became, to all intents and purposes, independent.

Secret attempts had been made to secure my removal from Patna, as the universal expression of friendship, respect, and sympathy, which was made known from day to day, the warm support of the press, and the open manifestation of native confidence, offered a somewhat unusual commentary on the treatment I had experienced at the hands of the Government.

And it was not to be expected that such an unlooked-for result of official displeasure should be regarded in high quarters with entire approbation, and after a short time an officer was appointed by Government as Commissioner of Patna, who from the first moment of his arrival endeavoured to thwart my action and impede, as far as possible, my success in my new profession.

The details of these manœuvres, which from that moment were incessantly exercised for the accomplishment of this end, would form a little history; but the subject is painful to dwell upon in a work like this, wherein, although good and bad, pleasant and unpleasant subjects are necessarily commingled, I am truly anxious to avoid, as far as possible, the resuscitation of matters which are not essential to the vindication of my character, and this more especially when the narration may give pain to some who are still alive.

In the present instance, the attempt to deprive me of the society and friendship of friends in office, solely because I had embraced the profession of a lawyer, was met by all who knew me with ridicule, contempt, and in many cases indignation; and as I was myself scrupulously careful to ask for no privilege or concession which was not granted to the native vakeels, the contemptible ruse, undertaken, I fear, with the approbation of higher powers, was thoroughly frustrated.

I will dwell no more, therefore, on this phase of my new position, though it lasted for some time longer, and pass on to more pleasant scenes.

Our life from this period and the next four years was passed in Patna.

I myself was constantly on the move, being summoned from time to time by letter or telegraph to distant stations, in my new capacity, for the conduct of litigated cases; and I may truly say that, if I could have cut myself into several pieces, I might have made several fortunes.

But in giving a brief narrative of sayings and doings during these years, it will, I think, be convenient to separate the social and unprofessional events from those

which appertain to the calls and duties of my new profession, although some of the occurrences connected with the latter will not be devoid of interest. This course I shall follow in the succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER XXI.

FOUR YEARS' SUMMARY.

Brief Summary of Events which transpired at Patna from 1860 to 1864.—Our Establishment at Patna.—The Drag.—Pleasant Drives.—Mr. Halliday resigns his Appointment as Lieutenant-Governor.—Is succeeded by J. P. Grant.—Visit of new Lieutenant-Governor to Patna.—Attempt to prejudice me in my new Office.—Failure.—Marriage of our Daughters.—Convivialities of Society.—Reminiscences of Friends.—First Visit of Gout.—Sonepore Fair.—Interesting Scene.—Appointment of G. Cockburn as Commissioner.—Organisation of Fancy Fair for Arrah Church.—C. Beadon made Lieutenant-Governor. — Attempt at Improvement of Cattle. — Final Remarks on Judicial Procedure.—Vain attempts at Reform.

In accordance with the plan that I have intimated in my last chapter, I propose now to give a very brief recital of the principal events and incidents of the years which elapsed after my resignation, up to 1864, when we paid our first visit to the Viceregal sanatorium at Simla—the glad retreat of overworked officials, the interesting arena of grass-widows, and the great croquet-ground of the Supreme Government.

Little or nothing of public importance having occurred during the interval, a single chapter will be sufficient to cover the whole period, during which I was myself constantly visiting the different stations, in the discharge of my numerous and engrossing duties, some of the incidents connected with which will be mentioned in separate chapters.

All anxiety about my pecuniary difficulties having been removed by the extraordinary and unexpected success attained in my new profession, I took what I confess to have been a childish pleasure in showing, before the few who had aided in my ruin and disgrace, that, as far as social enjoyment and outward comfort were concerned, my position was not much affected. Being surrounded by friends, at Patna itself as well as at Dinapore and the neighbouring stations, and retaining possession of our spacious house and grounds at Bankipore, we had all the materials for convivial meetings and friendly hospitality.

Two of our three girls were fond of riding, and, as that had been a life-long fancy of my own, I purchased several horses, and for the special enjoyment of my wife and her lady friends I reorganised a drag which I had before purchased, with a team of four clipping horses, in which we took our evening drives. The drag held eight outside passengers; and during the season, on the days when the band at the military station of Dinapore played at night on the parade ground, we used to drive up, enjoy the music, and return to supper, always posting superfluous horses, and servants, with ginger beer and other illusive refreshment on the road, so as to produce the idea of an English coach expedition.

Our little grandson, Graham Tayler, the first-born of our eldest son Skipwith (whose life my wife had, under God's mercy, saved during the mutiny by incessantly feeding him throughout the night), had lived with us ever since, and was just old enough to manage and appreciate a pony of his own. His poor mother had died some time before.

In May 1859, Mr. Halliday, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, left India, and was succeeded by Mr. John Peter Grant. The change was an important one, as they had always differed upon sundry points; but this is not a subject on which I care to dilate.

In February 1860, the new Lieutenant-Governor paid Patna an official visit, accompanied by Major Pughe, Captain Plowden, and Edward Lushington; Colonel Charles Young and Dr. Mouatt were also with him.

On this occasion it was that the attempt to which I referred in my last chapter was made to prejudice the Lieutenant-Governor in a matter connected with my legal agency office, by a story manufactured for the purpose by a gentleman whose name I forbear to mention; but on my explanation of the real facts being made, the attempt failed, and a personal interview with Edward Lushington, the Lieutenant-Governor's secretary, who was an intelligent and honourable gentleman, at once removed the impression that had been made.

The correspondence connected with this little manœuvre is still in my possession; but I gladly pass over the details of an unpleasant episode, as out of harmony with my present work.

Our third daughter about this time was married to Edward Lockwood, one of the young civilians; and as

his appointment was at Patna, they remained at the station some time after the honeymoon.

Our second daughter was, a year after, married to Mr. Villiers Palmer, then an assistant at Gya; and in the following month our youngest daughter, who had so bravely accompanied and cheered me during my exile at Mymensingh, was engaged to Captain Pigott, a young officer in Her Majesty's 73rd Regiment, then stationed at Dinapore.

The reminiscences of those days bring forcibly to my mind the names of many valued friends still living, and of days replete with intellectual and social amusement—music, painting, balls, croquet parties, and private theatricals.

The drag with its four horses was in constant requisition for excursions into the country, and several junior members among our lady friends were initiated to some extent into the art of "coaching," by accompanying me on the box.

Our circle of friends comprised, among others, Captain (now Colonel) F. Alexander and his wife; he was an artillery officer, but was at that time acting as Executive Engineer at Dinapore; she was a daughter of the well-known civilian, C. H. Smith, and had when a child accompanied our own children to England in the *Broxenbury*, in 1838.

Captain Alexander himself was a highly accomplished man, an admirable actor, clever versifier, overflowing with fun, and a most enjoyable companion. Living at Dinapore during the critical months of the Mutiny, he had with his own eyes witnessed all the diversified events of that awful period, and had been throughout a warm

Ross Mangles rescuing the wounded Soldier.

and unflinching advocate of my policy and measures. They were during their stay our frequent guests, and in 1859 their baby was born at our house.

Not many months afterwards, to our great regret, they left the district, and our *vis dramatica* went with them.

Captain and Mrs. Sydney Chalmers, also, residents at the time at Dinapore, were constantly with us, and to the present day are intimate and valued friends, many of whom are still living.

Mr. Scott, the judge, whose high qualities I had frequent opportunities in my new profession of duly estimating; Edward Woodcock, the collector, a dear friend; Dr. Sutherland, the kind and able medical officer of the station, and Miss Smelt, afterwards his wife; Mr. and Mrs. Bignold, the former of whom was and is a master of satirical and comic poetry; A. Vicars Boyle, the hero of Arrah, and his accomplished wife; H. Richardson, the magistrate, who had been transferred during the Mutiny from Mozufferpore at my recommendation; Major Nation, who commanded the mounted police, facetiously called the *National* Guard; Captain Emerson, the magistrate of Dinapore; and last, though not least, F. Lushington, whom, with his wife, an intimate and valued friend, we had known intimately in Calcutta.

Then there was a series of younger men, civilian assistants—Ross Mangles, the gallant saviour of the wounded soldier, of which I here annex a reduced sketch from a picture taken at the time; Young Robertson, whose interesting letters have been quoted by Sir John Kaye in his history; Colin Lindsay; Villiers Taylor; Edward Lockwood; and Villiers Palmer.

These and others, still living, present themselves vividly to my memory, and the more so as most of them have given evidence of the reciprocity of feeling by the kind and sympathetic support and assistance given in the compilation of my present book of reminiscences.

During this period, as far as my own personal interests were concerned, two events of very opposite character had taken place; one was my successful *début* in my new character of law agent at Chuprah, which I have already described, the other was the first visit of gout.

This attack was brought on, to some extent, by my own imprudence. There had been a ball at Dinapore the very night on which I had engaged to go to Chuprah on business connected with the Rajah's case. Instead, however, of crossing the river comfortably and with some precaution, I went to the ball, and, after some hours, left the room in my evening suit, embarked on board a boat, and crossed the river without further protection. A sharp wind was blowing, I was ill-defended from its blast, and *vilis podagra*, always on the watch for opportunities, took possession of my foot.

This was the first appearance of the monster; for though the disease was rampant in my family—had been fatal to my father and two of my brothers—I had never shown a symptom of it.

On the 22nd of July, I finally won the great Hutwa case, to which I referred in my last chapter, and some facetious friends considered the gout to have been the natural consequence of my pecuniary success, as gout is always held to be the rich man's complaint. Many

wise people also say that the gout always skips a generation, and I myself have sometimes fancied that, in my case, it was the victim of miscalculation, and that, as I am the youngest of seventeen children, the enemy imagined I belonged to the next generation; he has not, I regret to say, yet discovered the mistake.

In November of this year, we again visited the Sonepore fair; but it was not a very interesting meeting, and as I have described the scene in my first volume, I will not bore the reader with repetition. In the next month we went down to Hooghly to see our daughter, Mrs. Palmer, who expected her confinement, and on the 29th of December had the pleasure of welcoming the arrival of her first child, now a young lady, who made her *début* after presentation two years ago in London.

In the following year we were grieved by hearing of the death of our eldest son's second wife. The first had died during the dark days of the Mutiny in our house at Patna; since then he had been living at Maldah, and we had seen but little of her. Their only child was sent to us for a time, then an interesting little girl, now the mother of our first great-grandchild.

During the years thus briefly noticed that gradual accumulation of grandsons and granddaughters commenced which entitled me, as I vainly thought, to style myself, as I have in my first volume, an "extensive grandfather"—since sternly rebuked for the impropriety by an amiable reviewer. The various incidents connected with these events, though intensely interesting to us, possess but little worthy of record. Several visits were paid by us to the different districts of Hooghly,

Burdwan, and Mozufferpore, to see our married daughters on interesting occasions, trips that were latterly rendered comparatively easy by the extension of the railway.

At the beginning of 1862, we heard with intense satisfaction that George Cockburn had been appointed to the Commissionership of Patna, in the place of the then incumbent, who, though I hope acting from what he considered conscientious motives, had continued to create great unpleasantness.

It was about this time that Mr. and Mrs. Vicars Boyle came to reside at Patna. Mr. Boyle, whose splendid services I have already briefly described, was the managing-director of the railway in the Patna division; he had for several years resided at Arrah, but after peace had been restored by the defeat of the rebels, he came to Patna, and occupied a bungalow in the immediate vicinity of our house.

Mrs. Boyle was an accomplished musician and artist, and as we had known them intimately for several years, their arrival was a great cause of satisfaction.

A singular incident about this time occurred, which might have had a tragic issue.

One day my wife had driven to Dinapore alone in an open pony-carriage; on her way back, suddenly a gaunt and ragged Fakeer ran across the road towards her with a large stone in each hand, with the evident purpose of throwing them at her. She was perfectly helpless, and unable to avoid or repel the blow. What were her feelings may be imagined; but just at the critical moment, as the fanatic was about to accomplish his savage purpose, our coachman, with wonderful skill and presence

of mind, suddenly lashed him with a back-hander across the eyes, and the next moment the carriage was out of his reach.

One other event, which occurred in 1863, is worthy of some special notice. A memorial church was about to be erected at Arrah in memory of those who had died during the Mutiny in the district, where I had remained so many years as judge. As the Government only granted a certain and insufficient sum, it was very desirable that further funds should, if possible, be obtained.

I accordingly proposed the organisation of a fancy fair, to be held in my grounds and garden at Bankipore. The proposal was met with cordial approbation on all sides. The commanding officer of the Regiment then at Dinapore offered his band. All the residents of Patna and the neighbouring districts contributed miscellaneous objects for sale; and many of the Calcutta tradespeople at my request contributed numerous articles gratis. The stalls were held by the several ladies of the station.

One officer, Major Gilbert, dressed up as a publican, and our nephew, Clarence Palmer, equipped as an ostler, had a pot-house at the entrance, where they sold beer and viands. Another tent held more delicate provisions, and the whole establishment, with tents, stalls, and flags, intermingled with the various trees and shrubs of my garden, presented a picturesque and jovial scene.

Not long after this affair, Mr. Cecil Beadon, who had in 1862 succeeded Sir J. P. Grant as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, came up to Patna on an official visit, and went to Arrah to lay the first stone of the new church.

There was a gathering from all the stations, and some speechifying, in which I took part, after luncheon.

Mr. Beadon, on his return, lunched with us, and afterwards paid my small model farm a visit, and expressed great interest in the experiments.

He subsequently organised exhibitions of cattle and agricultural produce in Calcutta and in some of the mofussil stations, a system which I had specially recommended in my scheme of an industrial institution, and which, if carried out in connection with instruction in agriculture and all its branches, as I had proposed, would have been pre-eminently useful. Separated from such a system, they were to some extent attractive, but utterly useless, and the natives in the interior regarded them with contempt, and, in some instances, ill-concealed disgust.

Having myself been deeply impressed with the advantage that might be obtained by the gradual improvement of the cattle of Bengal, which was to have been one of the principal departments of my ill-fated industrial institution, I resolved, when my pecuniary resources began to be increased by the successful issue of my legal agency, to carry out, or, at least, endeavour to carry out, my ideas, on my own account, although necessarily on a small scale.

To this end, very shortly after my resignation, I purchased at public auction a small piece of land in the immediate vicinity of my house, on which I erected a small bungalow, with a flower-garden attached, enclosed the whole area with bank and railing, and then laid it out with sheds and buildings, which were appropriated to the shelter and accommodation of horned cattle of

all kinds, with sheep and pigs, poultry, pigeons, and all manner of live stock.

I bought a magnificent English bull for 4,000 rupees, and sundry first-rate cows, with two or three superior rams.

The whole establishment was placed under the superintendence of my former steward, Mr. Kelly (who had married my wife's faithful maid-servant Elizabeth, whom I have before mentioned), and after a time became a thing of great interest.

During this month we had the extreme pleasure of a visit from the great and good Alexander Duff, who stayed with us for some days and paid me the compliment of accompanying me to Mozufferpore for the purpose of hearing me plead in Hindustanee before the Civil Court.

Dr. Duff, though a stranger to me at the time, had always taken a deep interest in the strange controversy in which I had been involved, and, with the grand generosity and deep feeling of justice for which he was so renowned, had publicly expressed his warm admiration of my policy and action, and his stern condemnation of the treatment I had received.

His letter, extracted from his published book, *The Indian Mutiny, its Causes*, and some passages from a leading article which he wrote in one of the principal journals in 1857, I have already given in a former Chapter.

In the month of May this year, our beloved daughter, then Mrs. Edward Lockwood, was called away; she had died immediately after the birth of her third child, which itself lived only a few days.

Those who knew our darling daughter's character, will

not think I am guilty of exaggeration when I say that her loveliness of form and face was only surpassed by the angelic purity of her character.

A picture of her before she came to India, painted by my talented nephew Edward Tayler, gives a faithful idea of her exceptional beauty, and to this day cannot be contemplated by her mother, myself or friends without emotion.

Directly my wife received the telegram from Burdwan announcing her illness, she went off, but, alas, too late! She returned in two or three days bringing with her the two sweet children who, by the kind permission of their father, lived with us till 1867, when we brought them to England with us.

It was during this interval that I first made the acquaintance of Sir Bartle Frere, who had come to Calcutta and joined the Supreme Council. My first introduction to him was made by my valued friend Colin Mackenzie, now, alas! no more. We both went by invitation to breakfast with Sir Bartle, and my introduction was made with Colin Mackenzie's usual whole-hearted enthusiasm, by presenting me, in an emphatic voice, as "Mr. William Tayler, the gentleman who saved Patna!"

The acquaintance thus made was during Sir Bartle Frere's continued residence in Calcutta a source of constant satisfaction, enhanced as I knew more of him and was better enabled to appreciate his amiable qualities and rare intellectual attainments.

On my first introduction at the India Office, after my return to England, Sir Bartle informed Sir S. Northcote's private secretary that he had always heard Lord Canning say my case would have to be decided by subsequent developments.

What Sir Bartle's own opinion of my claim to recognition was, may be seen by the copy of his letter which I have printed among the rest; he subsequently paid me the compliment of corresponding with me on several of the important questions under discussion, and I saw and read sufficient to make me feel the sad want of such a mind in the seat of the Bengal Government.

One of my most satisfactory amusements during the leisure hours of this period of independence, was the artistic arrangement of my extensive collection of Indian curiosities.

Some years before, when my official wanderings as Postmaster-General carried me throughout the numerous provinces of Bengal, I had amused myself by ascertaining all available particulars regarding the habits, manufactures, ornaments, religious and social, in each of the districts I visited. It is a curious fact, however, that I seldom found any of the individual officers of the station in the possession of full or accurate information as to the notabilities of his district, so that after a few days I adopted the plan of picking the brains of any well-informed individual I could discover, and thus storing up information generally before I reached the station where my duties required or permitted me to sojourn.

By this plan I was generally *up* in the peculiarities, or products, of each district before I reached it, and then, with the kind assistance of the resident authorities and intelligent natives, I was successful in picking up the articles characteristic of the place; thus, long before my resignation, I had gathered together an extensive collection of interesting objects from all parts of my postal dominions, which I had arranged in my house at

Arrah, and which attracted the special interest and admiration of Mrs. Halliday on the occasion of the Lieutenant-Governor's visit to Shahabad.

The collection afterwards found a charming resting-place in our large house at Patna, where we had a splendid room, sixty-four feet long, with high walls and extensive space, admirably adapted for the ornamental arrangement of a museum.

When it had assumed rather important extent, I commenced the separation of the objects, on what appeared to me to be an interesting and useful system.

First of all, I arranged the articles in three great divisions, according to the three religions—Mahomedan, Hindoo, and Buddhist. They were then subdivided into objects of worship, including the several deities; social or useful objects connected with any religious superstition or custom; ornamental, and, finally, miscellaneous objects. Arms and accoutrements of all kinds were separate.

It is a curious and noticeable fact, that it was through the study of the several peculiarities of the three Mahomedan sects—Soonees, Sheas, and Wahabees—that my attention was, during the crisis of the rebellion, specially directed to the latter dangerous brotherhood, whose doctrines and habits I have described in the appendix to this work.

One of the most interesting branches of my collection was that of the different "rosaries" in use throughout India.*

* After my return to England, circumstances induced me, though with great reluctance, to part with the collection which is now in the South Kensington Museum. The purely Indian articles are

On the 26th of August, the death of John Bardoe Elliot took place at Patna, and it is a curious fact that before his decease he told his son that he had never himself borne me ill-will, but had been urged by others to oppose and calumniate me; for the poor old man's sake I trust this was true, but his letter of accusation it was which the Lieutenant-Governor had received and quoted to my ruin, as publicly stated by Mr. Samuells in his celebrated philippic, and of which, up to the present day, I have never been able to obtain the perusal! That letter, Mr. Samuells says, accused me of causing "public scandal and discontent throughout Patna by my measures"—an accusation which was accepted and endorsed by the Lieutenant-Governor!

On the 28th of September, we received a visit from Sir Mordaunt Wells, the distinguished judge of the Calcutta High Court.

I had always conceived a high opinion of Sir Mordaunt's ability, but more especially for the bold and fearless independence which at all times he exhibited.

I sat on the bench with him as a spectator, on one occasion, at his kind invitation, during the celebrated case of Burney *v.* Eyre, then in appeal before the High Court, in which I had, in its earlier stages, been more or less personally engaged, and was greatly impressed by what I saw and heard.

The case alluded to was one which had created great sensation at Dinapore, but like many others in which

in the Indian Department, while the bronzes and jade stone objects from Japan and China are in the principal rooms. My name is affixed to every separate article.

the names of acquaintances and friends are mentioned, and which may, therefore, possibly cause vexation and annoyance, I refrain from giving it publicity.

The visit of Sir Mordaunt Wells was highly acceptable, and it was with no little satisfaction that I perceived how truly he estimated all I had gone through.

In my next chapter, I shall give some notion of my position and proceedings as law agent.

Elphinstone.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHANGE OF PROFESSION.

General Remarks on the Effect of Changes in the Profession of Public Officials.—Strange Revelations which such Change brings.—Abuses of the Judicial Courts.—The great Case of Bunsee Loll, the Widow.

THE great case of the Hutwa succession, which I have described at length in a preceding chapter, contains little worthy of remark, as far as my memoirs are concerned, excepting as regards the vulgar question of pecuniary profit, which, even at the commencement of my new career, was so seasonably obtained; and, perhaps, for the indication which it presents of the danger occasionally attending a just and righteous cause from the ignorance of English lawyers in regard to the exact meaning of Indian words. Some other cases which subsequently came into my hands will possess far greater interest.

When a public officer in high position in India descends from his pedestal and enters on the lower stage of ordinary unofficial existence, he passes, in one sense

at least, from darkness into light. During his official elevation his eyes were dimmed, his senses clouded, by a thick veil, which, unknown to himself, was spread before him, and presented every object in a false or distorted aspect.

Flattering himself that in conversation or by inquiry he ascertains the genuine sentiments of the natives who approach him, he, in fact, takes in little but the smooth sentences of studied adulation, complimentary nothings or perverted facts. When, however, he casts off his official *rôle*, the veil is removed; and if his vocation brings him into confidential relation with the people, he is astonished to find how widely the real sentiments and genuine views of his visitors or associates differ from the manufactured opinions which he had in his higher sphere accepted *as the truth*. And if in ordinary communication this change is exhibited, still more palpable is the exposure which takes place in regard to the more formal machinery of the several departments of the administration.

Wonderful are the revelations that the new light presents to the astonished gaze of the disrobed official: where all appeared before to be appropriate decorum and well-ordered justice, he sees everything vitiated by secret and unholy interference.

Every channel which leads to and from the courts of justice is corrupted with the muddy waters of low intrigue; and the exalted being who holds the scales on the seat of Justice is seen at times to be but "a statue set in alabaster," a dignified puppet, powerless for action, but moved too often by unseen strings in the hands of his own unsuspected myrmidons.

Having for many years been employed as magistrate, collector, and judge, in the discharge of my official duties, and having, as will become apparent, in the course of these notes, entered somewhat enthusiastically and beyond the usual routine upon the work entrusted to me, I was not, perhaps, quite so unprepared as some officials might be for the strange and startling revelations that my new position brought before me.

For many years after my retirement from the service, I was incessantly engaged in the management of important cases committed to me as a law agent, cases which rendered it necessary for me constantly to visit different stations, including Lahore, Dehli, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Benares, and many others, so that the ordinary events of home were seldom within my ken, and to describe at second-hand is not my object. A complete history of all the cases committed to me, with their curious and, in some instances, sensational incidents, would in themselves form a volume.

And it was this practical experience in the litigation of the courts which led me to perceive and appreciate the many terrible abuses which prevailed; terrible, in some instances, beyond description.

Horrified and disgusted as I was, especially at the vile system of recording evidence, I felt it my duty, as an Englishman and Christian, to endeavour to expose it. I wrote letters to the papers, I published pamphlets, I brought facts in person before many of the local judges, and, in some instances, before the High Court. But all was of no avail, save to excite annoyance and ill-feeling against myself. The more intelligent and conscientious of judicial officers saw and recognised the

abuses I disclosed, but, affected by a kind of *vis inertiæ*, seemed unable or unwilling, although themselves all "honourable men," to move actively in the matter, while the inferior individuals (of whom there always are a few in the best-regulated departments), regarded me as a troublesome fellow, unnecessarily stirring up the muddy waters, and lent their aid to oppose my efforts and ensure my discomfiture.

Lastly, as a forlorn hope, I addressed Mr. Beadon, the Lieutenant-Governor, and took the liberty of urging upon him, in a demi-official letter, the obligation of some attempt at reform, appealing to his higher feelings, and submitting that in no department of his Government could he obtain greater credit or accomplish more important improvement than in the judicial.

Very shortly after this, and in evident connection with my Quixotic enthusiasm (as some called it), a native judge brought an action for libel against me, in which he claimed damages to the extent of 10,000 rupees; and a copy of my demi-official letter to Government, I regret to say, was supplied to him!

The old man, who, as I was well-informed, was acting only as an instrument, died before the case could come on, to my great regret, for I was fully prepared to summon the Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice as witnesses, and ask them on their oath to say, as representatives of the highest departments in the State, whether it was or was not my duty as an English gentleman to expose and represent the abuses I had discovered.

I am in possession of a lengthy correspondence on this subject, but will not, of course, introduce it in a

work like this; but I am tempted to offer an amusing anecdote in connection with one of the principal and most mischievous abuses, which for many years was prevalent in almost all the courts.

I allude to the mode of taking evidence. The universal custom was, if there were three or four cases pending, that, while the judge was trying one case with the parties before him, the evidence in the others was taken in different parts of the room by mohurrirs (junior clerks), who squatted down in different corners of the crowded court, and, without the slightest check or supervision, wrote down whatever the witnesses chose to say, or they themselves chose to suggest.

This custom was universal, and, in fact, rendered their evidence, so called, utterly valueless.

The instance I am about to give in illustration of this abominable custom occurred during my banishment at Mymensingh, and was told me by the principal sudder ameen in whose court it occurred.

He was, he said, himself on the bench, hearing a civil suit, when he suddenly observed one of the mohurrirs sitting on the ground, with a witness, also seated, before him, and he remarked that, whereas the witness never opened his mouth, the mohurrir was incessantly writing; he said nothing, pretended not to see, and waited until the act concluded, then called the mohurrir, and took from his hand the written deposition.

It was a long and coherent story, quite sufficient to ensure success for the party for whose benefit it was recorded; but not one single word had been uttered, from first to last, by the witness!

Such was the over-true story. Now, when it was discovered by me, in the course of my personal experience, that before any witnesses were examined a fee per head, more or less, according to circumstances, was invariably demanded by the amlah, and if not given, the evidence cooked accordingly, I realised at once the terrible effects of the system which, in reality, placed the issue of every suit in the hands of the rich man, and rendered justice a farce.

But my efforts at reform were vain, and only ended in bringing displeasure upon myself, strange to say, even in the highest judicial quarters.

The question of reform in all its branches is, in fact, a riddle. The best of men are sometimes found to be the most staunch and unyielding opponents, even where abuse is self-evident and the reform obvious.

"Man, vain man," in short, is a phenomenon, and, as has been wisely though not very courteously declared, his greatest wisdom is to know that he is a fool.

I shall say no more, however, of my professional experience in its new phase, but will in this and the succeeding chapter give specimens of two cases, in one of which I was successful in saving a hapless widow from destruction, in the other was myself the victim of judicial incompetency, and, possibly, unconscious prejudice.

The Widow of Tirhoot, and Bunsee Loll the Wicked.

Narrative written at the time.

There lived in the town of Mozufferpore, in the district of Tirhoot, a wealthy Hindoo widow, named Sheo

Sunker Konwur, one of the heirs of a banker of untold wealth, who counted his gains, dug tanks, and built temples during his little space of life, and then slept with his fathers. The lady, "black though comely," lived with her aged mother-in-law, in a house set apart for her accommodation, and passed her days as widows do, or ought to do, in quiet retirement and seclusion, recounting the virtues and possibly the money-bags of her deceased husband. Now, there was also living on the same premises, though in a separate house, a wicked man, called Bunsee Loll; and other wicked men of the sons of Belial joined with him, and they plotted together to take her inheritance from the widow, who was desolate, and lived in seclusion, and thought upon her husband who was gone, and who was a remarkably unpleasant person when he lived.

Shortly before this wicked conspiracy was hatched, I had established a branch legal agency office in Mozufferpore, which I had placed under the management of Mr. Cooke, a gentleman in the medical service, who attended professionally on the Tirhoot planters. Now the friends of the widow, when made aware of the evil purposes of Bunsee Loll, bethought themselves of me in my new capacity of legal agent, and recommended her to place her affairs in my hands, with a view to counteract the plans of the conspirators and establish her right to the inheritance, which the wicked ones brought into question. The widow consented, and negotiations were opened with Mr. Cooke.

It was then agreed that I should be sent for, and a power of attorney was executed in my name. I accordingly started from Patna; but before I could reach

Mozufferpore, and on the very day that the power of attorney was to be executed, "a band of fierce barbarians" from the dark places of Mozufferpore, instigated by Bunsee Loll, the wicked one, and a Civil Court vakeel (or pleader) more wicked than he, assembled themselves at night, while I was jolting along the road in my palanquin, seized the unhappy widow, bound her, and carried her off, struggling and shrieking and invoking the ghost of her deceased husband, and lodged her in the house of Bunsee Loll, the wicked one, where they kept her in durance vile, with the amiable intention of sending her at a fitting time and opportunity to join the shade of her husband, wherever he might be.

Pleasant sort of outrage this to take place in the heart of a town like Mozufferpore, and under the very nose of the authorities. A compliment to my agency, as evincing the fear entertained of my intervention; but not a very favourable specimen of British rule, or the security of Her Majesty's subjects!

However, here was a "romance of the harem," sufficiently exciting to vary the dull monotony of legal proceedings. I had a complaint laid before the magistrate, and the naib, or deputy darogah, was directed by him to go to the house in which the weeping captive was confined, and, questioning her from the outer-side of the interpending curtain (for she was a purdah-nusheen), ascertain the facts from her lips for the satisfaction of the magistrate.

But the police, from head to tail, were steeped in bribes and saturated with corruption.

The lady was invisible; no means whatever were adopted to ascertain whether she was behind the curtain

or not. Muffled words, probably articulated by Bunsee Loll himself, were heard, and written down, apparently with care and precision, by the immaculate deputy, and the purport was what the writer's golden dreams suggested.

The "unprotected female" had suffered no violence; she was perfectly contented, had left her house of her own accord, to visit her dear Bunsee, and was particularly happy where she was!

Such was the carefully-written statement, signed and witnessed by accommodating hearers, and laid before the magistrate by his immaculate subordinate; and here ended, or might have ended, a drama not unusual in mofussil life. A deliberate scheme of plunder and assassination, instigated, probably, in the first instance by the miscreants who, under the name of "Mokhtars" (attorneys), devour widows' houses. A violent abduction in the heart of the city, unchecked and unnoticed. A sea of bribery and an ocean of lies; a magistrate hoodwinked and humbugged by his corrupt subordinates, and tricked by his scoundrelly police. Justice frustrated—the devil triumphant. But better things were in store for the widow of Tirhoot. My manager, Mr. Cooke, knowing what had happened from the first, and aware that this scandalous abduction had been perpetrated for the most nefarious purpose, pressed for further inquiry. A re-examination took place behind the purdah; but while the same farce was in progress, and the supposed words of the widow were being recorded, a shriek was suddenly heard, and the next moment the widow herself, in desperation, rushed out; the false evidence was, amidst sobs and shrieks, hysterically disavowed, and the truth was elicited.

But although this diabolical scheme had been frustrated in its first stage, no redress was given. When I arrived at Mozufferpore, matters were in *statu quo*. My Proserpine, who had been carried off by the ruthless hands of a Tirhootian Pluto, was still, in spite of the discovery, confined in a prison quite as dark as any fabled Tartarus, and among beings dirtier and far more disreputable than the classic shadows which flitted within the infernal. I had been specially invited to take the direction of the lady's affairs, and advise her as to the prosecution of her claims to a portion of the property left by the deceased; and not exactly liking to be sold by Bunsee Loll, and being greatly moved by the hapless condition of my *fair* (*metaphoricè*) client, I resolved to take the matter up in earnest, and pit myself against the ranks of the wicked ones in her defence.

And the task was not an easy one. From the grizzle-bearded darogah to the lowest beast of a burkandaz, every soul on the other side was bribed. The most able mokhtar was secured; golden showers had descended upon the heads of the ministerial officers; the whole plot was laid, and the strings pulled by an astute and able pleader; and, above all, the burly naib or deputy darogah, one of the most consummate scoundrels in the place, was hand and glove, heart and soul, in the interest of the Philistines. The poor woman was out of her house, her enemies in. The joint magistrate, though intelligent, was inexperienced, and, with every man Jack around him interested in misleading him, failed to realise the heinousness of the crime already committed, and imagined that under the wretched rules of the new system he had no authority to interfere.

Thus, then, several days of inaction passed. The widow was still weeping, and refused to be comforted. The villainous conspiracy appeared completely successful. Once more the devil triumphed.

At last, however, a change of tide set in. After earnestly urging before the magistrate the atrociousness of the crime, and the scandal of allowing the defenceless woman, who had lived all her life in the seclusion of the purdah, to remain without comfort or protection, or change of clothes, in the bazaar, I wound up my address by appealing to him to say whether, if the judge's wife or the collector's wife, or any other English lady, had been violently carried off by ruffians from her home, he would have hesitated for a moment in summarily restoring her.

By these arguments, I at length succeeded in obtaining an order for my client's re-admission to her house, that she might point out the rooms she occupied, and the chests and boxes which contained her property. When this order was obtained, I resolved to see its due execution, and went down myself to the house, accompanied by my assistant. The scene was curious, and well worth witnessing. The house was an enormous structure, erected at a fabulous cost by the late banker Shew-Suhaee-Baboo, who spent some twenty lacs in the construction of a tank alone.

The entrance was by a single door within a portico of three elegant Saracenic arches. Immediately in the rear was a splendid temple, and, on the southern side, separated only by a road, was the house of Bunsee Loll, who was certainly, both in character and conduct, the most disagreeable specimen of the "mild Hindoo" I

have ever had the pleasure of meeting. In the verandah, within the entrance arches, sat his Imperial Majesty the Darogah, terror in his eye, conscious dignity in his nostrils, and triangular pán-leaf in his mouth. Opposite to him sat the harpy crew—*fœdi volucres*—the mokhtars and go-betweens of the enemy. At the side of the verandah, in two old chairs with greasy backs and rickety legs, sat Mr. Cooke and myself. At a little distance was seen a covered palanquin, damsel and duenna standing on guard at the sides, and the doors closely shut.

Within this the injured widow was reclining, concealed from the eye of the "*profanum vulgus*," but near enough to listen to all that passed. A miscellaneous crowd closed in the back-ground, and dirty burkandazes were interspersed at intervals.

The inquiries that followed, spite of the iniquitous efforts of the police, and the mists with which their rascality had for a time concealed the truth, at last satisfied the magistrate of the real facts, and his feelings were further stirred by my imaginary picture of a lovely steel-bound lady being thus cruelly dealt with—the vision of a broken crinoline—a "pet of a bonnet" ignominiously crushed, dishevelled air, and earnest eyes suffused with tears!

Although, therefore, all the sufferings of the poor widow were buried within the enclosure of her palanquin, the truth was felt. The case was brought under the action of Act IV., and previous occupancy being proved, possession was formally given to the ousted lady.

The ugly mokhtar and Goburdhun the bad, persuaded the discomfited Bunsee that the decision of the magis-

trate would be reversed on appeal; but they reckoned without their host. The order was upheld, and became final. Noor Mehal was safely placed in possession of her own house, where it might be hoped she would pass the remainder of her days in such peace as the remembrance of her wrongs would allow.

But, alas! the sequel of the story is more distressing than the beginning.

My efforts had replaced this unhappy woman within the walls of her house, and in the immediate neighbourhood of an accumulation of hideous idols, her cherished Penates. But where was her property—her jewels, her silver, and her gold?

When the fiat for possession was carried out, at the lady's request Cooke and myself proceeded to open an array of boxes which she pointed out to us. There was an uncomfortable appearance about the locks of these boxes, but they were closed. No keys were there, however, and all had to be broken open. One by one the tops were wrenched off, examined, and found *empty*! Not a jewel, not a rupee, not a pice was left, and the tears and lamentations of the widow were renewed. There was one chance left. The widow from her prison, in the intervals of her sobs, told us of a special box containing choice valuables and money in a vault below, and begged us to examine it. Cooke and my native assistant lighted a candle and descended cautiously down a break-neck ladder, and I remained above with the imprisoned lady, in anxious expectation of the result.

Not only the lady's rights, but my own and Mr. Cooke's remuneration for days of toil and labour and hard conflict with the band of wicked ones, were at

stake, and we were, therefore, not unnaturally interested in the search, and I watched the dark staircase with anxious looks. The tale was soon told. First the head of the native assistant appeared, his turban disarranged and dirty, and his visage unmistakably disgusted; and then, immediately behind him, more dusty and dishevelled still, my manager Cooke, with a "brief candle" stuck upon his thumb, and an expression of grief and disappointment which was painful to behold, but, at the same time, irresistibly comic. *Nil contractum a nihil* was written on his features. The whole house had been cleared out. Boxes, drawers, wardrobes, all ruthlessly stripped, and the only property left were the grinning gods, who seemed to grin maliciously over the disaster.

The widow was a beggar!

But my tale is not finished. The most extraordinary part is yet to come.

It may well be imagined that Bunsee Loll, the mokhtar, and the police were somewhat disgusted at their discomfiture. Bunsee himself, though he had robbed the widow, had doubtless been compelled to pay largely during the struggle that had ensued, and after the exposure which I had caused, would be terribly disturbed by the subsequent proceedings to which such exposure might lead.

He adopted, therefore, doubtless on the instigation of his legal advisers, the most sublimely audacious step, one which will give an idea of the confidence which the rich man in India has in the result of legal proceedings, and the little scruple felt in making a tool of the Court.

Although it was on record, and in the cognisance of the magistrate himself, that I and Mr. Cooke had, under his own order, taken possession of the house, for and on account of the widowed sufferer, and at her request, and for her purposes, had opened and examined the boxes, the illustrious Bunsee actually presented a petition to the magistrate, charging us with plunder, riot, and robbery, and praying for our punishment.

Then followed still stranger incidents. The petition and the charge were so extra absurd that the magistrate, instead of calling on us for our defence, at once ordered the petition to be placed on the records, meaning thereby that no notice could be taken of it.

Directly I heard of this sublimely false and preternaturally unfounded complaint, I presented a petition demanding Bunsee Loll's punishment. The joint magistrate summoned him, he appealed against the order to the judge, the judge called for the papers, and then discovered that the magistrate, having seen at a glance the unspeakable absurdity of the petition, had, as I have mentioned, passed no judicial order upon it, and consequently he held that the case had died a civil death, and, *ergo*, the punishment prescribed for false and malicious complaint could not then be inflicted!

Now, although the judge, speaking technically, was probably right, the result was exquisitely absurd, because, as will be at once perceived, the iniquitous Bunsee escaped all punishment for his monstrous charge, *solely through the excess and overflow of his falsehood.*

Had his complaint contained one grain of truth, or

homœopathic dose of reason, had the insult to the magistrate's court been a degree less glaring, and the lie a little less outrageous, the case would have found a place on the file, and the crime of deliberately false complaint, the most common, most mischievous, and most deserving of severe punishment, would doubtless have been dealt with as it deserved.

As it was, even Bunsee seemed to become suddenly aware of the narrow escape he had made. Some mysterious arrangements were entered into by the parties; the widow represented that the quarrel had been made up, and a reconciliation effected between herself and her persecutors, and my vocation was gone.

But Bunsee did not quite escape; though the success of his wickedness had saved him from criminal punishment, he had to compensate me with no inconsiderable portion of his money, as damages in a civil action which I lodged against him for libel and defamation of character.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WIDOWS OF TIKAREE.

I NOW enter on the second case alluded to. In 1858, Modenarain Singh, the wealthy Rajah of Tikaree, in the district of Gya, died, leaving two widows, who, before they had well dried the tears which fell from their eyes for the deceased, fell out, as may well be imagined, by the ears. Friends intervened and an amicable arrangement was effected between them, under which Sheikh Hoormut Ali, the family dewan, who had managed the estate in the time of Modenarain and his father, was appointed by both ladies, as sole manager on their behalf, under a formal covenant, in which they *bound themselves not to remove him unless he violated certain specified conditions.* For a few short months, matters ran smoothly between the Ranees, but peace was only on the surface. The younger Ranee suddenly presented a petition to the magistrate, intimating to that authority that she had dismissed Hoormut Ali, as far as she was concerned, and appointed her own "young man," Bund Ali, who would in future collect the rents of her half share.

From this point commenced a fierce and protracted struggle; all the usual elements of Oriental litigation being intensified to fever heat by the animosity and

bitterness of female rivalry. When the war commenced in earnest, I had just resigned the service, and had established myself at Patna as a legal agent and practitioner. Both parties applied eagerly to me for my assistance; the younger Ranee offering me a lac of rupees, and Rs. 1,000 per month. I examined the claims and position of both parties, considered those of the elder lady to be most reasonable and sound, and made my election in her favour, though the terms she offered were far less liberal than those offered by her rival. The old lady sent me a written *sunnud* of appointment on Rs. 500 per month, for two years certain, adding to it a voluntary assurance that in all cases brought to a successful termination she would give me a reasonable but handsome gratuity.

Under this distinct agreement, carefully embodied in writing, I entered upon the task I had undertaken, frequently travelling to Gya, where I personally superintended all the proceedings, appearing in Court before the several authorities, and sparing no pains or exertions in the conscientious and diligent discharge of my appointed duty.

My labours were crowned with complete success; the appointment of the dewan Hoormut Ali was authoritatively confirmed, all interference with his management of the entire estate was peremptorily prohibited, and so complete was the discomfiture of the younger Ranee and her advisers, that, hopeless of recovering any share of the management, they abandoned all further resistance.

But the discomfited young woman had another arrow in her bow. A day or two after the final orders were received from the Sudder Court, the unfortunate

Hoormut Ali was murdered in his own house. He rose according to custom, drank his cup of tea in the early morning as usual, and two hours afterwards was a corpse. A subsequent examination showed that arsenic in large quantities had been mixed with the liquid!

The death of Hoormut Ali at once negatived all my labours; no other agreement or contract remained in regard to the administration of the estate, and the two Ranees were thus left to manage their own affairs as they chose.

My work being thus rendered infructuous, the elder Ranee's vakeel, Khorshed Ali, a man notorious throughout the district for his dishonesty, immediately entertained a "happy thought," and with a view to his own benefit, and probably the appropriation of a nice little sum, set his wits to work to deprive me of the remuneratian which had been distinctly guaranteed by written documents, and had never for a moment during the life of Hoormut Ali been disputed, though the payment had with my consent been postponed.

After considerable delay, I was compelled to sue the Ranee for my dues; the proofs were clear, distinct, and unanswerable, and the judge at once gave a decree for the amount.

From this decision the Ranee—herself a cipher—acting under the direction of Khorshed Ali, appealed to the High Court, and the case was heard before a Divisional Court of two judges; and here commenced the strange, unprecedented, and, I venture to say, indefensible proceedings, which to this day appear almost incredible.

In the face of direct, unanswerable, and trustworthy evidence, and in violation of common sense and reason, the two judges at once accepted the perjured statements set forth by the appellant. I was said to have failed in the cases committed to me; to have been removed from my appointment as agent; to have robbed the Ranee's treasury, and been guilty of gross and open dishonesty!

Directly I received a copy of the Court's decision, I applied for leave to appear and vindicate my character, and about the same time a summons was issued by the High Court calling upon me to show cause why my name should not be struck off the roll of pleaders.

This reached me in June when I was at Simla; and as I was then suffering from an attack of gout, and utterly unable at such a season to go to Calcutta, the hearing was, at my request, and in virtue of a medical certificate, postponed till October.

Being, however, anxious that the Chief Justice and the High Court at large should be to some extent acquainted with the extraordinary delusions into which the Divisional Court had fallen, and the utterly unjust and unfounded imputations which they—as was subsequently proved—had cast upon me, I submitted on the 6th of July a long petition setting forth the circumstances at some length.

Early in October I went to Calcutta, appeared before the Court in person, and amidst some sensation, and in the presence of many friends and spectators, went through the case from first to last, and in spite of the obvious and distressing prejudice exhibited by one, at least, of the judges, succeeded in exonerating myself from the numerous charges of personal dishonesty; and

the rule calling me to show cause was struck off. But though thus absolved, I was robbed (I can use no other word) of a great portion of my hardly-earned dues.

Thankful, however, for small mercies, I felt at least some satisfaction at the Court's withdrawal of their dishonouring charges, though so ungraciously conceded as to leave me still not a little indignant at their treatment.

But while this intermediate and unsatisfactory state of things continued, and I was still deliberating what further steps to take, unexpected triumph was at hand. Evidence was suddenly presented which at once nullified every hostile conclusion which had been formed by the Divisional Court, and established, beyond the possibility of doubt or question, the truth of all my statements, the validity of my claims, the soundness of the evidence submitted, and the utter groundlessness of the Court's arbitrary conclusions.

Mr. George Morris, the Collector of Gya, who had been personally cognizant of all the details of the controversy between the two Ranées, being himself the officer before whom the several cases had been heard and decided, had returned from England, where he had been for some time on furlough.

Directly I heard of his arrival, I addressed him by letter, enclosing a series of questions on the subject of the late litigation.

His answer I here annex.

EXTRACT from a LETTER from G. G. MORRIS, Esq., late Collector and Magistrate of Gya, dated 31st March 1866.

And now to answer, as far as I am able, the questions that you have put to me.

1st. The litigation between the two Ranees of Tikaree as conducted before me when Collector of Gya, was, as you say, in effect this :—That the younger Ranee wished to appoint a separate Dewan for the collection of the rents for her half share, while the elder Ranee wished to maintain Hurmut Ali as sole and absolute Dewan on the part of both.

2nd. The two Ranees had previously entered into a covenant, under which they jointly appointed Hurmut Ali to the Dewanship, and agreed that neither one of them should have the power to dismiss him unless he violated the terms of his appointment.

3rd. My decision of the 13th December 1860, passed after examination of Hurmut Ali's accounts, dismissing the suit brought for Hurmut Ali's ejection, had the effect of maintaining Hurmut Ali in his full power and authority as Dewan, and disallowing the separate collection of rents by Bund Ali.

4th. This was a judicial decision under Section 25, Act X., of 1859.

5th. As the younger Ranee had previously been bound over under penal recognizances not to collect separately through Bund Ali, this decision of mine naturally acted as a confirmation and repetition of the prohibition against such separate appointment and collection.

6th. The practical effect of my decision was that, till the day of his death, Hurmut Ali conducted the management of the entire estate, and no interference was attempted on the part of the younger Ranee.

7th. My decision in the case of Hurko Singh, did not, to the best of my belief, in the slightest degree weaken the effect of my judgment of the preceding day, confirming Hurmut Ali as sole Dewan on the part of both Ranees.

8th. Any receipts for payment of rent, bearing Bund Ali's signature and a date subsequent to December 13th, 1860, could not in my judgment have been accepted or recognised in any suit for rent brought against ryots of the two Ranees' estate.

I can conscientiously affirm the truth of these statements, and I do not understand how any one who has examined the official records of these disputes can arrive at a different conclusion.

* * * * *

However this may be, so far as *you* were concerned, you performed faithfully and successfully the part allotted to you in effecting the re-establishment of Hurmut Ali as joint. Dewan, and preventing separate collections on the part of the younger Ranee, and I am at a loss to understand on what principle you have been mulcted of sums given to you in payment of good service, and of sums due on a bond voluntarily given in acknowledgment of such services.

(Signed) G. G. MORRIS.

Not satisfied with this reply to my letter, Mr. Morris, evidently moved by discovering the cruel injustice to which I had been subjected, voluntarily went to the office of the magistrate at his station, and took an affidavit in confirmation of the facts.

These documents are here annexed, with the memo. which I published with them.

IN THE COURT OF THE OFFICIATING MAGISTRATE OF JESSORE.

Appeared George Gordon Morris, Esquire, additional Judge of Jessore, and having been duly sworn, made affidavit as follows :—

When about the middle of the year 1860 I went to Gya in the capacity of Magistrate and Collector of Behar, I found a quarrel of some standing going on between Ranis Asmeyd Kunr and Sooneet Kunr, Ranis of Tikaree. The younger Rani, Sooneet Kunr being dissatisfied with the conduct and management of Hoormut Ali, who, under a joint agreement of the two Ranis, had been constituted sole Dewan and manager of the entire property, was anxious to confide the management and collection of rent of her own share to a separate manager, and with this view, after attempting many measures, she brought a suit under Section 25, Act X., 1859, for the ejectment of Hoormut Ali.

Her Vakeel in this case was Mr. William Tayler, and the object he had to accomplish was to prove that Hoormut Ali had not violated the terms of the agreement under which he was appointed, and that he was consequently entitled to be confirmed and

maintained in full power and authority as Dewan of the entire property. The Decision in the case was in favour of the elder Rani.

The logical effect of that decision, passed after examination of Hoormut Ali's accounts, was to establish his legal right to sue for 16 anas rents on account of the two Ranis, and as the younger Rani had previously been bound over under penal recognizances not to collect separately through her self-appointed agent, Bund Ali, this decision, acted as a confirmation and repetition of the prohibition previously issued by the Magistrate against any such separate appointment, and collection. That the practical result of that decision was to the above effect is proved by the fact, that from and after the 13th December 1860, till the day of his death, the management of the entire estate was conducted by Hoormut Ali, and no interference was attempted on the part of the younger Rani. A suit which the elder Rani had brought against one Hurkoo Sing, to recover arrears of rent, and in which it was pleaded that the rent sought to be recovered had been paid to the agent of the younger Rani, was dismissed on the 14th December, or one day subsequent to the decision in the ejection suit, but, to the best of my belief, the effect of the decision of the 13th December 1860 was in no way weakened by this decision. The case was dismissed because it was proved that during the period of contention between the two Ranis, Hurkoo Singh had paid his rent to Bund Ali under the impression that he, as agent of the younger Rani, was entitled to receive it. It was, however, distinctly laid down in the decision, that no receipts for payment of rents under the signature of Bund Ali, of a date subsequent to that of the 13th December, would be accepted or recognised in any suits for rents brought against the ryots of the estates of the two Ranis.

To the best of my recollection, in no one suit instituted by the elder Rani, did she ever claim any specific share as her own, either in terms of eight ana shareholder or more, or as half proprietor, neither did she ever admit any specific share as the right of the younger Rani. She invariably described herself as 16 ana *ijmali* proprietor. As regards her Vakeel, Mr. Tayler, he came several times from Patna to Gya, and pleaded vigorously and earnestly on behalf of the elder Rani. The result was, by the decision of the 13th December, undoubtedly favourable to his client, and during

my incumbency I never received any intimation from the elder Rani of Mr. Tayler having been dismissed from her service.

All which is true, so help me God.

G. G. MORRIS.

The above affidavit was made under oath in my presence,

J. MONRO,

Offg. Magistrate, Jessore,

Jessore, 20th June 1866. and I. P.

Directly I received the documents, so honourably given me, I gave full publicity to them, in the subjoined memo., and certainly expected that the two judges thus convicted of errors injurious to a suitor before them, would have gladly admitted the case to a rehearing; but I was disappointed.

MEMO.

For nearly a year I have suffered under the imputation of having demanded money for gaining cases which I had lost! of falsely stating that I had won those cases! and of extorting a bond from my client for having achieved objects which I knew that I had not achieved!

These grave aspersions were recorded by Justices Norman and Loch, in their decision of 28th April 1865, *not* upon evidence, or any legal ground whatever, but solely on hypothesis, conjecture, and fancy!

Had these hard sayings met with the respect that judicial *dicta* usually command, my character would have been ruined, and I should have deservedly become an outcast from society.

The two judges themselves have now withdrawn these charges, on a review of judgment; not graciously, nor with any expression of regret that they should thus have cruelly and unjustly vilified me, but with evident reluctance—Mr. Norman accompanying the unwilling concession which has been forced from him, with further insult and unfeeling comment. They have, however, been pleased to express their belief that, I *thought* I had achieved my client's objects, though I had not! and that I was not, therefore, dishonest

in demanding the money, or taking the bond! thus vindicating my honour at the expense of my intellect, and, while graciously admitting that I was not a knave, convicting me of being a fool, who did not know what I was battling for, or what my client, whose cases I had conducted for months together, really desired!

Unfortunately for me, Mr. George Morris, the officer before whom the cases between the two Ranees were tried, and who, as Collector and Magistrate of Gya, was intimately acquainted with every circumstance connected with the whole litigation, was not in India at the time this suit was heard, and it was, therefore, impossible for me to have his evidence taken.

He has since returned to India, and I here subjoin an extract from his letter, dated March 31st, containing replies to a series of questions put by me.

I have no doubt that this clear and distinct testimony, which it will be seen meets *all the* disputed points connected with the bond, and the service for which it was given, will be considered, by all who read it, unanswerable and conclusive. *It tallies, as will be seen, in every particular*, with my own statements emphatically pressed upon the Court, and my own deposition taken on oath as a witness; it shows how each and every object committed to me by my client was *fully and* successfully achieved, and it is rebutted by no evidence whatever!

The facts thus clearly and positively stated by an officer of Mr. Morris' character, himself the *one person in India* who is fully acquainted with the circumstances, will, I apprehend, be more than sufficient to prove the entire truth of my allegations throughout, the egregious misconceptions into which the learned judges have fallen, the groundlessness of their cruel attack upon my character, and the injustice which they have committed in stripping me of remuneration thus honourably earned by arduous and successful exertions.

W. TAYLER.

Thus ended this extraordinary judicial episode—the most disgraceful exhibition, I venture to say, that was ever presented in civilised country.

Not wishing to dwell longer than is necessary on the painful incidents, I will now merely add that, as Mr. Morris's letter and affidavit acted as a clear and conclusive affirmation of the value and completeness of my professional services, and gave the lie at once to all the iniquitous and perjured statements which the judges of the Divisional Court had so blindly accepted, and as the judges themselves had withdrawn the offensive remarks which they had recorded to my prejudice, the controversy was, in its most important items, concluded. I had, it is true, been robbed of a large sum which I had by hard and successful exertions earned; had been for many months subjected to dishonouring imputations and baseless calumny; been compelled, while in weak health, to travel from Simla to Gya, a distance of 1,000 miles; and subjected to the public scandal of showing cause why I should not be deprived of my diploma; but the cloud had passed away. All just and honourable men recognised the gross injustice of the penalties I had endured; and the numerous letters I received from high and honourable public officers, as well as articles from the public press, convinced me that my name and reputation remained unscathed.

But the extreme measure which I had been compelled to adopt in presenting my grievances to the Court at large, to whom I had submitted several petitions exposing the blunders which the Divisional Court had committed, and bringing against them deliberate charges of ignorance and injustice, laid the seeds of permanent displeasure against me in the recesses of the judicial mind, of which, some years after, I reaped the not very pleasant fruits.

Indignant, however, as I was at my own wrongs, I was

still more grieved by the cruel persecution to which the judge Mr. A. Russell was subjected.

Mr. A. Russell was (as all who knew him can testify) one of the most conscientious and honourable officers in the Civil Service.

All his proceedings, so cruelly perverted and so grievously misunderstood, had been conducted by him in strict conformity with law and justice, and with the most honourable intentions.

What induced the Lieutenant-Governor to remove him from office, it is difficult to imagine; an interpretation of the motive was prevalent at the time, but I forbear to mention it.

Mr. Russell submitted a memorial, first to the Governor-General, and subsequently to the Secretary of State, and, on his return to India, was re-appointed to a Judgeship.

His treatment excited general indignation.

The following article, which appeared at the time in a leading Calcutta journal, will give some idea of the public feeling on the subject:—

The Case of Mr. A. W. Russell.—The last mail brought the intelligence that Mr. Vansittart was about to bring before the House the question which we lately discussed,—viz. the harsh treatment which had been recently dealt out to sundry of the district officials, more especially in the judicial line. The subject is one of great importance, for, however desirable it may be that incompetent officers should be removed from the bench, there is another side of the picture. If suspensions or removals are so effected as to disgust and dishearten the whole body of the service, and bring the judiciary into contempt before the natives, the remedy is worse than the disease, and spasmodic reform leads to permanent disorganisation.

In some of the instances which have lately occurred it is probable that there has been sufficient cause to justify the High Court and the Government in the action they have taken; in others the most palpable injustice has been done; in all, or certainly in most, there has been a want of calmness and courtesy towards the individuals which is as impolitic as it is unjust. But the case of Mr. A. W. Russell, which we propose to analyse at length, is one of the most remarkable and most important, not only to the whole Mofussil Judiciary, but to the public at large, and we have little hesitation in saying that if men of Mr. Russell's high character and attainments are liable to such treatment, the office of judge in India will be looked upon by the civilian with disgust, and by the native community with contempt. The case in which Mr. Russell has been victimised is the celebrated case lately published, of Mr. Tayler *versus* the Ranee of Tikaree. We refrain, in accordance with Mr. Tayler's own wishes, and for reasons that our readers will appreciate, from waging Mr. Tayler's battle in our leading columns. That gentleman is, we fancy, tolerably competent to fight for himself, and, having seen the papers, we have not many misgivings as to the result. We propose, therefore, to confine ourselves to those portions of the case which have been perverted to the disparagement and disgrace of Mr. A. W. Russell, one of the most upright, conscientious, and laborious public officers of which the Civil Service can boast: and we undertake to show that *it is entirely through the blunders and misconceptions of* the two learned judges who tried the case that any matter of accusation or blame was extracted from his proceedings, that the most unfair, unfounded, and ludicrous imputations have been cast upon a high-minded and most honourable officer, not one of which can bear examination for a moment, and that the *utmost* that can in fact be laid to his charge is one single proceeding, of which the *legal* propriety may perhaps be *questioned*, and on which judges may differ without culpability being attached to either party. We shall further show that while Mr. Russell has been subjected to degradation, dishonour, and insult before the natives of the district, where he was universally respected, and the public at large, the judges who thus causelessly and precipitately condemned him (and whose judgment formed the basis on which the Chief Justice was

induced to support them) have been betrayed into errors, misstatements, illegal action, and illogical conclusions which are as strange as they are discreditable.

We write advisedly when we use the above expressions, and believe we shall be able to establish what we have advanced to the satisfaction of all reasonable men. The subject will be too long for a single article, but we shall soon revert to it.*

Having now arrived at the conclusion of this, I fear, tedious story, I am tempted to show a few from among many letters which I received from public officers and friends, who had witnessed or perused the pleadings, at the last hearing of the case, when I addressed the Court in person.

These will give some idea of the feelings of indignation caused by the treatment which I had experienced—an indignation greatly heightened by the universal conviction, which it was impossible to set aside, that throughout the whole proceedings the mind of one, at least, of the judges exhibited the most unmistakable bias against me, while at the same time it was equally palpable that the extraordinary warmth which in the course of the hearing he at times exhibited, and the insulting tone which he adopted throughout towards myself, had an injurious effect on the mind and feeling of his colleague.

It is painful, even at this distance of time, to suggest such a solution of the extraordinary proceedings as those which I have briefly narrated; but the fact was clearly perceived and openly commented upon by all who were present at the hearing, and most of those who subse-

* Several other articles followed, but I have not room for their insertion.

quently read the proceedings, and it forms in itself so complete an explanation of the unprecedented facts, that I feel myself more than justified in pointing it out.

The following are some of the letters to which I refer:—

From a Gentleman living at Gya at the time.

MY DEAR TAYLER, Gya, 17th February 1865.

I cannot tell you how disappointed and grieved I was to hear that you had lost your case with the Ranee; grieved because it is a triumph to baseness and villainy of all kinds. . . .

Yours very sincerely,

W. B.

From G. FIELD, Esq., Opium Agent, residing at Gya.

MY DEAR TAYLER,

Yours of the 9th came in this morning, and I do hope you will succeed this time in confounding that old wretch Khorshed Ali and his mistress, the Ranee, and putting yourself right with the High Court and the public. I remember the circumstance well of K. A.'s son coming to me, and begging me to intercede with you to withdraw your charge against his father, and offering to pay the full amount decreed in your favour, and much more if you would do so. This I wrote to you at the time at their request. . . .

EXTRACT from a LETTER from General COLIN MACKENZIE.

21st October 1866.

Morris has indeed given conclusive—in excess of all other—proof, that N—— and L—— have erred grievously, and have indeed been unconscious tools in the vilest hands to calumniate and cheat you, and so to bring English law into ridicule and contempt; both of which would be deserved if the unjust verdict were a true exposition of British judgment.

I did not require Morris's testimony; others may, and I trust that your third appeal may establish the right.

From a Civilian in high office in Burmah.

MY DEAR TAYLER, 30th September 1865.

I have just read copy of your petitions and appeal to the High Court.

More power to your elbow! go in and win your bone!

My best wishes, and I believe those of everyone who knows anything of the case, and loves right and justice.

Yours, &c.

From a well-known Clergyman at Simla.

April 17th, 1866.

I shall be very glad to see the papers of the High Court case, which I followed in the winter with much interest, as reported in the newspapers. You have the satisfaction of knowing that the enlightened and unprejudiced community (so far as I know, to a man) are with you; and the letter to which you refer, from the functionary who decided the cases out of which the discussion arose, must have been a deep and proud source of satisfaction to you.

Yours, &c.

From a Military Staff Officer of high standing.

MY DEAR MRS. TAYLER, Cawnpore, 19th Dec. 1865.

Many thanks for your welcome letters received yesterday evening and this morning. It is much to be regretted that Mr. N.'s private pique and prejudice should have prevented his being just to your husband in the Tikaree case, and I am very sorry that Mr. Tayler has sustained so heavy a blow, pecuniarily speaking; in other respects he has gained, for the *éclat* of the case has drawn the public attention to Mr. Tayler's great ability and eloquent lawyer-like pleading. Thus his reputation has become much enhanced; while he has proved that a lawyer, without that special training so desiderated by certain judges of the High Court, is more than a match for the regularly trained barrister.

Yours very sincerely.

From a distinguished Officer and Author.

My dear Tayler, Bellville, 27th April 1865.

I have read with much interest the pamphlet you kindly lent me, and which I now return.

It seems a most extraordinary decision on the part of the judges, and Morris's replies to your queries seem to put them still more in the wrong. Morris's letter entitles you, I should think, to a second review, and I am very glad you have applied for it.

Yours &c.

Extract of Letter from an able and well-known Civil Judge.

S. Club Hotel, Simla,

My dear Tayler, 25th May 1864.

I have perused your papers anent the Tikaree case with great satisfaction; there never was a more clear, nor a more amusing *exposé* of ridiculously arrogant incompetence on the part of a so-called judge than such part of it as has reference to N——, while L——'s position in the whole affair must be *highly gratifying to his feelings of self-respect*—at least, I should think so. They are both of them in a most disgraceful fix—stuck tight. How they mean to get out of it, I really cannot imagine; they *ought both to be suspended*, and Russell sent back to Patna, with all the honours necessary to the complete rehabilitation of his character. The accusations against you of having written a private letter to him in accusation of Khoorshed Allee, and of robbing the Ranee's treasury, bore such utter improbability on the face of them, that the Court's failure to see anything suspicious about them must ever be matters of the deepest wonder.

Yours sincerely.

From G. Field, Esq., Opium Agent, then at Gya.

My dear Tayler,

We both read the printed papers you sent me with great interest, and shall look anxiously for the result, and you have our heartiest, best wishes for a complete triumph. But how such a plain case as explained by you can fail, I can't imagine. Truth, we say, is great, and must prevail, but when I was at Gyah, old

Khoorshed Ally boasted that money was greater, and would prevail, and he has made a good use of the Ranee's treasures; so far as the case has gone we shall see which triumphs in the end. I would give something to see the old villain completely floored. What a sink of rascality that city of Gyah is!

Yours affectionately.

From a distinguished Civilian.

Camp Borepuddi, Mohurbhung,

MY DEAR TAYLER, 9th May 1866.

I have yours of the 24th April, with enclosure, which supports your case in every particular. I sympathise with you most sincerely; you have obtained neither law nor justice from the High Court. I doubt whether, in their present temper, the Court will give you another review; but if there be any justice in the world, you ought to get it in the Privy Council.

Yours most sincerely.

From the VICEROY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

MY DEAR TAYLER, 4th May 1866.

I return Mr. Macleod's letter, which the Viceroy has perused.

George Morris is a very good friend of mine, and, in my opinion, a very good officer.

His letter must be a source of much satisfaction to you.

From the Proprietor of a leading Indian Journal.

MY DEAR TAYLER, 7th June 1865.

Gladly would I oblige you about your case, but I cannot do so, since the other papers have taken it up. N—— is the weakest of all the barrister judges, and utterly ignorant of India. I trust, for the sake of the English name, that he is honest, and that he would not allow prejudice to influence him, but it looks like the opposite.

From a well-known Newspaper Proprietor of Allahabad.

MY DEAR TAYLER, 15th December 1865.

All here are surprised at, equally as sorry for, the issue of your trying labours in Calcutta, but the Privy Council *must* right you surely.

From an able, well-known, and distinguished Calcutta Journalist.

MY DEAR TAYLER, 1st July 1865.

I cannot imagine anything stranger or more astonishing. The two judges who passed the strange judgment against which you are appealing, cannot but feel ashamed of their partial and unjust decision, to say nothing of the disgrace to the Bench in having men sitting upon it who could forget their duty and their oath to decide without fear or favour in all matters to come before them.

From the same.

MY DEAR TAYLER, 28th May.

I read your reply to the judgment carefully, and think you have clearly and ably shown the Court to have blundered and mistaken the whole case, if not worse.

The bias against you is clearer than ever; the points I wanted explanation upon were just the two assertions that you had not traversed the allegation of dismissal, and had not objected to the absence of notice to produce the *hookmnameh*. Your answer that to have done so was illegal, is complete.

The charging you with the amount of a hoondee which was dishonoured is most atrociously ridiculous, as well as the payment of the 2,000 to another person. I hope you will succeed in getting a review of judgment; if not, you will not let such a decision remain on record, and the Privy Council will do you justice.

From the celebrated Native Pleader, AMEER ALI.

DEAR TAYLER, 12th August.

I shall be glad to hear you will recover the money you have to receive from the Ranee, but I shall be more glad to hear of your success in bringing Khoorshed Ali to deserved punishment for his iniquities.

Yours sincerely,

AMEER ALI.

When looking back dispassionately at this distance of time on the strange story which I have here briefly narrated, I would wish to add a few words on another and more general subject, to some extent related with it.

Irrespective of my own connection with the transaction, I feel sure that such an instance of judicial miscarriage has scarcely ever been exhibited, except in days of political agitation, when the minds and feelings of judge, jury, and people are disturbed, and reason and conscience have lost their equilibrium.

And I have been the more reconciled to the introduction of the subject, though it may have involved what my readers may regard as ultra-egotism, and has necessarily recalled unpleasant incidents, because the question of the relative qualifications of the old Sudder Court, and the subsequent High Court, has curiously enough been just at this time brought rather prominently forward in connection with the first volume of my present work.

The *Saturday Review*, in the amiable article with which, under the pretext of a review, a writer has indulged in a silly though malignant personal attack upon myself when writing on this subject, thus describes the Sudder Court:—

> The Court referred to by Mr. Tayler is the old Sudder Court, which, after flourishing for seventy years as a hot-bed of noxious traditions and a court of criminal appeal, that only confounded and terrified conscientious subordinate judges and peaceable subjects, was happily extinguished in the year 1862.

On the perusal of this pleasant passage, Sir Lawrence Peel, the well-known and highly-respected judge, some years ago the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and

who lately sat in Her Majesty's Privy Council, wrote to *Allen's Indian Mail*, and in short but very significant terms repudiated the coarse abuse which the *Saturday Reviewer* had voluntered, and referred with much feeling to the names of several well-known and distinguished judicial officers who had been judges of the old Sudder Court, and whose names are celebrated to this day.

The question thus involved is beyond doubt an interesting and important one, and might even at this day be well worthy of patient discussion, and that without necessarily giving rise to any unpleasant feelings of rivalry.

But without entering upon any comparison of the two courts, which, from my pen, might at this crisis be misunderstood, I would take this opportunity of expressing my sincere conviction, formed, as it is, after long and varied experience, both as a judge and an advocate, that the chief judicial body in India, regarded as a whole, long before it was strengthened by amalgamation with the Supreme Court, was a tribunal which, for many years, deservedly received the universal respect of the community at large.

Formed, as it was, by the impartial selection of the most able of the district judges, men high above all suspicion of partiality or prejudice, acquainted by long experience with the peculiarities of the native character, and in many instances more or less proficient in oriental languages, the Sudder Court in former days was in almost all instances, and with very few exceptions, fully qualified for the discharge of important duties, and admirably adapted for the post it occupied.

And while thus bearing my humble testimony to the

general efficiency of the former Chief Court in India, my thoughts are naturally directed to the entire body of the great service to which has been for so many years entrusted the administration of British India, and to which I feel it an honour to have belonged.

Although in a few isolated instances, accidental circumstances have led me, while engaged in a truthful record of actual events, to expose the occasional ignorance, weakness, or other failings of individual civilians, no words can worthily express the high estimation and hearty respect which I feel and have felt for the service in general, and it is a curious coincidence that, at this particular time, I should within the last few days have received from one of the most distinguished and experienced military officers (while kindly supplying me with information on another important point) the following hearty and enthusiastic testimony on the same subject, which I cannot refrain from quoting, though not intended for publication :—

EXTRACT of LETTER from Sir ARTHUR COTTON.

MY DEAR TAYLER,

I heartily beg your pardon for not answering your kind letter sooner. I have been greatly disappointed that your business has not yet come to a head. I trust it may yet.

Your book certainly gives a most lively and true account of the state of things in India, and some good idea of what a civilian does there; but if I had been writing such a history I should have tried to give a much stronger and more full representation of the faithful, upright, and effective service of the civilians. There are certainly exceptions, but I am certain there never was so faithful and intelligent a management of a country in the world as that of the Civil Service in India, and I always say no man has so good a right to speak on this subject as an engineer who goes poking

about in all the out-of-the-way parts of the districts and comes in contact with the natives, without anything to hinder him from seeing the real state of things.

Such a testimony, and from so high-minded and distinguished a public officer, it is a pleasure to record.

Very true it is that few public officers in the ordinary course of official duty could have fuller opportunities of observation than Sir Arthur Cotton, who, in the enthusiastic pursuit of his professional duties, has visited so many districts in India and been brought into contact with so many officials of every degree, and there are few civilians who will not feel, I imagine, gratified by this voluntary tribute to their professional merits.

It will ever be a matter of regret that, while entertaining in all sincerity the feelings which I have expressed in regard to the professional and personal character of the Indian civilian, I should, by the irony of fate, have been forced, during my diversified career, into such rude and painful collision with some of them.

But truth is truth to the end of the chapter, and I venture to believe that in the several exposures which, as a conscientious autobiographer, I have been driven to make, I have shown good and sufficient cause for the revelation, and made no representations which are not supported by unquestionable evidence, and justified by my not unnatural desire to justify my actions and vindicate my name.

And while I touch thus briefly and imperfectly on this interesting and important subject, it is somewhat remarkable that the estimate which I have ventured to

form on the general character and capabilities of the Indian Civil Service has, at the moment of writing this, received signal confirmation in the testimony, publicly as well as officially recorded, to the pre-eminent qualifications exhibited by Sir Ashley Eden in the Government of Bengal.

And this is not the only instance; but is a repetition, though still more enthusiastic, of the approbation bestowed on the two governors who preceded him—Sir George Campbell and Sir Richard Temple. Both of these officers, though the merits of the former were to some extent eclipsed by a certain unpopularity of manner, were acknowledged to have been eminently successful, and had Sir R. Temple's term of government not been cut short, his glorification might have rivalled that which has been so unanimously conceded to his successor.

One gratifying characteristic of all three is the recognition, too long delayed, of the vast importance of conciliating the friendship, respect, and good-will of the upper classes, by closer and less repulsive communication, and, what is of still greater consequence, the instruction and amelioration of the people.

The spread of education among the masses, the improvement of agriculture in all its branches, and an *endeavour*, at least, to advance the intellectual and moral status of the millions whom Providence has placed under our rule—these great objects, which have been neglected for years by the former rulers of Bengal, have at last, I am thankful to perceive, attracted the attention and roused the interest of the Government, and will, it is devoutly to be hoped, be universally followed out.

The crude idea that such measures will interfere with the education of the higher classes of natives, is hardly worthy of notice; the two questions are distinct, and it is to be hoped that the result of the higher system will be to open the eyes of the educated to the importance of popular enlightenment and material progress.

The dreams which I nourished five-and-twenty years ago, under an unsympathising and vacillating *régime*, are now, to all appearance, on the eve of accomplishment; and the sacred duty entrusted to the British nation by the God of all men, is at length, though tardily, recognised.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FIRST VISIT TO SIMLA.

Brief Retrospective Summary of Political Events to the Death of Lord Elgin.—Succession of Sir John Lawrence to the Viceroyship.—His First Appearance in Public.—The Great Exhibition in Calcutta.—Assemblage at Sir Cecil Beadon's House at Belvedere. — Presentation of Molvee Ahmed Oolla the Wahabee Leader of Patna.—Gracious Reception.—My Feelings.—Proceed to Simla.—Engage "Kennedy House."—Stay with Sir Herbert and Lady Edwardes on our way.—Arrival. —First Interview with Sir John Lawrence at his Levée.—Pleasant Acquaintances.—Private Theatricals and other Amusements.—Awful Death of Alexander Lawrence.—Return to Patna.

THE last chapter having, according to my proposed plan, been occupied by a history of the Tikaree case, which in its various ramifications extended over nearly five years, and was only brought to a conclusion during 1866, a few months before we left India, I must now "try back," and refer briefly to the other incidents which took place at different intervals of the same period.

Very few events worthy of notice occurred, as far as I was concerned, during the years 1862 and 1863.

I was myself constantly called away from home to undertake the management of cases committed to me, and we more than once paid visits to our married daughters in Calcutta and other stations.

Domestic and social events, though valuable to ourselves, were not such as to excite public interest.

Our sons and daughters, having all followed the example of their parents by early marriage, were scattered at intervals over the Bengal Presidency. Two sons and three sons-in-law were in the Civil Service, and were, with more or less credit, passing through the earlier stages of their official career, and individual items of the third generation were rapidly entering the world.

And the first three months of 1864 were equally uneventful.

Our beloved daughter Helen, then Mrs. Palmer, remained with us till the 18th of February, when she returned to Hooghly, and rejoined her husband.

About this time there was some excitement caused by a report generally circulated at Patna, that if the trial of the Wahabee fanatics, which was then taking place at Umballa, should end in conviction, there would be a popular rising in the city.

The trial was in truth one of great importance, and eventually led to the discovery of the deadly conspiracy in which my little Patna friends had taken a leading part under the guidance of the notorious Ahmed Oolla, an account of whose precautionary confinement, with its attendant circumstances, I have already given.

On the 4th of April 1864, we paid a short visit to Calcutta, and stayed with Charles Hobhouse, who, with his wife, was living with Dr. Macrae, at that time one of the most celebrated physicians in Calcutta.

But before entering on the relation of the future incidents, involving a change in our hitherto monotonous existence, I will glance, though very briefly, at some of the political events which had occurred during the intermediate years.

One of the most notable was the arrival in Calcutta of the well-known James Wilson as the Finance Minister.

His Budget, laid before the Council in February 1860, was a model of sagacity; but his career was painfully short—he died eight months after his arrival, and his death was regarded as a public calamity.

Although living at the time at a distance from Calcutta, and personally a stranger, I had the honour of being consulted by him on certain subsidiary questions connected with finance; and a day before his death, received a letter from Mr. Halley, his son-in-law, expressing his interest in certain communications which he had received from me on the subject.

He was attended in his last moments by Dr. Alexander Macrae, whom I have before mentioned.

James Wilson was succeeded by Mr. Samuel Laing, another celebrated financier.

I had the pleasure, while visiting Calcutta for a few days, of making Mr. Laing's acquaintance, and was much gratified by the interest which he expressed in my recent struggle with officialism, an interest which he has retained up to the present day, as indicated by his

support of the memorial presented to Parliament in my behalf in 1879.

I need scarcely say that on the grave question of finance I do not presume in my present work to enter; the subject has been ably treated in the valuable and comprehensive work just published by Sir Richard Temple, a public officer conspicuously qualified from his varied experience to deal with the subject.

In 1854 Lord Dalhousie had left India in a halo of political glory, and was succeeded by Lord Canning. Lord Canning resigned his post in 1861, and gave place to Lord Elgin.

In regard to the administration of Lord Canning, were I writing anything but a *bonâ fide* autobiography, I should have much to say. I will now only observe, as it is a matter which indirectly affects my own history, that there can be little doubt of the one painful fact, that, notwithstanding his own honourable character, and the high qualities which he subsequently exhibited, he was, for the first few months of his government, and during the most perilous crisis of the Mutiny, the victim of pernicious influence, which blinded his perception and paralysed his action.

One notable fact during this interval was the appointment of Sir Bartle Frere as a Member of the Supreme Council in Calcutta, which had taken place in 1859.

During the troublous days of the Mutiny, Sir Bartle Frere had been distinguished, while Commissioner of Scinde, by his brilliant and patriotic services, for which he received the thanks of Parliament.

His accession to the Council in Calcutta was most important, and it would have been well for the Bengal

Government if he could have retained the post for a longer period.

On the occasion of a visit which I paid to Calcutta shortly after his arrival, I had the pleasure of being introduced to him by that noble and distinguished officer General Colin Mackenzie, and from that day I found in Sir Bartle a generous and sympathetic friend.

In 1861, Lord Canning had been succeeded in the Supreme Government by Lord Elgin, who reached Calcutta in the month of January. No Governor-General was ever more popular than Lord Elgin during the short period of his reign. After remaining for some months in Calcutta, where he seemed to take the affection of those with whom he came in contact by storm, he went up country.

Here he was suddenly seized with a serious illness. Alexander Macrae was telegraphed for, but the case was hopeless; his heart was fatally diseased, and he died suddenly.

His loss was regarded as a national calamity, and it was always a matter of regret to me that I had never had any opportunity of personal communication or intercouse with so distinguished a character.

On the death of Lord Elgin, the Supreme Government was at once transferred to Sir John Lawrence, whose name and actions had been celebrated throughout India; and here I must mention a peculiar event which occurred in Calcutta on the occasion of Sir J. Lawrence's first appearance in public in 1862.

This took place during the great exhibition inaugurated by Sir Cecil Beadon, then Lieutenant-Governor. I was myself present in Sir Cecil's drawing-room, where

I witnessed a scene which was in itself an "exhibition" of no ordinary kind. Several natives of distinction had been invited, and were presented to the new Viceroy in the usual form by Mr. Beadon; while looking on at the not uninteresting ceremony, I suddenly beheld, with amazement, the diminutive form of the notorious Wahabee leader, Molvee Ahmed Oolla, who had gone down, it appears, by invitation, in the railway train, then just finished, for the purpose of special introduction to the Viceroy.

When I saw this exceptional little villain taken up by the Lieutenant-Governor, and presented with gracious smiles to Sir John Lawrence, who, in his ignorance of past events, shook hands cordially with the traitor, I confess I felt indignant.

The next time the "innocent and inoffensive gentleman" visited Calcutta, he was in heavy fetters as a convicted criminal—the condemned conspirator who had organised treason throughout India—and was on his way to the Andaman islands as prisoner for life!

A singular instance, not at the present moment devoid of interest, of the result of conciliation when dealing with a murderer.

While patronised and petted by the Government, this little man had been carrying on a deadly conspiracy throughout the country; a few years afterwards one of his sect murdered the Chief Justice of Calcutta on the steps of his court.

I wish I could say that his career of treason was here closed; but there is no one fact of which I feel more thoroughly convinced than that the murder of Lord Mayo, during his ill-omened visit to those islands, was planned,

contrived, and accomplished by this consummate traitor.*

I was not on this occasion introduced to Sir John Lawrence, and admit I did not feel much anxiety to form one in the tableau.

And now, in 1864, having vegetated for so many years in the plains, and weathered the trying heat of the hot season, we were resolved to leave Patna for a time, wend our way to the glorious Himalayas, and enjoy a brief sojourn at the viceregal sanatorium of Simla.

On the 2nd of May 1864, my wife and myself, with our dear little grandson Graham Tayler, and our two grand-daughters Ella and Lilian Lockwood, started in the train then lately completed; Mrs. Archer, the wife of Dr. Archer, whom I have before mentioned, accompanying us.

At Mirzapore, we stopped for a day, where we were received by Mr. Maclean, and met an old friend, Henry Fane, then judge of the district.

On arriving at Cawnpore, we were cordially greeted by our old friends, Captain and Mrs. Sydney Chalmers; we there also met Mr. and Mrs. C. Lance, whom I had known so well at Mymensing during my banishment. After visiting the gardens and tomb lately erected in memory of the terrible massacre of 1857, we proceeded on our journey.

At Delhi we were received by Major Hamilton, and after a brief inspection of the more notable buildings,

* My reasons for this conclusion have been given in a memorandum which was published in the *Times*.

and listening to sundry horrible anecdotes connected with the late mutiny, we proceeded in equi-rotal carriages to Kurnal; here we passed the night in a large dák bungalow.

On the next day, May 8th, we arrived at Umballa, where we found Major Gilbert, who had gone before us and awaited our arrival.

From Umballa, after a short rest, we reached Kalka; and from that point, leaving our carriages, we entered our jan-pans.*

An amusing little incident here occurred. My wife had entered her jan-pan in the verandah of the bungalow, where the bearers, or "japanees," as they are called, under the order of our jemadar, lifted us up for the start; and Mrs. Archer was about to take her place also, expecting a similar elevation, but a dilemma occurred. She had two little pet dogs, about the smallest of the canine genus; these she was about to take into the jan-pan, but the stalwart men, on seeing the formidable quadrupeds, declined to carry the jan-pan if their bulky bodies were added to that of the lady. The scene was truly ludicrous. I made a sketch of it on the spot, but have not room to introduce it. The Gordian knot was cut by our jemadar, a rather pugnacious individual, rowing the fastidious bearers till their ears tingled. The "big dogs" were then without much difficulty lifted and placed in their mistress's lap.

At Kussowlee we found Sir Herbert and Lady Edwardes, who kindly invited us to their house. It

* Jan-pans—the hill tonjohn—a sort of open bath-chair carried by bearers.

afforded us great pleasure to make their acquaintance.

Sir Herbert was the Commissioner and Governor-General's Agent of the Sirhind division, and it was a curious coincidence that just at the time of our arrival he had entered on the investigation of the suits in which several of the Patna Wahabees were under trial. He told me he had already read and seen sufficient to show him the true character of these men, and added that he would take care the Bengal Government should not again be able to pronounce them to be "innocent and inoffensive gentlemen."

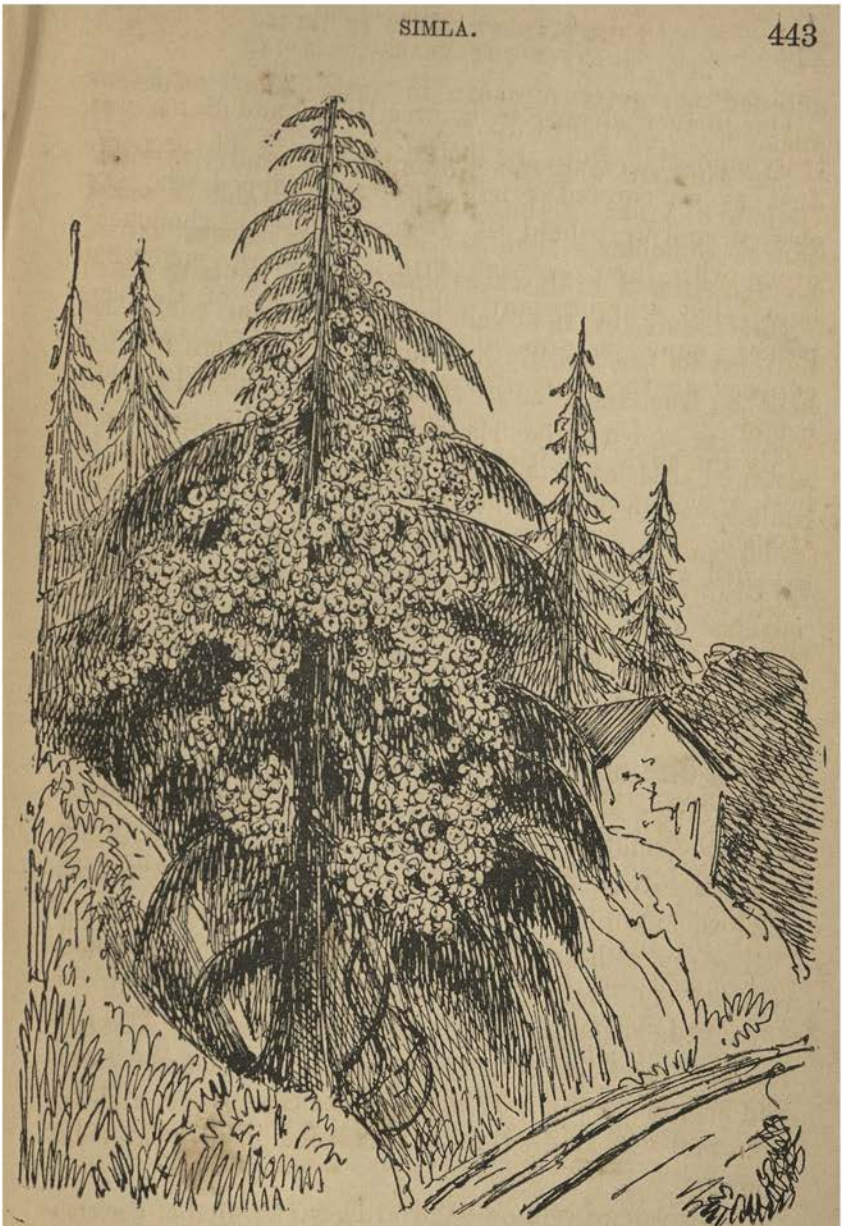
The meeting was a true pleasure, for all that I had heard of Herbert Edwardes had impressed me with the warmest admiration of his qualities, an impression which was confirmed and strengthened by every future interview.

As we entered these picturesque regions, we were greeted with a voice dear to all English ears, yet never heard in the plains of India—the voice of the cuckoo—the only sound in which monotonous repetition does not weary the ear. It is described by a poet as the "magic, mellow, flute-like note."

The cry, unheard at least by *me* for so many years, recalled old English days and scenes long past.

And the sensation was further heightened by the profusion of splendid geraniums which adorned the rooms and verandahs of Sir Herbert's pleasant house, and the luxuriant wild roses which abounded in every part of the country.

The accompanying sketch will give an idea of the richness of the wild rose's growth.



THE WILD WHITE ROSE.

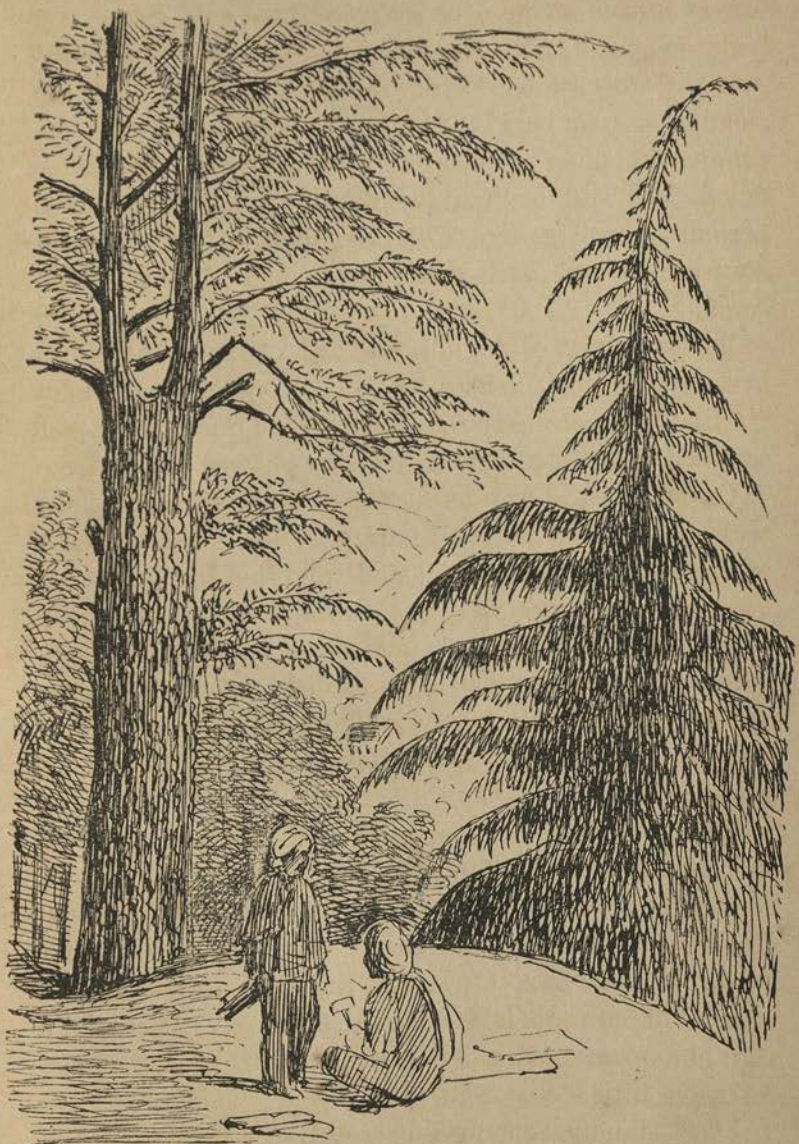
Our further advance to Kukree-Hutee and Seree was truly enjoyable, from the picturesque and lovely scenery. Just as we entered Simla the rain stopped, the sky cleared, and we beheld the glorious groves of rhododendrons with their glowing crimson flowers, somewhat faded, but still brilliant, while the range of the perpetual snow in the distance afforded an exquisite contrast to the dark-green mass and glittering blossoms.

By the advice of friends, we had engaged one of the best and largest houses at Simla, called "Kennedy House," the property of Major Goad, and were well satisfied with the selection when we entered it.

On our arrival we were greeted by Mrs. Bunny, the sister of our old Dinapore friend, Mrs. F. Alexander, whom I have before mentioned, and by her kind and constant assistance we were enabled to make speedy and effectual arrangements for our comfort. Her husband, Major Bunny, who commanded a battery of Horse Artillery at Umballa, also kindly afforded his assistance and we found their friendship a constant source of gratification.

At the time of our arrival, Lady Lawrence was still in England with her daughters, but Sir John Lawrence was at Simla. I accordingly left my card at Government House very shortly after my arrival, but was prevented from attending the first levée, as our grandchildren were laid up with measles. After some days, however, another levée was held in June, and the following little scene occurred.

I was standing among the crowd, at a little distance from the Governor-General, when I saw him point me



OUTSIDE OF KENNEDY HOUSE.

out to the A.D.C., who then came and told me Sir John wished me to be introduced to him. I went forward; he shook hands with me with much cordiality, reminded me of having seen him in 1829 in the Writers' Buildings in Calcutta, asked me if I remembered receiving a letter from him at Patna during the mutiny, on the subject of my removal by Mr. Halliday, and then said, pointing to his forehead, "Well, what a thing 'nuseeb' (destiny) is; you see what the mutiny did for you, and now you see what it has done for me." I said, "Yes, Sir John, but if I had been acting under you, and not under the Bengal Government, I fancy my 'nuseeb' would have been very different."

He then said in a tone of bitter and undisguised contempt: "The Bengal Government! The Bengal Government knew nothing and believed nothing until it was too late!"

From that day, whenever the subject was mentioned, he uttered the same sentiments, always expressive of sympathy with me and condemnation of my treatment; a sentiment which he repeated in writing when I bade him farewell in 1867.

The general tenor of our life during this the first year of our sojourn at Simla, was uneventful, but extremely enjoyable. The fine climate, beautiful scenery, glorious trees, and celestial mountains, afforded increasing pleasure, in my case only interrupted by occasional attacks of gout, the "podagra" of the ancients, the oldest known disease, unrelenting in its pains, and obdurately insensible to the remedies of the physicians.

Lady Lawrence was, as I have before said, in England with her daughters during this season; but

RHODODENDRON TREES, NEAR KENNEDY HOUSE.

Sir Alexander, son of the great Sir John Lawrence, with his young and amiable wife, were on a visit to Sir John at Simla. Sir Herbert and Lady Edwardes were also frequent visitors at Government House.

Mr. Hathaway was Sir John's private secretary, Colonel Blane military secretary; H. Lockwood, a brother of our son-in-law, Vicars, and W. Randall, were the aides-de-camp.

I need hardly say that the lovely scenery, picturesque figures, and curious buildings, had at once attracted my artistic thoughts, and I forthwith commenced sketching. Lady Alexander Lawrence had a decided turn for drawing, and, as I had the pleasure of assisting her, used to come frequently to our house for her lessons.

The theatre at Simla was held in the Assembly Rooms, and there were several private performances.

Among the lady actors were Mrs. Strachey, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Butler, and last, though not least, Mrs. Innes. Major Innes and myself were constituted joint managers with Colonel Massey, and management among amateurs is occasionally perplexing; a well-timed mediation, however, which on one or two occasions it fell to our lot to exercise, made all things smooth for a time, and we had several successful performances.

The plays "Still Waters Run Deep," and "Betsy Baker," were performed in July, in which Major Allan Johnson and Major (now Sir Owen) Burne and Major Innes, took leading parts, while the lady characters were represented by Mrs. Strachey, Mrs. Innes, Mrs. C. Johnston, Miss Butler, and others.

On the 15th of August "She Stoops to Conquer"

ON THE WAY TO SIMLA.

came off, and the performance was prefaced by a ludicrous incident.

I was told off to personate "Young Marlow," and to aid in my exhibition as a modest young lover, after a residence of thirty-five years in India, my wife operated most scientifically on my head, which was elaborately curled and powdered.

One day, just as my hair had been enveloped in pink curl-papers, preparatory to its final arrangement, I was told that a gentleman had called, having travelled all the way from Lahore for the express purpose of having an interview with me in regard to an important case on which he wished to consult me; no time was to be lost, as he was compelled to leave Simla the following day.

After a few minutes the stranger was accordingly shown in, but having been intermediately engrossed with some papers, I entirely forgot my strange appearance, till the bewildered look of my guest attracted my attention.

The man did not seem quite sure that I was not insane, and I then realised the absurdity, and eased his mind with an explanation.

This play was acted a second time. On the 9th, photographs of some of the performers were taken.

Several other pieces were performed, in all of which Major and Mrs. Innes were conspicuous, both being able and experienced actors.

Our management was not disturbed by any unpleasant occurrences, though now and then some slight differences of opinion arose which required adjustment.

One rather amusing incident occurred, however, in which our managerial authority was necessarily brought into play.

During the performance of one of the pieces, while a young lady was standing behind the scenes, nervously expecting every moment to present herself in her part to the audience, a mad-cap young man, seized with sudden and irresistible impulse of mischief, had the audacity to approach the expectant lady, and, *horresco referens*, inflicted a kiss upon her cheek!

The lady, who was a most retiring and punctilious character, though feeling inexpressibly indignant at the liberty thus taken, was obliged to smother her feelings, and a moment after the scene to enter on the stage.

A complaint was made to us, as managers, after the conclusion of the piece; and after grave deliberation, we resolved to expel the oscular offender from the dramatic company.

The only other dilemma of the kind was, when in contravention of my managerial arrangements for the entire separation of the two green-rooms, I perceived a youth surreptitiously rouging the cheeks of a young lady, who was just dressed for the performance; but as the offenders on this occasion were in the incipient stage of mutual attachment, which eventually terminated in marriage, the slight deviation from the rules established was readily condoned.

On the 29th of August a fearful disaster took place.

Early in the morning, Colonel Hervey called at our house; and on my going downstairs to see him, he told me that Sir Alexander Lawrence, who had gone out on a brief tour with General Richard Lawrence into the

hills, had fallen down the precipice, and that his corpse had been brought into Simla !

A narrative of this awful event has been kindly given me by General Richard Lawrence, who was with Sir Alexander at the time, and I now give it in the General's own words :—

"The death of Sir Alexander H. Lawrence took place on the 26th day of August 1864, and was caused by the giving way of planking of a bridge or viaduct, constructed on a line of iron stanchions let into the solid rock. This and other bridges of a similar description, on the Hindustani and Tibet road, was built in 1857, under the immediate supervision of Major J. A. H. Horechers, an officer of skill and experience in such works.

"These bridges were well and strongly made, and had been inspected and highly approved of, by the Superintendent of Hill Roads, Captain David Briggs.

"Sir Alexander was accompanying his uncle, Colonel Richard Lawrence, Superintendent of Hill States, who was on an official tour, through the native states north of Simla, and had reached Serahan, the capital of Bussalien, and the residence of the Raja, who had been educated at the Government School at Mussorie, and who had acquired a very fair knowledge of the English language, which he could both read and write. Serahan is about 130 miles from Simla.

"Early on the morning of the 26th of August the office establishment of the superintendent, together with his tents and baggage, the former laden on mules, the latter carried by hill-men, left Serahan to resume their march towards Cheenie. Heavy rain had fallen during

the night, and continued till about 8 A.M., when Sir Alexander and Colonel Lawrence left their camp. The former led the way along the narrow hill road. As his horse (a country-bred from the plains) was fidgetty and rather restive, Sir Alexander proceeded at a trot, and getting a-head of the Colonel, was soon lost to view by a bend in the road. Suddenly a crash was heard, such as might be caused by the felling of a large tree. Although this was no very unusual sound, even in the depths of the hill forests, it caused considerable anxiety to Colonel Lawrence, an anxiety which was evidently shared by his syce (groom), who at once said that a bridge had given way. The Colonel hastened on, and on reaching the bridge, which he did in a few minutes, beheld a chasm in it, which told its own sad tale. Were further evidence needed of what had happened, it was speedily afforded by the appearance on the opposite side of the bridge of Sir Alexander's dog, which having been well in advance of his master when the fatal accident occurred, had returned in search of him. Not a vestige or sign of man or horse was visible: it seemed too certain that they had gone clean through the bridge, and fallen 1,500 or 2,000 feet. From where Colonel Lawrence stood, he could discern nothing in the depths below, and without aid he could do nothing. He sent his syce back to Serahan for assistance, which was afforded by the Rajah in person, attended by his usual following. A very rough and rugged path was found, and with considerable difficulty Colonel Lawrence reached the ravine, immediately below the bridge, where lay, as he had anticipated, the body of his nephew, who evidently had been killed by his head having come into contact

with a sharp rock, which projected not more than twenty or thirty feet below the bridge, and from whence the body had fallen into the ravine. There were two frightful fractures of the skull, either of which must have caused instant death; but the body, strange to say, seemed almost uninjured. On the other hand, the horse was shattered to pieces. Great difficulty was experienced in getting the body up to the road, after which it was taken back to Serahan, where Mr. Arratoon, a merchant of Lahore who happened to be there, kindly assisted in preparing it for transport to Simla, whither Colonel Lawrence took it the same evening, and reached Simla about 8 A.M. on the second morning after the incident. Intelligence of the sad fate of his nephew had been sent to the Viceroy, Sir John Lawrence, with whom Sir Alexander had been staying, and where his young wife and infant son were awaiting his return.

"Sir Alexander's remains were interred in the cemetery at Simla."

I need scarcely say that the intelligence of this awful disaster created deep and universal regret. Sir A. Lawrence himself was a most amiable and promising young officer, of the highest character, and deeply imbued with religious principles, inheriting to a great extent the noble qualities of his illustrious father Sir H. Lawrence.

The grief occasioned by his premature death was not a little enhanced by the general sympathy felt for his youthful and amiable wife, whose feelings I will not venture to describe.

It was a merciful provision that, in the absence of her aunt, the elder Lady Lawrence, the young widow had

the comfort of Lady Herbert Edwardes's presence, as her companionship and sympathy was an inexpressible consolation.

I was myself thankful to be able to contribute something to alleviate the poor widow's sufferings, by managing to draw a portrait of her deceased husband, of whom I had already given her an unfinished sketch, which, with the assistance of photographs, formed a tolerable picture.

On the 31st, Lady George Paget, now Countess of Essex, called and told us that poor Lady A. Lawrence was somewhat more calm, though all had at first feared she would go out of her mind.

On the 13th September, there was a cricket match at Annandale. Sir Hugh Rose, the Commander-in-Chief, with Lady George Paget and Captain Paget, lunched with us. Captain Paget kindly gave our two little grandchildren dolls. We all descended to the valley; but finding the match was over, we retraced our steps and adjourned to the Mall.

The Honourable Randolph Stewart was at that time on a visit to Lord George Paget.

The Nubah Rajah also, with his suite, presented himself at Simla, and obtained an interview with Sir John Lawrence.

He had committed to my management a case connected with his interests, which was on investigation before Sir Herbert Edwardes.

I went with the Rajah to Sir Herbert, and the matter was at once satisfactorily settled.

It was a relief to treat on any such question with a statesman of the high order of Sir Herbert.

One of the pictures which I did at this time for our amusement was an illustration of an imaginary scene, suggested by Sir John Lawrence's repeated complaints of the ladies' hard-riding.

It represented several ladies galloping by while Lord Lawrence with Colonel Seymour Blane, was at the edge of a precipice. Mrs. Edward Lushington sat for the principal figure; but I have exceeded my prescribed number of illustrations, and cannot treat my readers with the "Government of India in danger."

In a journey, in which we stayed some hours at Umballa, Delhi, and Allahabad, we reached our home at Patna, "delighted," as my wife's diary says, "to find ourselves in our own clean handsome house."

During the ensuing six months, little worthy of record occurred.

There was the usual Sonepore meeting in October, but we did not attend it. I went over for a day, and we had the pleasure of seeing a host of friends who came to see us at Patna on their way back from the meeting.

During the latter months of the year, I was frequently confined to my bed with severe gout, but nothing important occurred. My farm at Lohanipore with its various inhabitants, cattle, sheep, pigs, rabbits, &c., and the continued arrangement of my incipient museum, afforded the principal occupation and amusement when at home, but a constant succession of important cases committed to my charge took me to different districts.

CHAPTER XXV.

SECOND VISIT TO SIMLA.

Mr. Beadon's Visit to Behar.—Exhibition at Mozufferpore, where my son Graham was Magistrate.—Observation on Exhibitions.—Awful Accident during the Meeting.—Trial of Ahmed Oolla at Patna.—Attack upon the Judge.—Visit to Cawnpore.—The Taj Mahal.—Adventure with Hoolook the Monkey.—Start again for Simla.—Allahabad.—Cawnpore.—Delhi.—Reach Simla.—Again occupy Kennedy House.—Chin-chin.—Introduction to Lady Lawrence.—Tableaux at Government House.—List of Characters.—Croquet in High Quarters.—The Two Doves.—Simla Scenery.—Sketching.—Theatricals.—Tableaux from "Ivanhoe" at our House.—Irrigation.—Letter from Sir Arthur Cotton.—Return to Patna.

On the 19th of January 1865, the Lieutenant-Governor with his secretary, Colonel James, and other members of his staff, paid Patna a visit, on his way to Mozufferpore, where an exhibition was to be held of cattle, vegetable products, and other articles.

On the 14th, I went with my grandson Graham and my steward Kelly to witness the exhibition, which had

been carefully organised by the local authorities, under the authority of Government, not, however, entirely without the exercise of that "influence" which had been so fatal to me in 1857, but which, to do Mr. Beadon justice, he had himself never underrated or despised, and which he well knew was indispensable on such occasions.

And here I would wish to say a few more words on this subject of exhibitions in India. It will have been seen by those who have honoured my account of the Industrial Institution projected by me in 1857, that an exhibition formed an important part of my scheme. But an exhibition, as there contemplated, was for the purpose of *exhibiting* the progress made in the different departments, the improvement in the cattle, the experiments in irrigation, and the effect of more efficient cultivation, not to mention the several branches of art and manufacture which my plan included.

These exhibitions were to have been held periodically after a certain number of years, and would doubtless have been interesting and useful; but exhibitions without anything special to exhibit were not only useless and unmeaning, but a cause of annoyance to the principal residents of the districts, all of whom were called on for subscriptions.

The result of the present show was, in some instances, inexpressibly ludicrous. Knowing that something was expected, many natives purchased grain in the bazaar, and brought up the specimens for prizes; one man "exhibited" a musical cat, another a deformed rabbit, and other monstrosities of the kind; and great amusement was caused by the expression made use of

by an intelligent native, who compared a second exhibition to the cyclone which had occurred a year before.*

In Calcutta the scheme was successful as a display, as there the wealthy residents, both native and European, had valuable articles, animal and vegetable, to show.

I sent some of my cattle, both to the Presidency and the Tirhoot exhibition, and obtained several prizes at both.

The experiment, however, though praiseworthy, was a mistake, being without any reasonable substratum, and the whole affair, owing to the expense incurred, created no little dissatisfaction in the Mofussil.

On this occasion, during the Lieutenant-Governor's visit, there was constant gaiety at the station, but the feelings of all were terribly affected by an appalling accident which occurred.

Mr. Garstin, one of the officials of the district, a most amiable and excellent man, after enjoying the pleasure of a ball at the public rooms, returned home at night in his dog-cart; what exactly happened was never accurately known, but he was never seen alive again. Next morning the horse and cart were found near his door, and his dead body lying in a ditch.

His poor widow afterwards came to Patna, and my wife did all she could to console her for her loss.

Mr. Beadon, before his return to Calcutta, came to see my farm at Lohanipore, and expressed great interest in the incipient organisation of the establishment.

* His words were—"We have had one exhibition, then a cyclone, and now another exhibition is coming—we shall die!"

On the 4th of February, we started for Calcutta, where I had important business. We stopped at Bhagulpore for a short time with the William Alexanders, and on reaching Calcutta, went to the Great Eastern Hotel, where we found our son Graham, with his wife, and Clarence Palmer, his brother-in-law and cousin.

Shortly after our return to Patna, a most interesting and important event was in progress. The Wahabee leader, Molvee Ahmed Oolla, whom I had placed under precautionary arrest in 1857 (as fully described in *The Patna Crisis*), and who had afterwards been declared by Mr. Samuells, with the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor, to be an "innocent and inoffensive gentleman," and had been presented to the Viceroy on his arrival in India, was on his trial before Mr. Ainslie, the Judge of Patna.

After some days' hearing, in which the prisoner was defended by able English counsel, he was convicted, on the 27th February, as chief conspirator in a scheme of deadly treason, and sentenced to be hanged.

As the judge was leaving the Court in his buggy, a man rushed from the road and made a violent blow, intended apparently for him, but which fortunately fell upon the horse. Mr. Ainslie then whipped on the horse. The man was seized, and afterwards tried; but just as had happened many years before, when the fanatic struck at me at Cuttack, he was "found mad," and acquitted.

During the month of March, and before the regular hot season set in, we paid a visit to Cawnpore, where our friend Sydney Chalmers was then living with his wife. While there we made an excursion to Agra; my nephew, Major Court, who had so eminently distin-

guished himself as Collector of Allahabad during the Mutiny, was with us, and we formed a large and merry party.

We made the acquaintance, on this occasion, of the celebrated Mowbray Thompson, who told us many interesting particulars regarding the Cawnpore tragedy; and while here we had the intense pleasure of seeing and examining at leisure that beauty of beauties, the "Taj Mehal."

This exquisite and unrivalled structure has been so frequently pourtrayed, both by pen and pencil, that I will only say, after personal observation, that the most flattering description, given by the most eloquent writer, falls far short of the original.

After our return to Patna, a painful accident occurred.

I had on my farm a little long-armed monkey which had been given to us by our faithful friend Dewan Mowla Buksh.

This animal had afforded us great amusement, and had led us to suppose that, although occasionally sulky, he was altogether an amiable and good-tempered gentleman.

But he deceived us. Our maid-servant Elizabeth was one day endeavouring to coax him out of what appeared to be a fit of the sulks, when he suddenly and without any warning made a dash at her hand, and held it furiously between his teeth. The poor girl screamed in agony, but all I could do was to strike him rapidly again and again over the face with a thin and pliant stick which I had in my hand. This I did with such force that he was compelled to relinquish his

hold. The hand had been awfully bitten, and for many days there was much suffering and some danger of lock-jaw.

Hoolook was condemned, and I next day sent him back to my kind friend, with my thanks and compliments.

This was the same species as that which I had given to my daughter Mary at Mymensingh, and whose melancholy death took place on board the *Charles Allen* steamer on our return to Patna.

On the 25th of April 1865 we once more started for Simla, stopping for a short time at Allahabad, where we met Mr. Girdleston, W. Armstrong, and Mr. Money. Just before reaching Cawnpore, we were assailed by a tremendous dust storm, which, rude as it was, somewhat cooled the oppressive atmosphere.

At Cawnpore we were again entertained by our friends Captain and Mrs. Sydney Chalmers, and my wife was made happy by the present from Captain Chalmers of a beautiful little Chinese dog, rejoicing in the name of Chin-chin.

At mid-day we reached Delhi, half-wasted with the heat, and were not much relieved by the host of voracious flies which beset us at the hotel all day, and were succeeded by no less voracious mosquitoes at night.

We left Delhi with no great regret, and after stopping for a short time at Kurnal, proceeded *viâ* Kalka to Simla.

On the 2nd May, with no little satisfaction, we re-entered Kennedy House, which we had once more engaged, and which had been carefully cleaned and

prepared for our reception by our old friend Mrs. Robert Hodgson—now, alas! no more.

Harry Lockwood, George Allen, and James McNabb, came to greet us, and we were thankful, after a hot and tedious journey, to be once more in our quiet home.

I lost no time in purchasing two ponies, one for my own use and the other for little Graham. Arrangements subsequently were made for Mrs. Hodgson and her daughter to live with us during our stay at Simla.

Since the close of the last season, Lady Lawrence and her daughters had arrived in India, and I had the pleasure of being introduced to them in Calcutta before starting for Simla.

During this season, they had come up to Simla, and taken possession of "Peterhoff," the vice-regal residence.

We found Lady Lawrence and her daughters extremely kind and pleasant, and they were a great accession to the society. A few days after our arrival, Sir John and Lady Lawrence, accompanied by the A.D.C. Captain Vicars, called upon us, and were greatly interested with my collection of Indian curiosities, some of which I had brought with me from the plains.

Our friends the Bunnys were still here, and there were many other kind and pleasant residents. I myself was constantly called away to neighbouring stations, Jullundhur, Umballa, and Lahore, on professional duties, which it would be tedious to describe.

Not long after our arrival at Simla, I was asked by Sir John Lawrence to get up some *tableaux* at their house. Remembering the success with which we

had in years past represented the "Talisman" and "Ivanhoe" in Calcutta, I proposed the former for the subject of our first exhibition.

There were at that time many youthful aspirants and several very pretty young ladies to represent the various female characters, and we had in Captain Seymour Blane a man pre-eminently suited to represent King Richard.

I here give the list of the *dramatis personæ*:—

King Richard	Col. Blane.
Sir Kenneth	Major Vicars.
Saladin	Major O. Wilkinson.
De Vaux	Major Lumsden.
Executioner	Mr. Denzil Onslow.
Kenneth as Slave	Mr. Gossett.
Assassin	Mr. Macnabb.
Minstrel	Capt. H. Lockwood.
Berengaria	Mrs. F. Hogg.
Edith	Miss Durand.
Maids of Honour	Miss Plowden. Miss Lawrence. Miss A. Norman. Miss Bazley. Miss Anson.

The performance took place on the 10th of August. Sir John Lawrence had taken great interest in the preliminary arrangements as well as in the rehearsals, and both he and Lady Lawrence expressed special satisfaction at the result.

The tableaux were subsequently photographed, and the plates are now in my possession.

I annex a sketch of one of the scenes represented.

Col Blane and the Assassin.

The gentleman actors were all well suited to the characters allotted to them.

Of the ladies, it would be invidious to give any one the preference, and I will therefore content myself with saying that they formed a picturesque and captivating group—a brief description which each will, I hope, appropriate to herself.

At the foot of the hills, and partially in sight of our house, was, as I have before mentioned, the valley of Annandale, a picturesque piece of ground, charmingly adapted for recreation, and affording a pleasant change from the perpetual slopes above.

Here there were occasional cricket matches, races, and on one occasion a most successful fancy fair.

Croquet, which had lately made its appearance in the Anglo-Indian world, was here the fashionable game, and afforded constant amusement to grave and gay, high and low.

It was delightful to see Sir John Lawrence with the other high and mighty statesmen, at the close of a laborious day, entering with the zest of boys into the intricacies of the fascinating game.

Our grandchildren were too young to aspire to such elevated amusements, but the little sisters Ella and Lilian Lockwood were carried about in a litter (called "dhandee"), and their sweet faces attracted constant attention. Lady George Paget, who with Lord George was then at Simla, used to meet them on the roads, and frequently delighted them with the gifts of sugar plums. They were called generally the "Two Doves," a name first given to them by Colonel Blane.

The annexed sketch represents the pair.

Our grandson Graham had a special pony of his own, and, being a practised rider by that time, used to enjoy the evening ride when my wife took her rounds in the everlasting jan-pan.

One of the most amusing incidents which took place this season, was a fancy fair which we held in our house for the benefit of some charity, which I do not well remember. It went off very well, and there were many purchasers of the various goods which had been contributed by residents and others. The character which attracted most attention was my humble self, dressed up as a very vulgar lady, who shocked the most delicate of the company by her language, dress, and manners.

The lovely scenery of Simla, with the glories of the distant Himalaya, and the gorgeous colours of the rhododendrons, afforded, I need scarcely say, incessant subjects for the pencil.

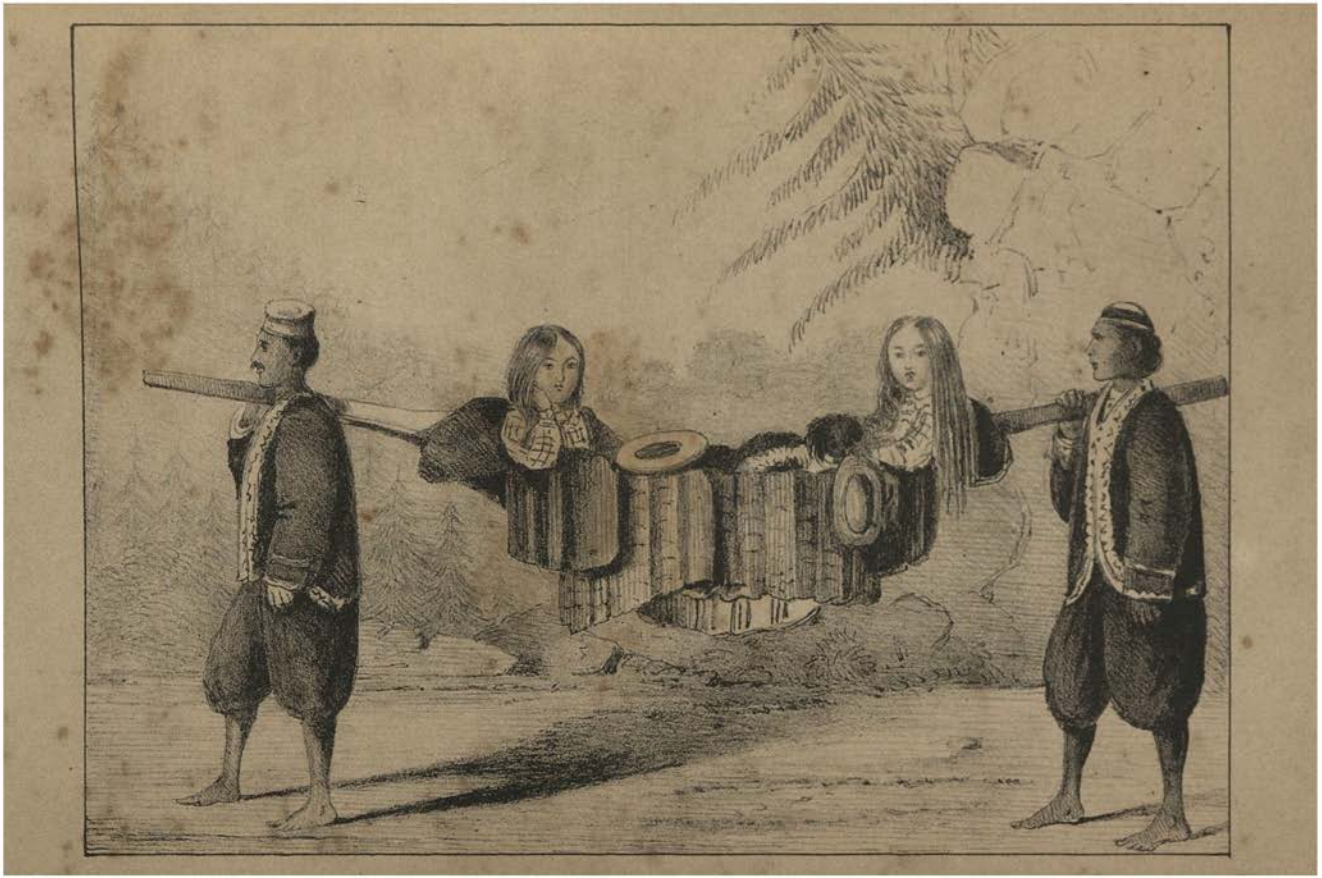
During our first year's residence, several ladies had honoured me by asking my assistance in their artistic efforts; Mrs. Strachey and Miss Plowden (now Lady Grey) were among the number.

The younger Miss Lawrence also often accompanied me out sketching, and Miss Taylor, now the Hon. Mrs. Dutton, daughter of Mr. Noble Taylor, the Member of Council for Madras, joined the artistic company towards the close of the season.

Our next performance was the "Rivals" which came off with considerable *éclat*.

Sir Anthony Absolute was enacted by Major Innes, and his son Jack was represented by myself.

Another piece was "Box and Cox," acted in our own



house, a play which vividly recalled the fun which we had enjoyed at Patna, when as "Box" I had my friend F. Alexander as my "long-lost brother."

But the performance in which, I believe, we all took the greatest interest, was our tableaux of Ivanhoe, of which I may, I think, say with some confidence that the result was gratifying in the last degree.

The several characters were specially appropriate. I here give the list:—

IVANHOE.

King Richard . . .	Col. S. Blane.
Ivanhoe	Capt. W. Harbord.
Sir Brian de Bois Gilbert .	Major O. Wilkinson.
Grand Master of Temples .	General Brind.
Knights	Major Lumsden. Colonel Seymour.
Robin Hood . . .	Mr. Denzil Onslow.
Friar Tuck	Capt. Minto Elliot.
Cedric	Capt. Edwards.
Gurth	Mr. McGrath.
Wamba	Capt. Butler.
Foresters	Capt. H. Lockwood. Master Graham Tayler. Capt. A. Prinsep.
Rowena	Mrs. F. Hogg.
Rebecca	Mrs. W. Tayler.
Ladies-in-Waiting . .	Miss Anson. Miss Bayley. Miss Darvall.

Seymour Blane once more appeared in his royal *rôle*; Captain Harbord was an extremely handsome Ivanhoe, Colonel Wilkinson was Brian himself, while my wife appeared in her old costume of Rebecca which had called forth such admiration in 1846. A sketch is annexed.

I had painted a large canvas with a grove of trees for a drop scene of the stage, and this enabled us in the first scene with Gurth and Wamba to represent the forest with exceptional reality, and by throwing a few branches of trees on the ground in front, the whole effect was realistic in perfection.

The only exception was Gurth's unhappy dog, which I was compelled to create out of Sola—a kind of pith—and who was consequently rather stiff and unbending in his attitude.

Another dramatic piece was the "Day after the Wedding," in which the principal characters were taken by my wife and myself, Harry Lockwood, Colonel Carey, and Miss Welchman.

In this piece my wife obtained special admiration for her performance of Lady Elizabeth Freelove, and was well supported throughout by the other actors and actresses.

It was just at this time that the great question of irrigation came prominently before the public. Being myself an enthusiastic advocate for the extension of artificial waterworks, I lent my aid in support of the schemes then in progress, by sundry articles in the *Pioneer*, to which I was then a principal contributor, under arrangements with the spirited proprietor, Mr. G. W. Allen, lately honoured with the order of the Indian Empire. Ever since then I have taken every opportunity, in the press, at meetings, and on all other suitable occasions, to express my unbounded admiration of the great works undertaken by Sir Arthur Cotton, who may be called the Great Water Hero.

The subject generally has been so much before the

Rebecca presenting casket to Rowena.

public, and has formed such a constant topic of discussion that I will not in this work dwell upon it; but I am tempted to annex a portion of a letter just received from Sir A. Cotton, which will show at least that he still retains his confident assurance in regard to the inestimable blessings of his work.

This great work for fertilising India, and, above all, securing it from famines, so far as man's work can do so, has been very far from being carried out at all fully, as the railways have, and it is most grievous to see still millions of cubic yards of water and millions of tons of fertilising matter carried to the sea hourly by every one of the rivers of India, while the great mass of the land is producing one-third of what it would do with the help of a full supply of rich river water, so that still vast tracts may be desolated, and millions of lives thrown away through failure of the local rains, and in spite of millions being expended to mitigate the famines when they occur; and though we cannot sufficiently deplore this, yet it is extremely satisfactory that something really worthy of our rule has been done in this way.

Fifteen vast works, certainly such as never were seen in the world before, have been now carried out to an extent approaching completion by our Government, besides a multitude of minor works.

These works will have cost about thirty millions in works and interests, and will water at least twelve million acres, besides the old works watering four millions more; in all one acre irrigated in every sixteen acres of cultivation, and everyone of these may be greatly extended, and there is no limit to the additional works of this sort that the country is capable of.

But none of these great river works have yet been provided with stored water for the dry season, a grievous defect in the system.

The only great tanks constructed by our Government are in the Bombay Presidency, where Colonel Fyfe has initiated this grand work by several really noble reservoirs, one capable of holding two hundred millions of cubic yards of water.

When the great river irrigations are supplemented by propor-

tional tanks, the value of those works will be doubled and trebled, especially by providing for the cultivation of sugar, which requires ten months water.

This is a crop of eight times the value of a grain crop. It is at present limited by the small supply of river water in the dry season.

Perhaps no country in the world has such sites for tanks of vast dimensions as India.

On the Toombuddra, at 1,600 feet above the sea, commanding the whole Madras Presidency, there is a basin which, with a moderate bund, would contain 3,000 million cubic yards.

There are thus unlimited openings for the extension of irrigation, and it must be remembered that irrigation implies a mile of steamboat canal for every thousand acres irrigation, carrying any quantity of traffic at prices which no land carriage can afford.

The present irrigation contains about 10,000 miles of navigation. The results of these great works have been incalculable in the Madras famine, millions of lives were saved and millions of money to the treasury; and if every province in India were provided with irrigation from the great rivers to the extent of one-fourth of its area, famine would be effectually counteracted; besides, 50,000 miles of steamboat navigation, which would allow of any amount of traffic at a nominal cost of transit.

All these works are now returning either great interest or giving certain promise of good interest when in full operation, in direct revenue to Government, besides their indirect returns from the increase of the ordinary revenue; all except one, viz. the Toombuddra irrigation in Madras.

This is entirely owing to the refusal of the water by the people, and as that difficulty has now been completely overcome in the only other place where it was met, viz. in Orissa (where, under the vigorous rule of the present Government, all the land is watered as far as the works supply the water), it is certain this one remaining work will soon be a success also. As to the general results of these works, the average cost has been 25 rupees an acre, and the increase in value of crop alone is about 15 rupees, or 60 per cent., besides the cheap transit, protection from river and local floods, the supply of pure water all the year for man and

beast, and consequent sanitation, and other advantages, especially the incalculable one of relief from famine.

At the close of the season we left Simla, and after a short stay at Patna proceeded to Calcutta, and took up our abode at the Great Eastern Hotel.

It was while we were here that I attended the High Court to plead in person for a review of judgment in the notorious Tikaree case, of which I have given a full description in Chapter XXIII.

The occasion was sensational. Great interest had been excited by the letters and articles which had appeared in the public journals; many of my friends had acquainted themselves with the leading facts, and a general feeling of righteous indignation had become prevalent.

What the general opinion was, after those proceedings were concluded, will be apparent from the extracts I have given in my account of the pleadings in the chapter above quoted.

What was the anxiety of my wife during the progress of the case, can be better imagined than described.

When all was over, we returned to Patna, with the intention of once more visiting Simla for the last time before our final return to "merry England."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAST VISIT TO SIMLA.

Arrival at Umballa.—Pleasant Sojourn.—Sir Dighton Probyn.—Tent-pegging.—Colonel Darvall and Family.—Reynell Taylor, Major Bunny, and other Friends.—Leave Umballa for Simla in April.—Glorious Scenery.—Rhododendron Grove and Himalaya Mountains.—Reoccupy Kennedy House.—Eccentric mode of Carpet-stretching.—Meet Colonel and Mrs. Malleson.—The great Court-Martial.—Engaged Professionally for the Defence.—Correspondence with the Commander-in-Chief.—Evening Parties.—General Durand.—Retrospective Memo. of the Wahabee Trials.—T. Ravenshaw.—Charles Howard and Captain Parsons.—Return to Patna.—Return of our Eldest Son from England.—Arrangements for leaving India.—Departure.—Passage.—Arrival in England.

In the month of December 1865, we once more left Patna, by train, and arrived at Umballa on the 1st of January 1866. We had previously engaged lodgings here, and, by the kind assistance of friends, found everything comfortably prepared for our reception.

As we intended to remain here for several months, and had given up our large house at Patna, we had

brought our carriage and horses, that my wife might enjoy some exercise before mounting the undrivable hills of Simla.

I myself was in a constant state of rotation, having important cases pending at Patna, Jallandhur, Delhi, Lahore, and many other stations, which frequently required my presence.

The station of Umballa is a decidedly pleasant one, and the presence of several regiments contributed largely to its attractions.

Lieutenant-Colonel (now Sir Dighton) Probyn, whom we had met in the previous years at Simla, was here with the 11th Bengal Lancers, well-known by the name of "Probyn's Horse," and I was glad of the opportunity of painting a group of the principal native officers, and sketching some of the scenes connected with tent-pegging—that attractive game which subsequently became, and principally through Probyn's example, so fashionable in England.

The small sketch annexed will give some idea of the picturesque appearance of the native "tent-pegger," at that time little known out of India.

We saw the game here for the first time, principally performed by the native officers, but none of them could approach Colonel Probyn himself, either in power or skill.

There were occasionally very pleasant meetings at this station during the short period of our sojourn. Our friend Major Bunny was still in command of his artillery battery; and Lord George Paget, who commanded the Sirhind division of the army, had here his head-quarters. We had met them before at Simla, as well

THE TENT-PEGGER AT UMBALLA.

as the Hon. Captain Randolph Stewart, who was related to his lordship. Captain Stewart had been recommended by Lord Strathnairn for the Brigade-Majorship of the force told off to enter the Bhotan Dooars, but the appointment was vetoed by Sir John Lawrence on the ground that Captain Stewart had not served with native troops, and that the force going to Bhotan was entirely composed of natives.

This was necessarily a great disappointment to Captain Stewart, but it was, however, somewhat appeased by the flattering terms in which Lord Strathnairn had recommended the appointment.

Colonel Reynell Taylor, the brother of my accomplished friend and fellow-passenger whom I have mentioned in my first volume, was at the time of our arrival Commissioner of Umballa, and Colonel Darvall with his wife and family were permanent residents, and their society added greatly to our enjoyment.

Among other occasional amusements, there were several reviews, during one of which I obtained some rather comical sketches, one of which, the "Colonel's Coachman," I have annexed. This man's "get up" created general amusement, as he was obviously bent upon imitating an Englishman, with his gloves, cloak, trousers, and boots, all of which appeared by their obstinate unfitness to resent the liberty; while the turban, which he was not allowed to dispense with, aided in the resistance. The incongruity of the European and Oriental costume is amusing to observe, and it is difficult to say which seems most uncomfortable, the English gentleman in a "pugree," or the native Baboo in a "top" hat.

THE REVIEW.

THE COLONEL'S COACHMAN.

On one occasion, and by a curious accident, I was introduced to an apparent stranger, but who turned out to be my own grand-nephew, the son of Court of the Civil Service, who gained such credit during the Mutiny as Magistrate of Allahabad, for which he was rewarded with the honourable affix of C.S.I.

On the 1st of April 1866 we arrived at Simla just at the season when the rhododendrons were in full blossom, even more beautiful than on our last visit. The sudden

sight of the noble forest with its mass of crimson flowers, backed by the Himalayan range, was inexpressibly grand.

I could not help recalling the notion entertained by many worthy persons, that to look for a "new earth" as the scene of future happiness is a *carnal* idea, and then pictured to myself what the very spectacle before me, cleansed from sin and death and sorrow, would be!

Our principal occupation during the first few days of this our last season, was the arrangement of our rooms. The stretching of a new drugget over the drawing-room carpet was singular. I could not have believed, if I had not witnessed it, that a carpet could be elongated by the force so quaintly bestowed, two half-leg extensions at least.

Simla was at this season the general resort of what may be irreverently termed official swell-dom—the autocracy of the Indian Government, the members of which enjoyed not a little the change from the heat and dulness of the sudorific plains for the exhilarating atmosphere and refulgent scenery of the glorious Himalayas. Whether the universal recess was beneficial or not to the administration was then and is, I believe, at the present day a subject on which there are two opinions, but this is far too difficult and abstruse a question for me to touch upon.

Besides the Viceroy with his personal staff, there was during the seasons of our visit a general assemblage of dignitaries, with their wives and families.

The Supreme Council comprised at that time many of the most distinguished officers, civil and military.

In 1864, the first year of our arrival, Sir Hugh Rose

PROMISED ELASTICITY OF THE DRUGGET.

BEFORE.

ANTICIPATIONS REALISED.

AFTER.

held his position of Commander-in-Chief, the other members were Sir Robert Napier, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Henry Maine the great lawyer, G. Noble Taylor the member for Madras, and William Grey for Bengal; while the secretariat was graced by Colonel Durand, Colonel Norman, Edward Lushington, E. H. Bayley, and Colonel Strachey.

In the following year several changes occurred: Sir William Mansfield took the place of Sir Hugh Rose, Napier and Trevelyan were succeeded in the Council by Colonel Durand and Mr. Massey, and Durand's promotion to Council made way for Muir in the Foreign Secretaryship.

It would have been difficult, I may say without flattery, to have named a more able and efficient congregation, the true *noblesse* of the Indian service. William Grey was afterwards made Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Muir of the North-West Provinces. Other changes were made shortly after, but not during my autobiographic epoch.

It was with special satisfaction that in 1864 we made the acquaintance for the first time of Noble Taylor with his wife and daughter.

During the season of 1865 we first made the acquaintance of Colonel, then Major, Malleson, who was the Sanitary Commissioner for the Government of India.

Malleson had married the daughter of an old friend, George Battye the civilian, whom I mentioned in my first chapter as having come down with John Elliot to meet our ship, the *Victory*, when anchored in the Ganges.

He had become famous at the commencement of the

mutiny by the publication of the well-known "Red Pamphlet," a work which from its ability and truthfulness created a sensation throughout India and England, and did much to expose the infatuation of the Bengal Government and rouse the spirit of the English community. Tested at this distance of time, when hard facts have revealed the deadly nature of the great rebellion, it must strike every reader with admiration at the sagacity and prescience of the writer.

The little book was continually quoted in both Houses of Parliament.

The subsequent development of the author's literary genius is a matter of notoriety, which culminated in his brilliant history of the Indian Mutiny.

Little or nothing worthy of relation happened during the first two months of our arrival; but in June an event occurred which created universal sensation throughout the whole of Simla, and is now a matter of history.

Sir William Mansfield, the Commander-in-Chief then at Simla, had arraigned Captain Jervis, his aide-de-camp, before a court-martial assembled at the station, on a charge of feloniously appropriating sundry wines, stores, and articles of food, the property of His Excellency.

The preliminary proceedings connected with the first discovery of the alleged misappropriation, had occupied some days, and Captain Jervis had appealed to me professionally to undertake his defence in my character as law agent and advocate.

After a careful consideration of the facts as they stood, I came to the conclusion that, whether Captain

Jervis had been guilty of abuse of privilege by an unauthorised use and appropriation of His Excellency's goods or not, the act did not amount to *felony;* and I consequently consented, if permitted, to defend him, in my new character of advocate and law agent, as, indeed, it was my duty to do when my professional aid was applied for.

The court-martial took place at Simla, General Brind, one of the most distinguished officers of the Indian army, and a man of peculiarly high and honourable character, being president.

The details of the trial, with the finding and sentence and all the subsidiary incidents, were published at the time throughout India and England; and though the whole proceedings were carried on during the period of my autobiography, and I myself took necessarily a prominent part in them, I do not wish, for many reasons, to dwell upon the scene.

The incidents were beyond doubt sensational, and in some respects interesting; but the whole transaction is of the past, and there are many now living to whom its resuscitation might be painful.

There are two or three points, however, on which I should wish to record my opinion, in justice to both the principal parties in the piece, as well as to myself.

The prosecution on the part of Sir William Mansfield was, as I considered and as many also of his friends thought, a mistake; but I fully believed at the time, and still believe, that it was undertaken under His Excellency's conviction, however erroneous, that it was a public duty.

My reason for this conclusion is, that when the case

was put into my hands, and I deliberately reflected on the facts disclosed, I felt very strongly that Sir William Mansfield was acting under an erroneous impression of what his position and responsibilities demanded, and that he was not actuated by personal enmity or ill-feeling towards Captain Jervis. I accordingly took upon myself to write privately to him on the subject before matters had become irremediable.

I have the correspondence still in my possession, and I have no scruple in herewith publishing it, as it is at least creditable to His Excellency's personal sentiments.

PRIVATE.

Kennedy House,

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD, June 23rd.

I trust your Excellency will not misunderstand the motives which induce me at this crisis of the unhappy controversy in which I am professionally engaged as your opponent, to write a few lines privately to you on the subject.

Your Excellency knows that the first step I took on my return from Lahore was to propose a private interview with you, but that the conditions on which your Excellency was willing to accede to the proposal, though kind and courteous to myself, were such as, it appeared to my client and his friends, and at the time to myself also, would render the interview abortive.

Your Excellency is, I conclude, also aware that when matters had become still more complicated, I again mentioned to Major Gordon, at a private interview, my earnest desire to see the question amicably adjusted, and my readiness, should your Excellency wish it, to see and speak to you privately and in confidence, reserving only to myself the privilege of communicating to Captain Jervis the result of the interview.

This suggestion, which I asked Major Gordon to repeat, did not, I imagine, meet your Excellency's wishes, as I heard nothing further from him on the subject; but the offer will be probably

sufficient to show how desirous I have been to effect, if possible, by private mediation, an amicable adjustment between your Excellency and one whom you had formerly valued as a friend, and who, I sincerely believed, would, if allowed the opportunity, have been able fully to explain all which had given your Excellency offence.

As events have since occurred, however, such a termination now appears hopeless; and it is only because the fates seem to have decreed that, in the discharge of my sacred duty to my client, I should be driven to exert my best energies to the prejudice of your Excellency, and possibly say and do things in the heat of battle which may give annoyance and offence, that I now trespass on you with these lines.

I wish, in fact, to beg you to accept the assurance, hardly I hope needed, that in doing battle for my client, I am actuated by no feeling of personal hostility whatever towards your Excellency, and that I am not, as might be supposed, unmindful of the kind and friendly treatment I experienced from your Excellency in our intercourse last year.

I would wish also to say that I shall hope to be able to discharge the invidious duty as counsel in Court with due courtesy and deference to yourself personally, whenever and wherever we may be brought into collision.

I only wish it were yet possible for any private mediation to be of effect.

I remain,
My dear Sir William Mansfield,
Sincerely yours,
W. Tayler.

P.S.—I would take this opportunity of mentioning (as an impression prevails, I hear, to the contrary effect) that I have scrupulously avoided writing myself in any of the papers, and have, when asked for information, confined it to bare facts.

Dear Mr. Tayler, June 24th, 1866.

I have received your letter of to-day's date, and am much obliged to you for your courteous expression towards myself. I fully understand professional necessities, and I think I have too

much experience of controversy not to be able to take with a good grace what may be admissible in fair fight.

This is, however, to me a matter of small consequence as compared with the fate Captain Jervis is preparing to himself, if he persists in the conduct he has lately displayed. I would take this opportunity, if you have influence with your client, to ask your assistance in preventing him from committing himself still more than he has done, in contumacious contempt of military authority. I tremble for the consequences to him, if he should carry into execution his threat of refusing to attend the court-martial. It would be interpreted as disobedience of lawful command in the worst and most dangerous sense, and this is terribly dealt with by the Articles of War. I can say no more, but I am sure you will take this warning as it is meant, viz. to save a misguided young man from the violence of his temper at an awful crisis in his career.

I am, yours very sincerely,
(Signed) W. A. Mansfield.

And now, having said this in regard to myself and the prosecutor in the case, I feel bound at the same time to record my equally strong conviction that, as I argued, and was fortunate enough to establish on the trial, Captain Jervis's appropriation and use of the wines and stores under the circumstances shown, although undoubtedly indiscreet and unauthorised, could not with any show of reason be described as "felonious," the appropriation having been carried out openly, in the sight of many others, and without any attempt at concealment.

This was the ground on which I fought for his acquittal of the charge, in opposition, as I was told, to the arguments of the distinguished lawyer Sir Henry Maine, who was said, whether justly or not I cannot be sure, to be the confidential adviser of the Commander-

in-Chief; and on this ground I obtained his acquittal from the charge, although on the ground of his insubordination, he was dismissed the service.*

To these statements I do not now desire to add.

The ultra-pathetic scene during the defence, in which I broke down, and was obliged to simulate convenient hoarseness, and ask permission for my neighbour to conclude my address, has been briefly given in the fourth chapter of my first volume, in illustration of my childish susceptibility.

Colonel Malleson was the officer who so kindly came to my rescue.

Many are the anecdotes I might relate in connection with the proceedings in this case; but in a book devoted as far as possible to pleasant reminiscences, though I have for obvious reasons been compelled in the course of my narrative to introduce much of the grave and something of the satirical, I gladly refrain from adding unnecessarily to the sensational scenes of this rather painful drama.

All who know the facts, know that I had endeavoured, for the sake of all, to prevent the conflict, instead of encouraging it, as some kindly imputed to me; but that when engaged I fought in earnest, as my duty demanded.

As far as I was concerned, the only cause for regret was that I incurred, though it is to be hoped only temporarily, the ill-will of sundry high personages who had throughout espoused the cause of the prosecutor, and

* He was, however, restored for one day, to admit of his selling out, whereby he obtained £1,800.

rather unfairly, perhaps, resented my exertions in behalf of the prisoner; but my action was warmly commended by all impartial witnesses whose opinions I valued.

During the latter part of the season, while the great court-martial was still in progress, we gave a series of small dances. Captain Jervis was staying in our house, but as we ascertained that it was not *en regle* for him, while under arrest, to appear in public, he had a small room allotted to him, with a card-table, lamp, and bottle of champagne, and friends at intervals went in to keep him company.

Our little parties were a great success; there was a harp and violin available for hire; and, although the continuance of the great trial of course created some party feeling at the station, the absence of all formality gave a special charm to the meetings.

That noble and distinguished officer, General Durand, was always there with his daughters, and enjoyed the entertainment as much as the younger guests—among whom Seymour Blane, the Military Secretary, W. Randall and H. Lockwood, Aides-de-Camp, James (now Sir James) Gordon, the Viceroy's Private Secretary, and some others, were generally present, to exercise the "light fantastic toe," and pay their *devoirs* to the many fascinating damsels.

In October, during my absence at Lahore on professional duty, my wife left Simla, under the protection of her nephew Charles (now Sir Charles) Hobhouse, and arrived at Patna on the 24th of the month.

On the 3rd November, I rejoined her, and while staying there for some days, had the pleasure of seeing George Morris, the champion who had so opportunely

rescued my name and reputation from judicial obesity, as detailed in Chapter XXIII., Roland Cockerell, Augustus Elliot, the son of my kind host of 1829, and sundry other friends on their return from the Sonepore Fair.

We also saw Parsons, T. Ravenshaw, and Charles Howard, the distinguished three whose able exertions had led to the arrest and conviction of my little friend Ahmed Oolla and his accomplices, to which I am about to make brief reference.

On this occasion, Howard very kindly presented me with a small memento, in the shape of a pair of green spectacles belonging to Ahmed Oolla, which with all his other property had been sold by auction, and which I still possess as a touching reminiscence of the "harmless bookman" whom I had so cruelly wronged in 1857.

On the 29th December, we heard of the arrival of our eldest son Skipwith with his wife from England, where he had been spending his furlough. He was still in delicate health, and, after consultation, he resolved to return once more, and to that end obtained a medical certificate. They came up shortly after their arrival to Lohanipore, where they remained with us for some days.

And now, before I close this narrative of our personal movements, I am tempted to say a few words on the remarkable events connected with the trial and conviction of the Wahabee fanatics, events which are closely connected with the most important facts of my own history.

These events commenced, as I have before mentioned, in 1864, with the trial of a certain number of these

fanatics by Sir Herbert Edwardes, and terminated in 1865 by the conviction before the High Court of the leader Molvee Ahmed Oolla, who up to the moment of his arrest was basking in the favour of the Bengal Government, and in the enjoyment of lucrative and responsible office.

The incidents connected with the first precautionary imprisonment of the leading Wahabees, at the crisis of the Mutiny in 1857, have been briefly narrated in previous chapters of this volume, and the actual scene of the arrest is described at length in *The Patna Crisis*.

The subsequent release of the great leader, Ahmed Oolla, the extraordinary encomium passed upon him by my successor, with the encouragement and approval of Mr. Halliday, the flattering attention shown to him, the bestowal of public appointments, and, finally, his formal presentation by the Lieutenant-Governor to Sir John Lawrence, in Calcutta—all these marvellous acts of attention and favour had been heaped upon him during the five years succeeding the outbreak in 1857.

What must have been the bewilderment of the self-conscious traitor at all these special marks of flattery and distinction! How he and his compeers must have chuckled in their secret moments at the infatuation thus displayed, and how exultingly they must have triumphed over the deluded Commissioner who had dared to touch their sacred persons—all this I leave to the imagination of my readers.

But it was impossible for such imbecility to last for ever. In 1864 an unexpected romantic incident led to the arrest of some Wahabees while on their way to the frontier at Sittana. The arrest was followed by

inquiries, conducted, in the first instance, by Captain Parsons, an officer not quite so easily humbugged as those who had "delighted to honour" the innocent bookmen. They were brought to trial before Sir H. Edwardes (as I have mentioned). Eleven of the prisoners were convicted of deliberate treason and making war against the Queen, and were sentenced, some to death, and others to different terms of imprisonment. But the inquiries did not stop here; the facts elicited during the investigation clearly showed that little Ahmed Oolla, "the inoffensive gentleman," whom the Lieutenant-Governor had thought fit to honour, whose innocence had been openly declared, and his unjust confinement denounced by my successor, with the approval and sanction of Mr. Halliday, was not quite as innocent and amiable as had been supposed!

After the careful, intelligent, and able inquiries conducted with wonderful perseverance and acumen by Captain Parsons and Mr. Howard, under the direction and superintendence of Mr. T. Ravenshaw, who was appointed public prosecutor, Ahmed Oolla was proved to be the head traitor, the leader of the fanatic Jehad, with his head-quarters at Patna. He was brought to trial, convicted of persistent and dangerous treason for years past—treason which he was carrying on throughout India at the very time when I had the presumption and cruelty merely to place him under temporary supervision!

Though defended by able English counsel—Mr. Goodall, a barrister, and Mr. George Plowden, a retired civilian, who had followed my example and become a law-agent and pleader—though supported by the tokens

of official confidence and trust openly conceded by the Government, he was sentenced to be hanged, and the sentence was commuted, most unwisely, to imprisonment for life.

No praise is too warm for the extraordinary intelligence, sagacity, and perseverance exhibited by the several officers entrusted with the unravelling of this diabolical confederation, no condemnation too severe for the wilful and persistent infatuation which imperilled the Empire.

As far as I myself was concerned, the result of the trials, and more especially the clear proof of the guilt of Ahmed Oolla, as the chief traitor, more than justified the precautionary measures which I had adopted in 1857.

I accordingly at once, under the advice of many friends, prepared a memorial setting forth the facts, and praying, on the ground of this remarkable vindication of my views, for a reconsideration of the unjust and cruel judgment under which I had suffered.

This memorial I submitted demi-officially to Sir John Lawrence before forwarding it in official form. After due and careful consideration of the facts, which created considerable sensation, and elicited strong opinions from many high officials, especially Sir H. Durand, Sir John Lawrence sent me a letter through his military secretary, Colonel Blane, in which, while expressing kindly interest in the question, he recommended me to lay the memorial before the Secretary of State at home, *because, if submitted to him, it would have to be laid before his Council in India.*

Being myself painfully conscious that there were two

or three members of the Supreme Council who, for various reasons, official or demi-official, would in all probability oppose my claim, and well knowing that the late court-martial had to some extent aroused the displeasure of those in high quarters, though not that of Sir John Lawrence himself, I quite understood and appreciated the motive which induced him to recommend the course suggested in Colonel Blane's letter, and the subsequent personal interview with Sir John in Calcutta just before I left India unmistakably confirmed this impression.

I therefore accepted the recommendation thankfully, regarding it as kind and considerate, and entirely in keeping with the very friendly feeling which had been exhibited towards us during our sojourn at Simla, both by Sir John and Lady Lawrence.

And if further proof were wanting of his willingness to support my claim, it was given by the fact that after I had reached England he wrote and asked me to send him a copy of this letter, that he might see it once more before I showed it, as he had authorised my doing, to the Secretary of State.

This I at once did, and the authority was again demi-officially given.

What subsequently occurred, being outside my thirty-eight years, will be found in the appendix to this volume. I venture to commend it to the perusal of all who value justice and honour.

It was while we were staying at my little farm, making preparations for our final departure, that my former client, the Rajah of Hutwa, whom I have mentioned in Chapter XX., hearing of my proposed departure

to England, sent Mr. Macleod, who was then his agent, with directions to effect an arrangement with me for superintending the proceedings of the same great case which I had before conducted on his behalf, and which was at that time, nearly five years afterwards, under the old system, dragging its slow length along before the Privy Council at home.

The agent told me that the Rajah, although he had already placed the case in the hands of the well-known solicitor, Mr. T. L. Wilson, in London, would not hear of anybody continuing the management but myself—that he would pay Mr. Wilson whatever he might demand for past services, but that directly I reached England I was to take charge of the papers, as manager, until the decision.

The terms which he voluntarily proposed for this job were that I should receive £100 a month as long as the case remained undecided, and that, if the appeal was successful, a further payment of £2000, which he would lodge beforehand with Messrs. Colvin, Corrie & Co., of Calcutta, should be at once paid to me.

These liberal conditions were faithfully carried out; the case remained unheard for fifteen months, and was eventually, under the able pleading of Sir Roundell Palmer and Mr. Leith, successful.

I make special mention of this because the whole occurrence, from first to last, is curious. It was the first case committed to my charge after I resigned the service, and coming, as it did, at the very commencement of my new career, seemed like a providential event, as unexpected as it was merciful, for it at once rendered me independent, relieved me from the difficulties in which

my merciless persecutors had involved me, and gave me encouragement for the future.

To return to my narrative.

After a few days' residence in Calcutta, where we had the delight of finding our dear son, Graham, with his wife and children, we bade farewell to relations and friends, and embarked on board the *Golconda*.

Our party, besides ourselves, consisted of our eldest son, Skipwith, his wife, and eldest boy, who had lived with us ever since the Mutiny, the "two doves," children of our second daughter Mrs. Lockwood, and the eldest boy of our second son Graham—a small investment of the forty grandchildren with which we now are blessed.

We found several friends on board the steamer, and we formed a sociable and happy party; and after a pleasant and prosperous voyage, during which I amused myself with daily sketches of persons and things, which are still in my possession, we reached the shores of dear old England, and after landing at Southampton, where my immense array of boxes, containing my museum, attracted no little attention, but were considerately passed free of duty, we entered the train, the first I had ever seen in England, and arrived, late in the evening, in London.

Here we found our dear daughter Mrs. Villiers Palmer, with her four children, in a charming house, which she had engaged for us in Queen's Gate Terrace—the house, by a curious coincidence, now the property of my nephew Arthur Walter.

In spite of the protracted period of my absence, and the varied scenes which I had gone through during my

enforced separation from English territory, as we drove along Piccadilly I recognised at once the old railings and houses which I had known as a boy, and I seemed to perceive little or no difference from what I remembered in 1829, and missed no tangible object but the venerable "Jarvey!"

The long interval of my absence, and the many sensational incidents of my life, appeared like a dream; but I was no less thankful to God for His merciful providence, which permitted me, with wife, children, and grandchildren, once more to place my foot on dear old England, in present health and spirits, and in confident hope of righteous compensation for the wrongs I had suffered during my "Thirty-eight years in India;" and I was truly glad to feel that after so long a period of separation I could yet sympathise with the "unchanging man" of the poet Montgomery, and re-echo from my heart his touching sentiment:—

> "His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
> A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

APPENDIX.

HAVING in my fourteenth chapter exhibited the evidence recorded at the time in regard to my measures during the crisis at Patna, I may with some reasonable satisfaction now point to the additional testimony which has accumulated since my return to England, and which, though recorded at a time subsequent to the period at which my autobiography closes, may, I imagine, be appropriately produced in this place, so as to complete the picture.

This evidence comprises—

1. A series of letters from distinguished statesmen and others connected with India.

2. Extracts from the two historians of the Indian Mutiny.

3. Two Memorials presented to Parliament in 1879—

One from fifty-eight Members of the House of Commons on both sides of the House.

Another by one hundred and seventy-four distinguished noblemen and gentlemen.

4. Sundry letters written by and to Sir Eardley Wilmot regarding the transfer of the case from the Lower to the Upper House; and

5. *Finally*, a few lines from leading articles of the principal journals.

Many other items of evidence are in my possession, but I venture to think that what I have here adduced is sufficient; at all events, I believe I may safely say that there is no case in history in which with regard to the character or acts of a single individual, so overwhelming a mass of evidence has been recorded.

I.

Brief Extracts from Letters, written within the last few years (since my return to England in 1867) *by distinguished public Officers and Statesmen, including Members of the Supreme Government in India, who at the time were induced by Misrepresentations to concur in my Removal, Members of the Indian Council and others.*

COLONEL BLANE, Military Secretary to the Governor-General of India.

January 19th, 1867.

I have read your memorial, of course; it appears quite unanswerable, and makes out one of the strongest cases it is possible to conceive.

Sir BARTLE FRERE, G.C.S.I.

October 5th, 1867.

It has now been proved beyond all doubt by the judicial inquiries by Sir H. Edwardes, that your general management of affairs at Patna, your mode of dealing with the Wahabee leaders, and the check thus given to their treasonable plottings, were, as far as human judgment can estimate, the means of saving the province from insurrection.

Sir JAMES ELPHINSTONE, Bart., M.P.

December 9th, 1867.

I think the usage you have received has been most grossly unjust, and am free to express my opinion that a simple recognition of your service now is no measure of the debt due to you. In common justice you ought also to be recouped for the fines imposed on you.

Sir HERBERT EDWARDES, K.C.B.

January 22nd, 1868.

What concerns you personally, however, is not the *imperial* but the *provincial* question. The Wahabee trials of 1864, at Umballa, and 1865, at Patna, disclosed—or rather brought to judicial proof, in courts of law, before the whole of India, what had only been imperfectly known previously, and most unaccountably pooh-poohed and smothered by the Bengal Government, viz. that for *years* the Wahabee followers of Syed Ahmed had spread a net-work of propagandism over the Bengal province—firstly, to restore the purity of Islam in India; and secondly, as a logical consequence, to undermine and subvert the infidel power of the English.

The centre of this truly bitter and formidable political conspiracy was Patna. You lived there and knew what was going on. *You acted on your knowledge and paralysed the whole of the Wahabee sect, by seizing their leaders at the very moment when they could and would have struck a heavy blow against us.* The Bengal Government was determined not to believe in the Wahabee conspiracy, and punished you for your vigour. Time has done you justice, shown that you were right, and hanged or transported the enemies whom you suspected and disarmed.

Sir R. MONTGOMERY, K.C.B., late Lieut.-Governor of the Punjaub.

February 7th, 1868.

Sir Andrew Waugh had given me your *Patna Crisis* to read, and I perused it with great pleasure.

It showed that you had quickly appreciated the circumstances of the mutiny, and that you acted with great vigour, *and in so doing checked the spirit of disaffection which was ready to burst forth at Patna.*

T. Parry Woodcock, Esq., Retired Bengal Civil Service.

February 15th, 1868.

I have read with great interest the several pamphlets you were good enough to leave with me; and I have risen from their perusal with a deep sense of the injuries consistently and perseveringly heaped upon you, and with a profound hope that truth will (it must!) prevail, and that you will meet with the just reward, however tardily, *which the ability, courage, and energy you have exerted in your country's cause have so well deserved.*

Hon. Gerald Talbot, late Private Secretary to Lord Canning.

February 19th, 1868.

I can, of course, have no sort of objection to repeat what is a very *sincere conviction*, that if Lord Canning had seen the papers which you now have to produce, and been made acquainted with the subsequent progress of events, he would have changed his opinion as to the treatment you have experienced; and if he had changed his opinion, a man of his noble character would have been forward to say so, and to do you justice.

General Sir John Low, K.C.B., late Member of the Supreme Council in India, 1868.

I sincerely believe that your skilful and vigorous management of the disaffected population of Patna was of *immense* value to the Government of India, and that in the last few months of your Commissionership, commencing with the arrest of the three Wahabee conspirators, and the disarming of the greater portion of the inhabitants of the Patna city, *your services were of more vital importance to the public interests than those of many officers, both civil and military, during the whole period of their Indian career, in less critical times, who have been rewarded*—and justly rewarded—by honours from the Queen, while your services, by an extraordinary combination of unlucky circumstances, have hitherto been so overlooked. In Oriental phrase, "what more need I write?"

General Le G. Jacob, K.C.S.I.

April 2nd, 1868.

If Sir Stafford Northcote have an honest heart, he cannot read your papers *without a sense of indignation at the treatment of one who did so much to meet the horrors of the great rebellion.*

Sir Arthur Cotton, K.C.B.

May 16th, 1868.

I have been reading the various documents in your pamphlet, and I can hardly say I am surprised at your case, having seen so many similar in essential points during my long service in India, some incredibly bad; *but I really don't think I have ever known one as flagrant as yours.*

Major-General Colin Mackenzie, C.B.

May 25th, 1868.

When I reflect on the sagacity, pluck, self-command, and working power, physical and mental, which you displayed while making head against literally fiendish odds at Patna, and an opposition equally trying in quarters where you might have reasonably expected hearty support, I am, in spite of all my experience, amazed at what has befallen you, and at the undeserved humiliation of your present position, which forces you to defend *conduct which commands the deep respect and admiration of all unprejudiced* men.

Ker Baillie Hamilton, Esq., C.B., late Governor-in-Chief of the Leeward Isles.

May 27th, 1868.

It is quite clear from the correspondence, and from the testimony recorded by so many eminent Indian statesmen, that (as was at first declared by all who were not your personal enemies), by obtaining amidst unusual difficulties *correct* political information, and by carrying out the measures you thereupon adopted with ability, energy, and promptitude, *you saved your province.*

Major Evans Bell.

July 11th, 1868.

The collection of letters is deeply interesting, and two or three of them are of historical value. Sir John Low's noble admission of his own error ought alone to secure you that signal reparation for such unjust treatment, and that marked recognition of your great services, which cannot, I trust, be delayed much longer.

R. D. MANGLES, Esq., Jun., Bengal Civil Service, V.C.

October 4th, 1868.

I can bear my humble testimony to the vigorous and judicious measures which you adopted at Patna, *and which, beyond question, saved that city.* I have always been surprised that your services have never been recognized; but I hope that justice may be yet done to you.

J. A. DORIN, Esq., Member of the Supreme Government in India in 1857.

October 12th, 1868.

True, time has shown that *he (Mr. Halliday) was wrong and that you were right*, and for your sake I am rejoiced that it is so.

Hon. E. DRUMMOND, late Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Provinces, now Member of the Indian Council.

August 4th, 1868.

I have always, however, considered (whether you were right or wrong in your general policy, of which there might be very well two opinions at the moment, *though subsequent events have triumphantly proved that you were right*) that you were very unjustly and ungenerously treated in being disgraced when you had acted to the best of your judgment, and had fairly earned a share in the honours conferred on many less deserving actors in the perilous crisis of the mutiny; and I need not add that I should rejoice if the injustice could be repaired.

Sir ARTHUR PHAYRE, K.C.B.

June 18th, 1868.

From a careful perusal of the whole of the documents, I am deeply impressed with the conviction, that *the prompt and vigorous measures adopted by you during June* 1857, *prevented an outbreak by the disloyal portion of the inhabitants of the city of Patna.*

Earl of HOME.

June 16th, 1868.

I am much obliged to you for the pamphlet. I thought your case complete before; but certainly the letters you print are remarkably strong, and it would seem impossible that any one,

certainly one naturally kind-hearted, as you believe Sir Stafford Northcote to be, can set aside *such overwhelming testimony.*

R. V. BOYLE, Esq., C.S.I.

July 9th, 1869.

When I consider these things, how you have been treated for your eminent services while Commissioner of Patna, how you have been wronged, how you were degraded instead of being honoured, and how even yet neglect and injustice are unredressed: *I cannot but feel that until you have been made K.C.S.I., it would be most painful to me to wear, in your presence, the decoration which I have so gratefully* received from Her Majesty.

Sir ARTHUR COTTON, K.C.S.I.

December 4th, 1872.

I quite agree with your friend that it makes me ashamed to allow myself to be called a K.C.S.I., when a man, who was a hundred times more deserving of it, is ruined and deprived of it. No words can express too strongly the realities of the case.

W. J. FITZWILLIAM, Esq., late Member of the Legislative Council of India.

October 26th, 1868.

I have read with great interest your narrative of events as connected with your removal from the Patna Commissionership in 1857; the more so as it fully confirms the opinion of myself and the majority of the Christian inhabitants of Calcutta at that period, "*that your removal was a cruel injustice to yourself, and most discreditable to those who were the cause of it.*"

Colonel T. RATTRAY, C.S.I., Commanding the Sikh Regiment at Patna.

July 22nd, 1869.

Living in your house as I was during the most eventful period of the crisis at Patna, and being therefore in hourly communication with you, I consider myself capable of giving an opinion regarding the high courage evinced by you at that most trying time, deserted almost, as you were, by those officials who should have been your chief support. *Had you not suppressed the Wahabees as you did, all Patna would have been up*, which would have tried the fidelity of the

Sikhs, possibly more than would have been good for them or for us; but your great energy and pluck in arresting the Wahabee chiefs, not only terrified the disaffected, but caused *our friends* to respect and fear you.

From General Sir SYDNEY COTTON, K.C.B.

November 4th, 1872.

It is only a wonder that we have held India so long as we have done, on the miserable policy of such men as Halliday. I sincerely hope that your own case will be properly dealt with in the end.

From Major-General Sir G. BALFOUR, M.P.

December 13th, 1872.

When in India I fully understood from those who were acquainted with your proceedings that you had rendered good service at Patna in the crisis of 1857, and in return for those services you had been punished instead of being rewarded.

From P. G. E. TAYLOR, Esq., Retired B.C.S.

December 21st, 1872.

Any one who knows the whole story, so thoroughly well as I do, can only have one opinion of the *detestable injustice* with which you have all along been treated.

From J. BELL, Esq., Barrister at Law.

December 17th, 1872.

I hope the quotation as to "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*" is not always in your case to be read and written in the future tense, and I know I speak the feelings not only of your friends, but also of many personally unacquainted with you, in expressing a hope, that there may be no longer delay in recognising your great merits, and harsh wrongs.

From C. B. DENISON, Esq., M.P.

August 30th, 1873.

The Pamphlet and *Standard* article bring back vividly to my mind what are (to me) familiar facts. I have never changed my opinion, formed in India in 1857, that you were the victim of

error, intrigue, and misrepresentation, and a flagrantly ill-used man by the Bengal Government of that day.

Everything that has since occurred has only served to confirm and intensify my opinion.

If the Government of India have seen their way to reward your native subordinate, Mowla Buksh, who was wrongfully and unrighteously disgraced in 1859, they owe it all the more to you (who were held responsible) to do you complete though tardy justice. "*Aide toi-même et le Dieu t'aidera.*"

Persevere a little while longer, and I venture to hope that you will have the satisfaction of seeing yourself *righted* and your enemies covered with confusion.

From Sir VINCENT EYRE, K.C.S.I.

November 15th, 1873.

I should sincerely rejoice to see your merits as a public officer adequately recognised, now that subsequent events have thrown a flood of light upon what was obscure. It is never too late to mend an unjust decree.

From Colonel FRENCH.

December 2nd, 1873.

Until to-day I have not had time to read the pamphlet, and now, having done so, I am really astonished. You will not, I hope, have to write one more line on the harsh treatment you have received.

From Colonel A. RATHBONE to Captain W. C. PALMER.

December 16th, 1873.

What I have never seen, and never known, and but for my having read this little work could never have imagined, is, that after the affair was over, when passions had time to cool, and when there was so universal a "consensus" on the part of every one as to the manner in which he had been treated—retired Members of Council, retired Members of the Legislative Council, high Indian civilian officials, military officers who were in a position to understand Mr. Tayler's acts and appreciate them, merchants and planters dwelling on the spot, or in its neighbourhood, native Christians who were living under his protection, together with

clergymen of all religious denominations, agreeing perhaps upon no other point, but entirely in harmony on this one—the Government should still continue to refuse redress for the wrong it had inflicted.

From T. Aitchison, Esq.

September 4th, 1873.

Surely the House of Commons must insist on your having redress. Such a claim is a scandal to the country.

From Colonel Brereton.

September 4th, 1873.

I am glad for your sake, and in the cause of justice, that the time has arrived for publicity. What a mean affair human nature is!

From A. Walter, Esq.

September 4th, 1873.

I am convinced your case is one of the strongest imaginable, and that no one can answer you.

From C. Rivers Wilson, Esq.

October 5th, 1873.

I can have no hesitation in stating the opinion I arrived at, and which is shared by so many eminent men and competent judges—that you rendered signal services to your country, under circumstances of great emergency, for which it is matter of astonishment that fitting recognition should not have been made.

The Hon. R. Ellis, C.B., Member of the Madras Council (since appointed Member of Indian Council).

October 2nd, 1873.

I, of course, having been in India during 1857 and 1858, am familiar with the story of Patna, and of your courage and good judgment.

I do not at all despair that justice will at last be done to you. I know no act which would be more appreciated in India than an open and honest recognition of your services by the Government.

Colonel Chas. Hervey, Superintendent of Thugue Department.

September 21st, 1865.

You have now dispelled the shades in which the matter was enveloped, and have yourself emerged from the cloud in a manner so glorious that it may be said of this pamphlet that you have succeeded by it. "*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.*"

Dr. Long.

July 28th, 1875.

Also in the Mahomedan disaffections at the time of the Mutiny, you were one of the few minds awake to the emergency. You were awake when Bengal officials slumbered in a fools' paradise.

Now the Wahabee plotting and its revelations have shown your wisdom in raising a warning cry, though many regarded it like that of Cassandra's.

C. Graham, Esq., Retired B.C.S.

September 10th, 1876.

I got your pamphlet when in London, and read it with much interest.

Had old John Company existed, you would have had justice done you long ere this.

David Wilson, Esq., leading Merchant of Calcutta.

June 6th, 1874.

I have now perused it, and must say I am astounded at the treatment you have received at the hands of Mr. Halliday and the Bengal Government. There cannot be now two opinions as to the great service you rendered to all the European population and the Government cause, by your shrewd and vigilant mind, and your prompt action in arresting such firebrands of the rebellion, thereby saving the lives of every European in your district, and checking the spread for the time of that fearful mutiny.

J. H. Stocqueler, Esq., late Editor of the Calcutta *Englishman*.

October 24th, 1871.

Although I have not seen *Our Crisis*, I gather quite enough from the other works to feel the utmost scorn and indignation that

such men as Mr. F. Halliday and Mr. Samuells should have been permitted to continue in the service after their atrocious behaviour towards you and their exhibitions of a fatuous belief in the continued loyalty of the Sepoys and the people.

None are so blind as those who will not see. If I were not writing to *you* I should express myself in terms of the warmest admiration of your courage and sound judgment in a most critical emergency.

From Sir D. Macleod, K.C.B.

June 20th, 1871.

I am truly rejoiced to read what you say in regard to Kaye's mention of you in his history. It is most gratifying, and, as he is a thoroughly honest man, you may well be proud of his appreciation of your conduct as gathered from a full scrutiny of the documents relating thereto.

Major-General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., K.S.I.

October 10th, 1873.

Thanks for your letter, pamphlets, &c. The article in the *Standard* I saw and read with interest and joy the day it was written. I wish you every success. If I could help you I would, but your claims are strong, and "Right" will *out* at last.

J. F. Leith, Esq., Q.C.

July 2nd, 1877.

I need scarcely say that I do most sincerely also hope that your appeal to Lord Salisbury may, as you expect, end in a favourable result to you in all respects,—not only in vindicating your conduct on the occasion as right, but in giving you some compensation for your long-suffering and trials of patience and temper during so many years past.

From Colonel Hardy.

March 17th, 1876.

Permit me also to congratulate you, or rather to express my own satisfaction at finding, from reading Kaye's third volume, that something like historical justice has at last been done you, after the strange and cruel and shameful injustice you were subjected to in the Mutiny time.

From Sir GEORGE CLERK, K.C.B., late Member of the Indian Council.

August 24th, 1876.

Of course Sir Frederick Halliday must long ago have seen that all your measures were right, especially in dealing with "*Islam*" during the rebellion miscalled "*Mutiny*."

I cannot imagine that Lord Salisbury, or any one in his present position, could admit for a moment any motive as justifying such a scandal as your removal and degradation living any longer.

Five minutes' deliberation on your case and as many words would surely suffice to suggest to Sir Frederick to take the manly course, and recommend a mode of revision calculated to relieve you from a sense of injury long endured.

From General F. COTTON, C.B.

April 15th, 1877.

If Lord Salisbury is all he has the credit for being, and there is justice in the world, your prayer must be answered in your favour.

It is too terrible to think that such a prayer for justice should be necessary.

From Dr. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D.

June 16th, 1877.

Earnestly trusting that in the end you will have that justice done to you which all along I felt to be your due.

From A. GOODALL, Esq., Inspector-General of Hospitals, Madras.

Is it possible that such services as yours could have been brought to the knowledge of the Secretary of State for India, and up to this hour no apparent notice has been taken?

The thing is incomprehensible.

II.

EXTRACTS.

From Sir J. Kaye's *Sepoy War*, vol. iii.

The chief civil officer of the division was Mr. William Tayler, of whom mention has already been made. A man of varied accomplishments and of an independent tone of thought and speech, he had studied the native character, as only it can be rightly studied, with large-hearted toleration and catholicity of sentiment. Fully alive to the melancholy fact of the great gulf between the two races, he had often dwelt, in his public correspondence, on the evils attending the self-imposed isolation of his countrymen, and the want of sympathy, and therefore the want of knowledge, in all that related to the feelings of the people, of a large majority of official and non-official Englishmen in India. Nearly two years before the outbreak of the mutiny, he had reported to Government that, "owing to sundry causes, the minds of the people in these districts are at present in a very restless and disaffected state, and they have generally conceived the idea that there is an intention on the part of the Government to commence and carry through a systematic interference with their religion, their caste, and their social customs." Utterances of this kind are never very palatable to Government; and Mr. Tayler was regarded in high places, if not actually as an alarmist, as a man who suffered his imagination to run away with him; and, although it is impossible to govern well and wisely without it, nothing is more detestable to Government than imagination.

So it happened that Mr. Tayler had fallen into disrepute with some above him, and had excited the resentment of some below him. He was a man of strong convictions, not chary of speech; and there was small chance at any time of a division under his charge subsiding into the drowsy, somnolent state which gives so little official trouble, and is therefore greatly approved.—Pp. 69, 70.

There was not a man in the country more disposed towards strenuous action than Mr. William Tayler. The instructions which he issued to his subordinates all through the months of June and July were of the most encouraging and assuring kind. He exhorted all men to put on a bold front, to maintain their posts, and to crush all incipient sedition with the strong arm of authority. It was in these words that he wrote to the chief civil officer of Tirhoot, and all his directions to others were in the same strain: "I don't think that you are in danger. The Sepoys, if they rose, would not go so far out of their way. Your own Budmashes, therefore, are all you have to fear. If you look sharp and raise your extra Police—keep your Sowars in hand—stir up your Darogah—tell that little Rajah to send you men in different parts to help you—keep a look-out at the ghauts, and at the same time quietly arrange for a place of rendezvous in case of real danger, where you may meet; all will go right. . . . . Make everybody show a good face—be plucky, and snub any fellows who are impudent. If any people talk sedition threaten them with the rope, and keep a look-out on the Nujeebs. Try and form without any fuss a body of volunteers, mounted gentlemen, so that in case of any extremity they might all meet and pitch into any black-

guards. If anything really bad were to happen, the branch volunteers should come into Patna and join the main body, and we would keep the province till assistance should come. These are only probabilities, so don't tell people they are anticipated. The word for Tirhoot is just now 'All serene.'" And it was, doubtless, the true policy to betray no fear, but be thoroughly awake to and prepared for all possibilities of surrounding danger.—Pp. 76, 77.

It is not to be questioned that up to the time of the mutiny of the Dinapore regiments, the whole bearing of the Patna Commissioner was manly to a point of manliness not often excelled in those troubled times. He had exhorted all his countrymen to cling steadfastly to their posts. He had rebuked those who had betrayed their fears by deserting their stations. His measures had been bold; his conduct had been courageous; his policy had been severely repressive. If he had erred, assuredly his errors had not leaned to the side of weakness. He was one of the last men in the service to strike his colours, save under the compulsion of a great necessity. But when the Dinapore regiments broke into rebellion—when the European troops on whom he had relied, proved themselves to be incapable of repressing mutiny on the spot, or overtaking it with swift retribution—when it was known that thousands of insurgent Sepoys were overrunning the country, and that the country, in the language of the day, was "up"—that some of the chief members of the territorial aristocracy had risen against the domination of the English, and that the predatory classes, including swarms of released convicts from the gaols, were waging deadly war against

property and life—when he saw that all these things were against us, and there seemed to be no hope left that the scattered handfuls of Englishmen at the outstations could escape utter destruction, he deemed it his duty to revoke the orders which he had issued in more auspicious times, and to call into Patna such of our English establishments as had not already been swept away by the rebellion or escaped without official recall. In doing this he generously took upon himself the responsibility of withdrawal, and absolved all the officers under him from any blame which might descend upon them for deserting their stations without the sanction of superior authority. It was not doubted that if there had been any reasonable ground of hope that these little assemblies of Englishmen could hold their own, that they could save their lives and the property of the Government by defending their posts, it would have been better that the effort should be made. But their destruction would have been a greater calamity to the State than their surrender. It was impossible to overvalue the worth of European life at that time, and the deaths of so many Englishmen would have been a greater triumph and a greater encouragement to the enemy than their flight. It was the hour of our greatest darkness and our sorest need. We know now how Wake and Boyle and Colvin and their comrades in the "little house" held the enemy in check, and how Vincent Eyre taught both the Sepoy mutineers and the Shahabad insurgents that there was still terrible vitality in our English troops. Of this William Tayler knew nothing. But he had palpably before him the fact of Dunbar's disaster, and he believed that nothing could save the little

garrison at Arrah. The probabilities at the time were that the Dinapore regiments, with Kower Singh and his followers, having done their work in that direction, would move, flushed with conquest and gorged with plunder, upon Gyah and other stations, carrying destruction with them wheresoever they might go. What the Commissioner then did was what had been done and what was being done by other authorities, civil and military, in other parts of the country; and it was held to be sound policy to draw in our scattered outposts to some central point of safety where the enemy might be defied. In this I can perceive no appearance of panic. If Tayler had not acted thus, and evil had befallen the Christian people under his charge, he would have been condemned with a far severer condemnation for so fatal an omission.—Pp. 161, 162, 163.

From MALLESON'S *Indian Mutiny*.

Mr. William Tayler was a member of the Bengal Civil Service. He was a gentleman and a scholar, possessing great natural abilities which he had lost no opportunity of cultivating, an elegant mind, and a large fund of common sense. To these should be added the greater gifts, during a crisis such as that of which I am writing, of a nerve not to be shaken, a clear view, and a power to decide rapidly and correctly in difficult circumstances. In the prime of life, courteous in manner, loyal to his Government, ready to hear the opinions of all, yet resolved to act on those which best commended themselves to his understanding, he was just the man whom a Wellesley or a Napier would have detached as his lieutenant to command a difficult position.

The mutinous spirit displayed early in the year by the sepoys at Berhampore, and later by those at Barrackpore, had not been unnoticed by Mr. Tayler. As the pro-consul of a province which had as its capital the city of Patna, the head-quarters of the chiefs of the Wahabees, it had devolved upon him to watch every vibration in the political system, so strangely agitated since the beginning of the year. Mr. Tayler, with a forecast surer than that of Mr. Secretary Beadon, had detected in the action of the 19th Regiment of Native Infantry and in the scarce-concealed sympathy with that action of the regiments stationed at Barrackpore, the germs of a very contagious political disease, and he had deemed it not at all improbable that, if not wholly eradicated by the measures of Government, the disease might gradually spread upwards. Never for a moment did he believe in the "passing and groundless panic" theory of Mr. Beadon. But not even Mr. Tayler, astute and far-seeing as he was, had imagined that the contagion would be communicated, as if by magic, to the upper provinces, passing over the intermediate divisions, to attack the body politic, suddenly, in its very heart.

When, therefore, the catastrophe of the 10th of May occurred at Meerut, it took not less by surprise the Commissioner of Patna than every other official in India. But Mr. Tayler was equal to the occasion. He summoned the European inhabitants of the place to deliberate on the means to be adopted to avert the crisis from Patna. Rejecting the timid counsel offered him shortly before by the judge,—who then, or a little later, took refuge in the opium godown,—to despatch the Government treasure to Dinapore and to be prepared

on the first alarm to follow it thither, Mr. Tayler briefly stated to those present his information, his apprehensions, and his hopes, and then added that if they had confidence in him, he was prepared to assume the entire responsibility, and to act as he might consider necessary. In reply the Europeans present voted by acclamation confidence in their Commissioner. Thus armed, Mr. Tayler prepared for the inevitable emergency.

On the 7th June the crisis seemed to arrive. Intimation was received that evening from Dinapore to the effect that the native regiments were in a state of excitement, and that a rise was apprehended that very night.

Mr. Tayler determined at once to make of his own house a fortress for the whole station. He drove to the nearest residents, and sent messengers to those further off, begging them to accept his hospitality during the crisis. In less than an hour his house was crowded by men, women, and children, from all parts of Patna. The house, however, was garrisoned by the Station Guards, who were all natives. Could they be trusted? Suddenly the discovery of a letter passing between them and the sepoys at Dinapore showed Mr. Tayler that his guards were in league with the disaffected regiments.

Fortunately, a body of Sikhs newly raised by Captain Rattray, were then within forty miles of Patna. Mr. Tayler had sent expresses a day or two before to summon these men. They arrived at the early dawn. For the moment, then, Patna was safe. The several residents returned to their homes. . . .

To return to Patna. The report brought by Captain

Rattray of the reception accorded to his Sikh soldiers by the inhabitants of the city and the districts in its vicinity, was not of a nature to allay the apprehensions which his profound acquaintance with the province had excited in the mind of Mr. Tayler. Those soldiers, he was informed, had been constantly reviled on their march towards Patna, taunted with the part they were taking, accused of being renegades to their faith, and asked whether they intended to fight for the infidel or for their religion. When they entered Patna the high priest of the Sikh temple in the city refused to admit them to the sacred shrine, and wherever they were seen they met the most palpable evidences of the hatred and contempt of the population.

Private inquiries which Mr. Tayler instituted at this time soon brought to his mind the conviction that secret mischief was brewing. He learnt, too, that conferences of disaffected men were held at night, though in a manner so secret and so well guarded, that proof of meeting was rendered difficult, the capture of the plotters impossible.

The alarm meanwhile was increasing. The judge of Patna, the opium agent, and some others, left their houses with their families and took refuge in the opium godown. It spread likewise to the districts. Mr. Wake, the magistrate of Arrah, afterwards so distinguished for his gallantry in the defence of that place, wrote to Mr. Tayler on the 11th, informing him that many of the railway *employés* and other Europeans had run away from his district in a panic, and had taken refuge in Dinapore.

Under these trying circumstances Mr. Tayler acted

with vigour, with judgment, and with decision. He stood out prominently amongst his compeers. He hid nothing from his superiors. The details of the crisis through which his division was passing were, therefore, well known in Calcutta. And when post after post brought to the capital accounts of the risings at Benares, at Azimburh, in Central India and in the North-Western Provinces, the question rose naturally and involuntarily to the lips:—"How is it that Patna is quiescent?" Patna was quiescent simply because one man, Mr. William Tayler, the Commissioner of the Division, was a brave and determined man, ready to strike when necessary, and incapable, even under the darkest circumstances, of showing hesitation or fear.

The metal of which his character was formed was soon to be further tested. The disaffection among the Dinapore troops, and in the districts, being daily on the increase, Mr. Tayler directed the removal of the moneys in the treasuries of Chapra and Arrah into Patna, thus bringing the coin under his own eye. He controlled with a firm hand the movements in his six districts of officials, some of whom had actually left their stations under the conviction of an impending attack. Every day the post and messengers brought him intelligence of disaffection on the one side, of apprehension on the other; of plots to murder, of plots to burn, of plots to rise in revolt. He was informed, moreover, that Kúnwar Singh, a powerful landowner, whose estates in the vicinity of Arrah were peopled by a martial tenantry devoted to their chief, was making secret preparations to seize the first opportunity to revolt.

Mr. Tayler did not, at the moment, credit the reports

about Kúnwar Singh individually. He was well aware that to all the disaffected nobles and landowners of the districts only two opportunities, or one of two opportunities, would prove sufficiently tempting. These were, the mutiny of the native regiments at Dinapore, and the rising of the population of Patna. It was clear that a successful mutiny at Dinapore would be instantaneously followed by the rising of Patna; equally so that a successful rising at Patna would precipitate the mutiny of the native troops. Mr. Tayler was, however, confident that if allowed by the Government unfettered action, he could maintain order in Patna so long as the native troops at Dinapore should remain quiescent. Thus, in his view, all, for the moment, depended on the quiet attitude of the sepoys.

So many symptoms, amongst others intercepted correspondence, seeming to show that the native troops were only watching their opportunity, it appeared to Mr. Tayler imperatively necessary that they should be disarmed with as little delay as possible. He endeavoured to impress his views in this respect on Major-General Lloyd. But in this he was unsuccessful. Major-General Lloyd held to the views I have already quoted, and declared repeatedly to Mr. Tayler that he was in direct communication with Lord Canning on the subject, and that he would carry the province through the crisis without resorting to the supreme measure of disarming.

Mr. Tayler's position was rendered a thousand times more difficult by the fact that in addition to a disaffected city under his very eyes, to disaffected districts within ranges varying from thirty to a hundred miles, to dis-

affected landowners controlling large portions of those districts, he had within eight miles of his own door three native regiments, pledged, as their correspondence showed, to mutiny, and only watching their opportunity. It is difficult to realise the enormous responsibility thus thrown upon the shoulders of one man. Other positions in India were dangerous, but this was unique in the opportunities of danger which threatened it, in the number of the lives, in the amount of treasure, in the extent of country, devolving upon one man, almost unaided, to guard. Without a single European soldier, and with only a few Sikhs, at his disposal, Mr. Tayler was responsible for the lives of some hundreds of Europeans scattered over the province, for a treasury in his own city containing more than £300,000, and in the districts of still more, for opium of the value of millions, for his own good name, for the credit and honour of his country. And now all around was surging. Any moment might bring revolt and mutiny to his door.

I have said in my description of Mr. Tayler that he possessed great natural talents which he had cultivated. In the course of his reading he had not been slow to observe that in great crises, when two armies, or two political parties, are sitting armed opposite to each other, each watching its opportunity, success almost invariably inclined to the leader who struck the first blow. The time had now arrived for him to consider whether he was not himself placed in a position in which he would be justified in dealing at the disaffected chiefs a blow which would paralyse their movements—a blow not accompanied by bloodshed, but one strictly of self-defence. The measure he contemplated may, in one

sense, be termed a measure of disarming. He was not strong enough, indeed, to disarm at the moment the inhabitants of Patna by depriving them of their weapons, but he could disarm their counsels of wisdom by apprehending and confining their trusted leaders. It was a bold and daring idea, requiring strength of nerve and resolution to carry through; but the necessities were pressing, the dangers were threatening, a general rising in Patna might be fatal. Mr. Tayler resolved to anticipate those dangers, to render impossible or fruitless that rising, by acting in the manner I have indicated.

Accordingly he struck. Private information had satisfied Mr. Tayler that the chiefs of the disaffected natives were the Wahabee Múlvís. These men were the leaders of the most bigoted Mahomedan party in the world, and as such commanded implicit obedience from the mass of Patna Mahomedans, holding in their hands the strings of the contemplated movement. Prominent amongst these Múlvís were three men, Sháh Mahomed Hussén, Ahmad Ullá, and Waiz-úl-Haqq. To seize these men openly would have provoked the outbreak which Mr. Tayler was careful to avoid. But it was necessary for the public peace that they should be secured. Mr. Tayler, therefore, requested their presence, and the presence of others, to consult on the state of affairs. When the conference was over, he allowed the others to depart, but detained the three men I have named, informing them that in the then existing state of affairs it was necessary that they should remain under supervision. They politely acquiesced, and were conducted to a comfortable house near the Sikh encampment where suitable accommodation had been provided.

The act of Mr. Tayler in arresting, without warning them that he intended to arrest them—in a word by enticing them to his house—men of whose guilt he had evidence amounting, in his mind, to certainty, and who, if left at large, would have so organised the outbreak that it should coincide with the rise of the sepoys—has been compared, in principle, to "the treacherous assassination of Sir William Macnaghten by Sirdar Mahomed Akbar Khan." * It is difficult to apprehend how the writer could have mistaken the striking difference between the two occurrences. Mahomed Akbar and Sir William Macnaghten were representatives of two nations, the one at war with the other: at the conference at which they met, Mahomed Akbar had guaranteed in the most solemn and sacred manner the life of his guest. Yet Mahomed Akbar shot Sir William Macnaghten dead. Mr. Tayler, on the other hand, represented the governing power of the land; the Múlvís were the avowed subjects of that power; they were not Mr. Tayler's guests; they went to his house to hear the voice of the Government they served; and that voice ordered them to remain in honorary confinement so long as the crisis might last. They were subjected to no humiliation: to no disgrace. Simply the power of endangering the lives of others was taken away from them.

This act occurred on the 19th of June. It was followed up by the arrest of Múlví Médhi, the patrolling magistrate of the city, strongly suspected of connivance with the disaffected. The next day, the 20th, the rank and file having been overawed by the seizure of their

* Sir John Kaye, vol. iii. p. 84.

chiefs, Mr. Tayler issued a proclamation calling upon all citizens to deliver up their arms within twenty-four hours, on pain of being proceeded against; and another, forbidding all citizens, those excepted who might be specially exempted, from leaving their homes after nine o'clock at night.

These several measures were to a great extent successful. The disaffected were deprived of their most trusted leaders; several thousand stand of arms were peaceably delivered up; nightly meetings of the conspirators ceased. As a first practical result, the judge, Mr. Farquharson, the opium agent, Mr. Garrett, and others, left their refuge at the opium godown, and returned to their houses. The second was the sudden diminution of the symptoms of disaffection throughout the districts under Mr. Tayler's orders.

But the crisis was not over. Three days later a corporal of the native police, Wáris Ali by name, was arrested at his own station in Tirhoot, under most suspicious circumstances. Upon his person was found a bundle of letters implicating in the rebellious movement one Ali Kárim, an influential Mahomedan gentleman, residing nine miles from Patna.

Mr. Tayler at once despatched the magistrate of Patna, Mr. Lowis, to arrest this gentleman, placing at his disposal a party of Sikh cavalry. But Mr. Lowis, listening to the voice of the native official who was to accompany him, resolved to act without the cavalry. The same friendly voice which had proffered this advice, warned Ali Kárim of the magistrate's approach. When Mr. Lowis came in sight of his intended victim, the latter was mounted on an elephant. Mr. Lowis had at his

disposal a small pony-gig—and his legs. As Ali Karím turned at once into the fields, he was enabled easily to baffle his pursuer, and to escape.

The order which Mr. Tayler's bold measures had thus restored was maintained without interruption till the 3rd of July. The disaffected had been thoroughly cowed. In the interval, however, reports of the massacre at Shahjehanpore, of the fall of Cawnpore, of Futtehpore, and of Furruckabad, came to reanimate their hopes. The attitude of the sepoy regiments continued doubtful.

But on the evening of the 3rd of July the long-threatened Patna rising occurred. Thanks, however, to the energetic measures already taken by Mr. Tayler, it occurred in a form so diluted that a continuation of the same daring and resolute policy sufficed to repress it. It happened in this wise. At the period on the 3rd already indicated, some 200 Mahomedan fanatics, led by one Pir Ali, a bookseller, noted for his enthusiasm for his religion and his hatred of the English, unfurled the green flag, and summoning by beat of drum others to join them rushed, calling upon Allah, towards the Roman Catholic Church, situate in the very heart of the city. On the news of this movement reaching Mr. Tayler, that gentleman directed Captain Rattray, attended by the magistrate, to march down with 150 Sikhs, whilst for the protection of the residents he put into operation the same precautions which had been adopted on the 7th of June, he himself going in person to the houses nearest to his own.

Meanwhile, and before the Sikhs had reached the spot, Dr. Lyall, the assistant to the opium agent, hearing

the uproar, and thinking that his presence might overawe the rioters, had galloped to the scene of action. As he approached the crowd several shots were fired at him. By one of these he was killed.

The sight of a fallen European stimulated the fanaticism of the crowd, and produced on them the effect which the taste of blood arouses in a hungry tiger. They pushed onwards with renewed enthusiasm, their numbers being augmented at every step. In a very few minutes, however, they found themselves face to face with Rattray's 150 Sikhs. Between the opposing parties, far from sympathy, there was the hatred of race, the hatred of religion; on the one side the newly-aroused fanaticism, on the other the longed-for opportunity to repay many a covert insult. It can well be imagined what followed. There was not a moment of parley. The rival parties instantaneously clashed, and, in a few seconds, the discipline and bayonets of the Sikhs suppressed the long-threatened Patna rising.

The next day, and the day following, the city was searched for the ringleaders of the outbreak. Thirty-one were apprehended. Amongst these were Pir Ali, the actual leader, and Shekh Ghasita, the confidential servant of Lutf Ali Khan, the richest banker in the city.

Of the thirty-one men who were apprehended, fourteen were tried and executed without delay. With them likewise was hanged the Wáris Ali referred to in a previous page. Two—the two above named—were remanded for further examination.

Facts seemed to speak strongly against them. It was clearly proved that Pir Ali was a main agent for pro-

moting a crusade against the English: that for months he and the Shekh Ghasita above mentioned had engaged and kept in pay numerous men who should be ready, when called upon, to fight for their religion and the Emperor of Delhi. But these operations had required a large outlay. Pir Ali was poor. His associate, Ghasita, was the hand of the great banker. But though it might have been fairly presumed that the great banker was implicated, no proceedings were, for the moment, taken against him.

The two men, Pir Ali and Ghasita, were tried and hanged. Lutf Ali, arraigned subsequently on the charge of harbouring a mutinous sepoy, and acquitted by the judge on the ground of insufficient evidence, was promptly released, and shortly afterwards was welcomed and honoured as a martyr by the successor of Mr. Tayler!

But the outbreak was suppressed. It had been premature. As Pir Ali admitted, Mr. Tayler's strong measures had forced his hand, and compelled him to strike before he was ready. But for those strong measures the conspiracy would have been silently hatched until the outbreak at Dinapore should have given it the signal for explosion.

* * * * * *

For to Calcutta, immediately after the news of Eyre's great triumph, came, in a distorted and inaccurate shape, the intelligence of Tayler's withdrawal order. The danger was now over; the tears in the council-chamber of Belvedere were dried up; a feverish exaltation followed. It was necessary that some proof should be given that energy had not died out in Bengal. Mr.

Tayler's withdrawal order furnished the opportunity. Forgetting, or choosing not to remember, his transcendant services, the fact that he had never despaired of the safety of his division, that he had baffled the counsels of the mutineers, and had suppressed, unaided, the rising of Patna; that he had been the rock on which every hope in Behar had rested; that he had cheered the despairing, stimulated the wavering, roused to action even the faint heart of the soldier; forgetting, or choosing not to remember, these great achievements, the Government of Bengal, acting in concert with the Government of India, seized upon his withdrawal order to dismiss Mr. Tayler from his post, to consign the saviour of Behar, in the very morning dawn of the triumph which he had prepared, to signal and unmerited disgrace.

The Government of Bengal added insult to injury. Not content with suppressing the fact that Mr. Tayler had coupled with the order for the withdrawal of the officials from Gyah a direction that they should bring with them the treasure under their charge, unless by so doing their personal safety should be endangered, Mr. Halliday did not scruple to charge with being actuated by panic* the man whose manly bearing had been

* Mr. Halliday wrote on the 5th of August: "It appears from a letter just received from Mr. Tayler, that, whilst apparently under the influence of a panic, he has ordered the officials at all the stations in his division to abandon their posts and fall back on Dinapore. . . . . Under these circumstances I have determined at once to remove Mr. Tayler from his appointment of Commissioner of Patna." It was on Mr. Halliday's report that Mr. Tayler was subsequently described by the Governor-General as "showing a great want of calmness and firmness"; as "issuing an order

throughout an example to the whole of India. It would be difficult to produce, in the annals of official persecution, rife as they are with perversions of truth, a statement more gratuitous.

But the fiat had gone forth. Mr. William Tayler was dismissed from his post. His career in the Indian Civil Service was ruined by one stroke of the pen.

And yet this man had accomplished as much as any individual man to save India in her great danger. He had done more than Mr. Halliday, who had recalled him; more than the Government which supported Mr. Halliday. With a courage as true and a resolution as undaunted as that which he showed when dealing with

quite beyond his competency"; as "interfering with the military authorities." Mr. Halliday subsequently "explained" officially, that "panic was apparent on the face of Mr. Tayler's order, and specially from his urgent and reiterated advice, if not order, to Major Eyre, not to advance to the relief which saved Arrah." With respect to this last charge it may be as well to state, once for all, that Mr. Tayler never addressed Major Eyre on the subject of the advance on Arrah. What he did do was simply this. On the evening of the day on which Mr. Tayler learned the defeat of Captain Dunbar and his detachment of upwards of 400 men, he received a letter from Mr. Bax, the magistrate with Major Eyre, informing him that Eyre at the head of 150 men was about to attempt the task in which Dunbar had failed, and asking his opinion. Mr. Tayler thereupon wrote to Mr. Bax, telling him of Dunbar's defeat, and expressing his opinion that it would be prudent if Major Eyre were to drop down in his steamer to Dinapore, take up reinforcements there, and advance then on Arrah. Mr. Tayler did not even send this letter to Mr. Bax. He sent it *open* to Major-General Lloyd, that the General might forward it with such instructions as he might think fit to give. Who will deny that in thus expressing his opinion Mr. Tayler performed only a clear and imperative duty?

the Patna mutineers, Mr. Tayler has struggled since, he is struggling still, for the reversal of the unjust censure which blighted his career. Subsequent events have singularly justified the action which, at the time, was so unpalatable to Mr. Halliday. Mr. Tayler's denunciation of the Wahabee leaders, treated as a fable by his superiors, has been upheld to the full by the discoveries of recent years.* It has been abundantly shown that to his energetic action alone was it due that Patna escaped a terrible disaster. The suppressed words of the withdrawal order have been published to the world, and the charge of panic has been recognised everywhere as untrue.

It is a curious and a very remarkable fact that of the members of the Council of the Governor-General who supported at the time Mr. Halliday's action, two have, in later years, expressed their regret that they acted hastily and on incorrect information. "Time," wrote, in 1868, one of the most prominent amongst them, Mr. Dorin, "time has shown that he (Mr. Halliday) was wrong and that you were right." Another, the then Military Member of Council, General Sir John Low, G.C.B., thus, in 1867, recorded his opinion: "I well remember my having, as a member of Lord Canning's Council, concurred with his Lordship in the censure which he passed upon your conduct . . . but it has since been proved—*incontestably* proved—that the data on which that decision was based were quite incorrect! . . . I sincerely believe that your skilful and vigorous management of the disaffected population of Patna was

* *Vide Indian Mutiny*, vol. i., Appendix A.

of *immense* value to the Government of India, and that in the last few months of your Commissionership, commencing with the arrest of the three Wahabee conspirators, and the disarming of the greater portion of the inhabitants of Patna city, your services were of more vital importance to the public interests than those of many officers, both civil and military, during the whole period of their Indian career, in less critical times, who have been rewarded—and justly rewarded—by honours from the Queen ; while your services, by an extraordinary combination of unlucky circumstances, have hitherto been overlooked.". It is not less remarkable that three ex-Governors and two ex-Lieutenant-Governors of the presidencies and provinces of India have recorded similar opinions, whilst one gentleman, decorated for his distinguished conduct in the province of which Mr. Tayler was the pro-consul, has not hesitated to inform him that until Mr. Tayler should be rewarded for the conduct which saved the province, it would be too painful for him "to wear in your presence the decoration which I have so gratefully received from Her Majesty."

His comrades in India, then, and the public generally, have rendered to Mr. William Tayler the justice which is still denied him by the Government which he served so truly and with such signal success. The ban of official displeasure still blights his declining years. Whilst his rival, decorated by the Crown, has been awarded a seat in the Council of India, he "who was right when that rival was wrong," still remains in the cold shade of official neglect. Although with a pertinacity which is the result of conscious rectitude, Mr. Tayler has pressed upon each succeeding Secretary of

State his claims for redress, that redress has still been, up to the latest date, denied him. It seems to be considered that the lapse of years sanctions a wrong, should that wrong in the interval remain unatoned for. We English not only boast of our justice, but, in the haughtiness of our insular natures, we are apt to reproach the French for the manner in which they treated the great men of their nation who strove unsuccessfully to build up a French empire in India. We taunt them with having sent Lally to the block, and allowed Dupleix to die in misery and in want. But, looking at our treatment of Mr. William Tayler, can we say that, even with the advantages which a century of civilisation has given us, our hands are more clean ? This man saved a province. In saving that province it is possible that he saved with it districts outside his own. Yet is he not, I ask, looking at the treatment he received, is he not entitled to use, if not the very words, yet the sense of the very words employed by Dupleix in 1764 : "I have sacrificed," wrote three months before he died that greatest of Indo-French administrators, "I have sacrificed my youth, my fortune, my life, to enrich my nation in Asia. . . . My services are treated as fables ; my demand is denounced as ridiculous. I am treated as the vilest of mankind." To this day the treatment of Dupleix is a lasting stain on French administration. I most fervently hope, for the credit of my country, that our children and our children's children may not be forced to blush for a similar stain resting on the annals of England ; that the French may never have it in their power to return the reproach which our historians have not been slow to cast at them. In the history of the mutiny there is no story

which appeals more to the admiration than the story of this man guiding, almost unaided, a province through the storm, training his crew and keeping down the foe, whilst yet both hands were at the wheel, and in the end steering his tossed vessel into the harbour of safety. Character, courage, tact, clearness of vision, firmness of brain, were in him alike conspicuous. May it never descend to posterity that in the councils of England services so distinguished were powerless in the presence of intrigue!

III.

Copy of Petition presented to the Prime Minister, by 58 Members of Parliament, April 1879.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, PRIME MINISTER, ETC., ETC.

We, the undersigned, have under our consideration the petition to the House of Commons of Mr. William Tayler, formerly a civil servant in the employment of the East India Company, and we have thought it right to investigate the allegations therein contained. After a careful scrutiny of the evidence he adduces, we find that a public servant who, at the most critical period of the national fortunes, stood forth in the most conspicuous manner as an upholder of British honour, and as a firm defender of our fellow-subjects in India, was by some misapprehension disgraced instead of being rewarded, and driven from a service of which he was an ornament. Mr. William Tayler entered the service of the East India Company in 1829, and after having passed through the usual routine of office with credit

and distinction, was in 1850 appointed to the Judgeship of Arrah, where he obtained high official praise and commendation. He was subsequently, and specially on the ground of his influence with the natives, appointed Commissioner of Patna. This post Mr. Tayler selected in preference to a seat on the bench at the Sudder Court, which was offered to him, but declined, as he thought the Commissionership of Patna would afford him greater scope for public services. Whilst he held this post the mutiny broke out. As Commissioner of Patna, he acted with courage and capacity, as shown by the testimony of Sir John Kaye and Colonel Malleson in their histories of the Indian Mutiny.

Sir John Kaye, after reviewing carefully all the circumstances under which Mr. Tayler was removed from the Commissionership of Patna in August 1857, says: "On the whole, it appears to me on mature consideration that the orders issued by Mr. Tayler (for withdrawing the officials from Gya and Mozufferpore) were not of such a character as to merit the condemnation which the Government passed upon them."—*Sepoy War*, vol. iii. p. 161.

Colonel Malleson in his work on the Indian Mutiny, vol i., says (p. 124):—"In the history of the Indian Mutiny, there is no story which appeals more to the admiration than the story of this man guiding almost unaided a province through the storm, training his crew and keeping down his foe, whilst yet both hands were at the wheel, and in the end steering his tossed vessel into the harbour of safety."

The result to Mr. Tayler was, that instead of the reward which history considers his due he was dismissed

from his post, and afterwards met with treatment which compelled him, from a high sense of honour, to resign the service. The gallant and able men who with him saved the Indian Empire were rewarded, whilst he has languished under the bitter sense of injustice. Time has brought truth to light. Authoritative history records his name among the brightest in that roll of men who so nobly did their duty, but the country has had no opportunity of recognising his merits. We wish, therefore, to urge upon you the desire we naturally feel that the gratitude of the nation for services nobly rendered may be shown to him, although too late to retain those services for public employment. Rewards, which cost the country nothing, have been bestowed by the Crown, at the recommendation of a minister, for services far less valuable than those rendered by Mr. Tayler; and we feel that such a recommendation on his behalf would be highly appreciated by his fellow countrymen, both at home and abroad, and not least by those eminent men who were his contemporaries in India and best know the services he performed, and who feel his disgrace to be a national misfortune, for the reparation of which, in our opinion, no lapse of time ought to be accepted as an impediment.

J. E. Eardley Wilmot.
G. Bowyer.
Purcell O'Gorman.
J. D. Hay.
W. Forsyth.
H. M. Havelock.
H. B. Samuelson.
C. Forster.
J. Cowen.
J. Delahunty.
J. F. Leith.
W. Lawson.
A. Gordon.
E. Hardcastle.
E. J. Gourley.
G. Arbuthnot.

W. S. J. Wheelhouse.
P. Rylands.
J. H. Puleston.
J. I. Lawrence.
J. A. Lush.
M. Henry.
H. J. R. Cotton.
S. Isaac.
M. Beresford.
Major O'Beirne.
J. T. Burt.
J. Cowan.
J. Barran.
D. MacIver.
H. Samuelson.
G. Errington.
G. Balfour.
M. Wilson.
S. S. Marling.
A. Lusk.
J. F. Harrison.
N. G. P. Bousfield.
S. D. Waddy.
J. Walter.
W. M. Torrens.
A. M'Arthur.
J. E. Gorst.
S. S. Lloyd.
T. M'Clure.
E. Ashley.
P. Taylor.
T. N. Hill.
S. Laing.
T. Blake.
W. T. Makins.
J. D. Astley.
Bedford Pim.
W. Egerton.
W. Ingram.
E. Jenkins.
C. B. Denison.
E. Collins.

Copy of Petition presented to the House of Commons and to Sir Stafford Northcote as Leader of the House.

To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament Assembled.

The Humble Memorial of the Undersigned

Sheweth:

That the undersigned, formerly in Civil or Military Service in India, with others deeply interested in Her Majesty's Indian Empire, being fully acquainted with the eminent services of Mr. William Tayler in saving the great province of Patna during the Mutiny of 1857,

and feeling the manner in which those services have been requited to be a national misfortune and reproach, cannot forbear expressing our full agreement with, and approval of, the Petition lately addressed to your Honourable House by Mr. Tayler. We therefore pray your Honourable House will be pleased to consider the extraordinary amount, variety, and weight of the evidence on record as to the great services rendered by Mr. Tayler. This evidence consists of the testimony of all classes of residents in or near Patna at the time of the Mutiny; that of the entire press of India in 1857–58; the recorded opinion of distinguished men holding office at the time, such as General Sir John Low, Sir Arthur Cotton, Sir Vincent Eyre, Sir Herbert Edwardes, and many others; the express acknowledgment of two members of the Supreme Council in Calcutta, Sir John Low and Mr. Dorin, regretting that they had been misinformed as to the facts of the case; the discovery in 1865 of the Wahabee Conspiracy, proving that those whom Mr. Tayler had arrested were dangerous traitors; and the summary of evidence contained in the histories of the Mutiny by Sir John Kaye and Colonel G. B. Malleson.

And we further pray that your Honourable House may see fit to consider the eminent services of Mr. William Tayler, and, after full investigation, record its sense of the merits of his case.

List of Names on the Petitions presented to the House of Commons and Sir Stafford Northcote by Sir Eardley Wilmot, July 1879.*

Duke of Sutherland.
Lord Napier and Ettrick.
General Sir John Low, G.C.B.
General Sir A. Cotton, K.S.I.
Lord Mark Kerr.
Marquis of Tweeddale.
General F. Cotton, C.B.
General Colin Mackenzie, C.B.
G. Field, Esq.
W. Pirie Duff, Esq.
P. G. E. Taylor, Esq., B.C.S.
Colonel Wilson.
W. H. Tyler, Esq., B.C.S.
Major E. Bell.
J. W. Sherer, Esq., C.S.I.
G. F. R. Jervis, Esq.
J. P. Goodridge, Esq.
Major-General J.G.Palmer.
Captain Saumarez.
J. C. Parry, Esq.
P. Pirie Gordon, Esq.
Edward Palmer, Esq.
E. B. Eastwick, Esq., C.B.
Mirza Peer Buksh.
O. W. Malet, Esq., B.C.S.
Dadabhai Naorojie.
Lord Arthur Hill.
Colonel C. O. B. Palmer.
R. Forrest.
G. M. Tagore.
D. H. Small, Esq.
Hormusjee Nusroanjee Vakeel.
J. T. Low, Esq.
J. McLelland, Esq.
H. C. Evans, Esq.
P. Ryan, Esq.
D. Sutherland, Esq.
W. P. Andrew, Esq.
R. H. Elliot, Esq.
Colonel Campbell.
Sir Mordaunt Wells.
C. Macrae, Esq.
Colonel Aikman, V.C.
H. M. Blair, M.C.S.
W. Grant, Esq.
F. G. W. Lincoln, Esq.
A. A. Swinton, B.C.S.
W. Ford, B.C.S.
A. Swinton, Esq., B.C.S.
H. C. Wake, Esq., B.C.S.
Major-General A. Hall.
Dr. Macrae.
A. Calder, Esq.

* N.B.—In the petition presented to the House, some of the signatures, being informal, were not officially reckoned.

J. C. Mandy, Esq.
H. Mutty Loll.
J. R. Williamson, Esq.
J. Combe, Esq., B.C.S.
J. Wilson, Esq.
J. N. Worcester, Esq.
E. Braine.
W. Finke, Esq.
T. Kendryon, Esq.
Colonel Battye.
R. Vicars Boyle, C.S.I.
K. B. Hamilton, C.B.
G. Tod Heatly, Esq.
A. Walter, Esq.
G. Palmer, Esq., B.C.S.
F. Walter, Esq.
Major Fenwick.
Colonel Matthews.
J. Macmurice, Esq.
E. J. Wade, Esq.
C. Dadabhoy, Esq.
F. Skipwith, Esq., B.C.S.
Colonel Knollys.
Major-General Sturrock.
Rev. M. Gibson.
H. Gordon, Esq.
Major Whish.
Captain Tighe.
Dr. Keir.
T. Lynch, Esq.
J. Fenton, Esq.
J. D. Willan, Esq.
H. Whiting, Esq.
J. Harvey, Esq.
Rev. J. Parker.
Dr. Docker.
Major Hill.
Colonel Allan.
Sir H. Lefroy, K.C.M.G.
W. Spink, Esq.
J. Vaughan, Esq.
J. Kennedy, Esq.
J. Harris, Esq.
General Hodgson.
Colonel Sweet.
C. Templer.
Colonel Wood.
Colonel French.
Colonel Hemonery.
Captain Palmer.
Colonel Aitken, V.C.
D. Wilson, Esq.
Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander.
H. Matthews, Esq.
T. L. Wilson, Esq.
Colonel Rattray, C.S.I.
Dr. Nash.
Sir Le-Grand Jacob, K.C.S.I.
Colonel Jopp.
M. D. McKenna, Esq.
C. W. Arathoon, Esq.
J. Routledge, Esq.
Colonel Payne.
General Burn.
Lieutenant-Colonel Hardy.
Sir Vincent Eyre, K.S.I.
Colonel Barnard.
Colonel Martin.
Colonel A. S. O. Donaldson.
Sir Arthur Becher, K.C.B.
Captain Pigott.
Rev. A. Garstin.

M. Caldwell, Esq.
F. W. Chesson, Esq.
Colonel Sladen.
F. A. E. Dalrymple, Esq., B.C.S.
Louth Glen, Esq.
R. C. Jenkins, Esq.
P. W. Tait, Esq.
W. H. Quinton, Esq.
Rev. J. Lockwood.
E. Lockwood, Esq., B.C.S.
H. Lockwood, Esq.
Rev. Canon Cromwell, M.A.
J. S. Stopford, Esq.
Sir Arthur Phayre, K.C.B.
W. Rivers Wilson, K.C.B.
Earl of Home.
A. Dorin, Esq.
A. Astley, Esq.
J. Grey, Esq., B.C.S.
Edward Grey, Esq., B.C.S.
Colonel Malleson, C.S.I.
W. Selby Lowndes, Esq.
Sir H. Green, K.C.S.I.
Major - General G. M. Battye.
Major W. Battye.
Captain C. Battye.
J. Watson, Esq.
Dr. Allen.
G. B. Serocold, Esq.
Colonel Heysham.
Colonel Welsh.
Dr. H. Smith.
Rev. C. Beauclerk.
Captain Burnett.
Major Tedlie.
W. Davis, Esq.
T. Hastings, Esq.
S. G. Palmer, Esq., B.C.S.
Lord Forester.
Colonel Hardy.
Colonel Thurburn.
F. Tucker, Esq., B.C.S.
SirHenryThuillier,K.C.S.I.
R. P. Fulcher, Esq.
Major-General Bury.
General Duke.
Rev. Henry Desmond.

I must apologise for any mistakes that may appear in the names, as they are taken from photographed copies of the signatures.

IV.

Sir Eardley Wilmot who had so generously offered to bring my case before the House of Commons, sent me the following letters, all of which, save two, addressed to myself, were sent to him by the writers.

The testimony thus voluntarily given by individuals,

many of whom were personally interested in all my doings, and intimately acquainted with the facts, is so valuable, that I have thought it right to append them here. They will speak for themselves.

From Colonel MALLESON to Sir J. E. EARDLEY WILMOT, Bart.

27 West Cromwell Road,

DEAR SIR EARDLEY WILMOT, 4th January 1879.

I have been very glad to hear that you have determined to bring the case of Mr. William Tayler, late Commissioner of Patna, before the House of Commons. During the whole period of Mr. Tayler's action I was in Calcutta, a subordinate member of the Government, and in daily communication with the members of the English Society there, official and non-official. The feeling which I entertained then, and which was shared by all my friends and acquaintance both in and out of the service of Government, was, that in a terrible crisis, the issue of which depended, not on days but on hours, Mr. William Tayler had, by his firmness and by his well-considered action, saved Patna and Behar, and with Patna and Behar, Bengal itself, from destruction. To these views, formed on the spot with a perfect knowledge of the facts of the case, I gave publicity at the time in a little work called the *Red Pamphlet*, the statements in which were publicly endorsed in the House of Lords by the late Earl of Derby. I did not then know Mr. Tayler, nor did I make his acquaintance till nine years subsequently. Last year it became again my duty to study all the facts of the case preparatory to writing a history of the Mutiny. I devoted myself to the task without prejudice, and I found that my previously expressed opinions were supported by all the evidence. Those opinions are, that in most trying times and under most difficult circumstances Mr. William Tayler saved Behar and Bengal from pillage and disaster, its European inhabitants from plunder and murder. For this I humbly think he deserves the thanks of his countrymen, and I hope he will receive them.

Yours faithfully,

G. B. MALLESON.

Sir Eardley Wilmot, Bart., G.C.B.

DEAR SIR EARDLEY, Dorking, January 30, 1879.

May I take the liberty of writing to say that I am exceedingly pleased to hear that you are able to take up the case of Mr. Tayler of Patna; a case which I have so long hoped to see brought before England. It is, without exception, the most flagrant case of injustice that I have known during my fifty-six years' connection with India, while it is at the same time the most wonderfully cleared up, leaving not a single point to be disputed.

That such a case should have been so long left unrighted is to me one of the most astonishing things I ever met with. I doubt whether any individual did a greater service during the Mutiny; and his reward was utter ruin. If one thing were wanting to make it stronger, it is the long time that it has been left unacknowledged in the most publick manner that such reparation as the case admits of may be made. It is now impossible fully to repair so great an injustice, but a publick acknowledgment, with honours and a sum of money, cannot be refused, if the public are truly informed of the case. I cannot but congratulate you on your being able to take up so just a cause, and heartily hope you will be entirely successful, that this deep disgrace may be in a measure wiped off.

Believe me, dear Sir Eardley,
Yours truly,
A. COTTON,
Genl. R. E. Madras.

Letter from KER B. HAMILTON, C.B., to Sir E. WILMOT, Bt., M.P.

Broadwater Town, Tunbridge Wells,
DEAR SIR EARDLEY WILMOT, 7th February 1879.

I understand from my friend, Mr. William Tayler, that you have undertaken to bring his case before Parliament. As I, like many others, have watched with great interest and attention, the progress of the controversy which has continued for so many years, I cannot refrain from expressing to you my great satisfaction that he has obtained so influential an advocate as yourself. Mr. Tayler's services at that perilous crisis, have been so invincibly established, and even admitted by those who under misapprehension took at the time an unfavourable view of his proceedings, and those services have been proved to be of such

extreme importance, it is to be hoped that, the true facts being made known to Parliament, redress will at last be granted to him.

Yours truly,
KER B. HAMILTON.

From CHARLES HOWARD, Esq., Late District Superintendent of Police, Patna, to Sir E. WILMOT.

EXTRACT.

SIR,

I understand that you are interesting yourself in the case of Mr. W. Tayler, late Commissioner of Patna, and it will not be considered an intrusion on my part, I hope, if I venture to state for your information what I know of the matter. This I can unhesitatingly assert, that from the time Molvee Ahmed Oolla and other Mahomedans who had been placed under restraint by Mr. Tayler were released from custody, they never ceased to plot against our Government in India. In the year 1864 I was appointed Chief of Police of the City and District of Patna, and the conduct of these men, who were always more or less suspected, was unceasingly watched.

From arrests which were made in the upper provinces, and from information gained by the Punjab Police, we were at last enabled to bring home most fully to Molvee Ahmed Oolla the treason of which he was subsequently convicted, and it would be difficult to say how much treasure was expended, and how many valuable lives sacrificed to our war with his co-religionists on our North-West Frontier, owing to the assistance he had for many years been giving them in men and money. It was most fully proved that although he had been treated with exceptional favour by the Government, as if more particularly to condemn Mr. Taylor's policy, and was actually holding a Government appointment as income-tax collector, he was the head fountain of a wide-spread conspiracy throughout Lower Bengal, whose object was, not the destruction of the English Power—they could hardly, fanatics as they were, have expected that—but to harass in every way the English Government, and to destroy as many Infidels as they could. At length I was in a position to arrest Molvee Ahmed

Oolla, which I did in his own house, and the result of the trial was his sentence to death, which was subsequently commuted to transportation for life. I do not think the wisdom of the step taken by Mr. Tayler, in arresting this man in 1857, could possibly be more fully proved than it was by what subsequently transpired, and it is only fair and right that this should be known. My position was a comparatively humble one, and you will hear of all this from officers of higher authority and greater experience than myself, but my office gave me the opportunity of knowing as well, if not better, than any one, what I have now written about the part of Mr. Tayler's actions which was so strongly condemned, and I commend it to your consideration and that of any others who wish to see justice done to an officer who has been most badly and unfairly dealt with.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

W. Chas. Howard.

Sir J. E. Eardley Wilmot, Bt., M.P.

To Sir John E. Wilmot, from G. Field, Esq., one of the Arrah Garrison.

Highcroft, Milford, Surrey,

Sir, 6th February 1879.

As one of the officials of a district within the Commissionership of Patna when Mr. William Tayler administered that office, and also one of the Arrah Garrison of 1857, I cannot resist the impulse to give expression to the pleasure I feel on hearing that the claims of that officer to a recognition of his eminent services during that most trying period of Indian history, the Indian Mutinies, are at length to be brought before Parliament under your auspices, and the hope that I and so many others so ardently entertain that such an appeal may be successful.

During the whole of that period, from March 1857 to November 1858, I was in a position to judge of the efficacy and effect of his bold and well-timed measures for the conservancy of his charge, and can vouch for the general approbation they elicited from all concerned, official and non-official, and that it was with surprise grief, and indignation that the community of the whole division

heard of the unmerited disgrace and removal of Mr. Tayler by the Local Government, on the plea of his having yielded to panic in calling in the European officials from two of the out-stations, after the disastrous defeat and almost annihilation of the force sent out from Dinapore to the relief of the Arrah Garrison, and which object then became almost hopeless of attainment.

Mr. Tayler's administration of the Patna commissionership was characterised by the boldness of his measures, the firm hand with which he held the whole division together, and repressed the turbulent Mahomedan population of the city of Patna; he was the last man to whom such an imputation as yielding to *panic* could with any justice be applied. His house at Bankipoor was the refuge to which the European inhabitants were invited, and did resort in times of peril; and when Mrs. Tayler, one of those courageous women that the Mutinies so conspicuously brought out, refused to leave Patna when others sought refuge in a military cantonment, gave up her rooms, and ministered to their wants and comforts.

Will you pardon the liberty I take in thus addressing you on such a subject, but I have ever since felt strongly the injustice that has been done to one I esteem so highly as a public servant, and the recognition of whose eminent services would be so generally applauded.

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. FIELD.

From PIERCE TAYLOR, Esq., to W. TAYLER, Esq.

The Grove West,
MY DEAR TAYLER, February 7th, 1879.

Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than to hear that your extraordinary case is at length to be brought to the notice of Parliament. It is to be hoped that under such circumstances nothing will now prevent your obtaining speedy relief from the dreadful up-hill war against injustice, that you have been obliged to wage for nearly twenty-two years, since you *saved Patna*. I need hardly say I have never heard from old Indians of that time anything but praise of your entire conduct on that occasion, a praise which has in fact long since become matter of

history. How it could have been possible for any honest Government to treat you as you were treated by that of Bengal, after you had so grandly done your duty in the most difficult position in which a public officer could well have been placed, I have never been able to understand; I can only say that every honest man who saw and could estimate it, was with you throughout, and has since continued to feel shame and anger at the astounding result. If any officer employed during the mutinies deserved the highest honours that a government could bestow, it was you, and yet *you have not even received an Indian Knighthood*; you have my entire good wishes, which, as those of one of your oldest friends, will, I trust, be grateful to you, if not of actual use.

I remain,

Your ever affectionate friend,

PIERCE E. F. TAYLOR,

Late Civil Sessions Judge of East Burdwan.

From R. VICARS BOYLE, Esq., to Sir E. WILMOT, M.P.

MY DEAR SIR, February 7, 1879.

Having heard that in the approaching session of Parliament you propose bringing forward the long-pending case of Mr. William Tayler, formerly Commissioner of Patna, I hope you will allow me, as an eye-witness of what took place in Patna and the neighbouring province of Shahabad, to state in as few words as I can the view that I took in common with others, civil and military, of Mr. Tayler's policy and gallant conduct as Commissioner during the mutiny of the Bengal army in 1857. It would be needless for me to particularise further than to say it is well known that by far the most critical period in Bengal was during the first few months of the mutiny, when there was but a mere handful of British troops to rely upon, and when day by day and almost hour by hour, some new danger threatened, some fresh calamity occurred. It was during that time when Mr. Tayler held the chief power at Patna, when hesitation meant loss and ruin, it was then by repeated acts of foresight, by his energy and by his firmness, that he inspired confidence in all around him, European and Native alike, suppressed a formidable rising in the city of Patna, neutralised the plots for further disturbances, and, in the opinion

of those in the district best able to judge, he was thus the means of saving the lives of many British subjects and of preserving the authority of the Government.

It seems to me and to others incomprehensible, nay almost incredible, that the high ability displayed by Mr. William Tayler, and the great public services he rendered, have never yet been fully recognised and publicly rewarded by the highest authorities, and I can only hope and trust that your chivalry in undertaking his case may meet with the success it so eminently deserves. While on this subject and speaking to my wife, who experienced the dangers of those times, I feel it would be an omission did I not refer to what can never be forgotten by numbers who shared without limit the hospitality and protection afforded by Mr. and Mrs. Tayler to all refugees, their house forming continuously, day and night, as it were a vast freehold; regardless of inconvenience, labour, or fatigue, Mrs. Tayler, in the most trying season of the whole Indian year, declined to leave Patna with her daughters for a place of safety, denied herself rest and ordinary comforts, so that she might contribute to those of others and to the health of all who needed special care. Mrs. Tayler too, nobly vying with her husband (spite of the anxieties she must have felt), ever maintained a high courage and calmness which sensibly communicated itself to those around her. Feeling so strongly as my wife and I do that Mrs. Tayler's practical sympathy, self-denial and devotion to the general welfare throughout that trying period ought not to be overlooked, I am sure that all who know her would rejoice to hear of a due recognition of what may be called Mrs. Tayler's public services, in the manner they so well merit.

I remain, dear Sir,
Very faithfully yours,
R. Vicars Boyle.

Extracts from letters of Sir Vincent Eyre, K.C.S.I., to Sir Eardley Wilmot.

23, Piazza di Spagna, Rome,
Dear Sir Eardley Wilmot, 14th February 1879.

I am greatly interested to learn that you contemplate bringing soon before Parliament the very hard case of Mr. W. Tayler, the late Commissioner of Patna, who was summarily

removed from that important post during the great Sepoy mutiny, in 1857, under what are now very generally admitted to have been erroneous impressions on the part of the Bengal Government of that day. . . . I most fully endorse all that has been written, both by Sir John Kaye and by Colonel Malleson in their respective historical details of Mr. Tayler's noble and successful efforts to suppress disaffection and maintain tranquillity in his province, under circumstances of unprecedented difficulty, and it came under my own observation that he was universally regarded by those then under his sway and influence as "*the right man in the right place*" at that particular crisis, when it became essential for the public welfare that men in official positions of imminent danger should have the courage to assume responsibilities adequate to the occasion.

Again . . . 22nd February 1879.

I heartily wish success to your chivalrous efforts, for Mr. Tayler has for twenty-two long years borne the burden of unmerited disgrace, like a true hero, supported inwardly by the "*mens conscia recti*," and outwardly by the unanimous verdict of History in his favour.

Every year's delay only adds to the heavy sum-total of his wrongs and of his consequent claims to some adequate compensation, and one may safely predict that an act of retributive grace on the part of Her Majesty's Government would be hailed by all loyal subjects in India, both European and Native, as the best possible illustration of the popular proverb, *Noblesse oblige*.

From Colonel RATTRAY, C.B., to Sir J. E. WILMOT.

EXTRACTS.

. . . I regret I cannot correctly give dates, but in May 1857 I was ordered to Patna, with about 250 men, on the requisition of Mr. Tayler; at this time Patna was commencing to show unmistakeable symptoms of disaffection to the British Government, more especially the Wahabi portion of the population. When the Sikhs marched into Patna, they were received with anything but approbation, the Mahommedans openly reproaching them with having become Christians. . . . No one but those who were working with Mr. Tayler, living in his house as I was, can know the amount of burden thrown upon him, and all that I can say is, not

once did I see a symptom of panic during the whole of the time I was working with him; always courteous, always affable, always cool, and always approachable, he was the picture of what an English gentleman should be when placed in a most critical and dangerous position; and I maintain, through thick and thin, that it is mainly due to him that Patna was saved.

I sincerely trust that Mr. Tayler may yet live to see full justice meted out to him.

F. Rattray, Col.,
Grosvenor Lodge,
Sherborne.

February 16th, 1879.

From Sir G. Le Grand Jacob, to Sir John Eardley Wilmot, C.B., K.S.I.

12, Queensborough Terrace, W.
21st February 1879.

Dear Sir,

I am glad to hear that you are about to call the attention of the House of Commons to Mr. William Tayler's case.

As far as anything yet published affords material for opinion, I cannot understand why grievous wrong done in return for great public services remains unredressed.

Is it possible that Sir Frederick Halliday has never been called on to explain his conduct? Should this have been done, why is the result unknown?

We need not wonder at Mr. Tayler's throwing up his commission, considering the treatment he received, although the step is to be regretted as rendering it more difficult for the Government to afford him redress. Yet when the trials of the Wahabee leaders, years after, brought to light the dangers from which he had rescued the country, and furnished undeniable proofs of the Lieutenant-Governor's mistaken view of these men, it is surprising that nothing should have been done to remedy a great public wrong.

My own conviction is that few men of those who received honours for good service during the terrible years '57-58, so richly deserved them as Mr. Tayler.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
G. L. Jacob.

13, Thurloe Square, S.W.

DEAR TAYLER, 15th May 1880.

I am glad to find that you are making active preparations for bringing your case before the House of Lords; after it became necessary, at the close of the Session of Parliament in 1879, to delay Parliamentary action, in consequence of the publication of Sir Frederick Halliday's minute in reply to your petition and memorial having appeared only a few days before the time appointed for my Resolution being brought forward in the House of Commons, your friends and supporters considered whether it would not be more advisable in your interests to transfer your case to the Upper House for discussion and consideration. There are many reasons which induced us to decide in favour of this course.

1st. The Secretary for India was then in the House of Lords (Lord Cranbrook), and one or two ex-Secretaries were also there.

2nd. There were many Peers, who, we knew, were favourable to your case.

3rd. You had reason to hope that the then Premier, Lord Beaconsfield, was also favourable to it.

4th. Many Peers had signed the memorial in your favour to Sir S. Northcote.

5th. It was considered that the House of Peers, being less likely to be agitated by party feeling than the Lower House of Parliament, would with greater calmness and impartiality consider the circumstances surrounding on every side your recall from the Government of Patna.

6th. It would be much more easy to find a day for the discussion in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons.

All these reasons operated in our minds to consider it desirable that the case should go to the Upper House and there await decision.

Hoping that your merits will be acknowledged and rewarded at length, after so long, painful, and harassing a delay, and with best wishes for your success,

I am, dear Tayler,

Very truly yours,

E. EARDLEY WILMOT.

9, Bina Gardens,
South Kensington, S.W.

My Dear Tayler, 25th May 1880.

I understand that it has been deemed expedient by your numerous friends, headed by Sir Eardley Wilmot, that your appeal for sheer justice (so long and so cruelly delayed), should be made to the House of Lords, rather than to the House of Commons. It is true that in the Lower House unprecedented numbers of well-known members have openly pledged themselves to support in your case, truth against falsehood, honour against dishonour, and public decency against the scandalously indecent treatment that a most meritorious and devoted servant of this country has received in modern times. For indeed the monstrous persecution of Warren Hastings occurred in what may be called a past age, and the shame thereof belongs to the dead actors therein. Dead is a solemn word, and involves reflection as to after consequences of a wilful departure from the eternal rules of truth and justice.

I believe that in the House of Commons every man who loves fair play, and does not grudge the trouble of informing himself of the real merits of your case, would have heartily voted that your wrongs should be redressed, but I cannot conceal from myself that the reasons given by your advisers for the change of the tribunal to which you appeal are well founded. The crush of public business in the Commons will be, considering the short time left for legislation, unprecedentedly great, and although your complaint is, beyond question, one of national importance, it is that of an *individual*, and the most sacred claims of such are too frequently submerged and lost sight of in the vortex and whirlpool of discussions, which affect the many.

Allow me to reiterate what I have often said before (and I cannot be denied the character of a well-informed and impartial judge), viz. that I consider you as the saviour of Patna, and, consequently, the saviour of Bengal. This ought to be the main consideration, and if I am right in affirming, which I emphatically do, that you have rendered so great a national service, that alone entitles you to full reparation for past injuries and insults, and to every reward and honour by which England can, through her Rulers, show her gratitude to a deserving son.

As to the trumpery and utterly false charges brought against you by Sir Frederick Halliday and his fellow conspirators, no man with a head on his shoulders and feelings of a gentleman in his bosom could fail to see them in their true light, provided that he will only peruse carefully your ample and clear vindication of your acts, and consider that your defence consists principally in an enumeration of hard facts, while the accusations against you are made principally by a man whose motives can be easily traced to an overwhelming desire to exculpate himself at your expense, at any sacrifice of truth and honour. . . .

I am, my dear Tayler,
Always sincerely yours,
COLIN MACKENZIE.

And now, I am not without hope that, as the clouds of prejudice and misrepresentation have passed away, and the real truth has been placed in clear and unequivocal light, the high authorities who were misled during the excitement of the crisis, will, on a calm and conscientious reconsideration of the facts, be ready to acknowledge the misapprehension into which they were unwittingly betrayed; and I am encouraged in this hope by the noble sentiments expressed by the Earl of Derby, who, in a letter dated May 16th, 1872, thus wrote to the Hon. G. Talbot, who was Lord Canning's Private Secretary in 1857 :—

DEAR TALBOT,

I have read your letter, and that of Mr. Tayler, enclosed in it, with interest, and I cannot but feel that it is only honourable to Mr. Tayler that, after the lapse of so many years, he should feel so strongly the wish to vindicate his conduct from censures which he considers to have been unjust.

No one can be more deeply convinced than I am of the fallibility of official judgments; they are given at a distance from the spot, in ignorance (generally) of the personal characters and mutua

relations of the parties concerned, on evidence which cannot be tested, by cross-examination, and under that pressure of time which is one of the constant difficulties of official men.

Under these circumstances, if I thought a decision of mine given in past years to be unjust, no feeling of false shame would prevent me from saying so, and I may add that it has seldom occurred to me to give a decision in a doubtful case without a painfully acute sense of the possibility of error or mistake.

(Signed) DERBY.

If this noble principle be only recognised, and ordinary inquiry into the facts be made, it is impossible to doubt the issue; it is impossible to conceive that honourable men, whatever their position, can view with other feelings than those of indignation the strange and unprecedented fact which in my case is now established, viz. that services unanimously pronounced to have been "transcendent" should be rewarded with abuse, heavy fine, public dishonour, degradation from office, and malignant persecution; impossible, also, I venture to hope, that any technical or official plea should interfere with the sacred demands of justice and the public vindication of truth.

But if, as sometimes happens, all these weighty considerations, appealing to the honour of the Government and the sympathy of all Christian men, should be met with the cold and technical plea of "lapse of time," as some have asserted, the correspondence which I here subjoin will, I imagine, at once show that *no* such "lapse" can for a moment be chargeable to me!

EXTRACT from a letter from W. TAYLER to LORD BEACONSFIELD. Dated November 24th, 1879.

Your Lordship has stated that your only difficulty in approaching the case, and the only obstacle in affording me assistance in my

struggle, is the fact that the question has been carefully and fully investigated by three successive Secretaries of State, and cannot be "re-opened." I venture to believe that I have shown your Lordship that the fact is exactly the reverse; that the case *opened* by Sir S. Northcote was partially decided, but two points were specially reserved; that for the investigation of those two points a second memorial was *sanctioned*, *accepted*, and *entered* upon; that during the whole of the Duke of Argyll's incumbency no hint or intimation was given to me of investigation or decision, and that now, for the first time, eleven years afterwards, I am told that His Grace's opinion was "against re-opening the case," the "case" being a matter which was, to all intents and purposes, especially *kept open* for his decision! I cannot believe that so high and exalted a person as the Duke of Argyll could, with his eyes open, have perpetrated such injustice, and still more do I feel that Lord Salisbury, when he again declined to "re-open" what had never been closed, could thus have unjustly condemned me to suffer for the neglect of my judge unless the real circumstances of the case had been kept from his notice, as they must have been from the Duke of Argyll.

In a few words, two supposed errors prevented Sir S. Northcote from recommending me for honours in 1868. In refutation of those two supposed errors, an appeal was, with his sanction, accepted, lodged, and entered upon, and to this day remains unnoticed by the authority whose sacred duty it was to investigate its truth.

I venture to conclude this presumptuous appeal in words with which your Lordship is probably familiar, "In your chivalry alone is our hope."

I have the honour to be, my Lord,
Your Lordship's obedient servant,
(Signed) WILLIAM TAYLER.

Much more correspondence on this subject is in my possession, but my limited space prevents its re-production here.

One extraordinary incident, however, must not be omitted, as it bears directly upon the technical plea of

"lapse," and exhibits a state of things which I may venture to say is unprecedented in a civilised country. It is briefly related in the following extract of a letter to Lord Beaconsfield, Sept. 21st, 1879 :—

. . . I venture now, my Lord, to solicit your serious attention to the correspondence of which I annex copies.

Your Lordship will there see that my memorial, presented with the sanction and encouragement of Sir Stafford Northcote, then Secretary of State, and transferred after acceptance and assurance that the points therein set forth would be carefully investigated by his successor, the Duke of Argyll, in Council, had, in fact, never been investigated at all, *and that the entire document, with a voluminous pamphlet of many pages, and five letters connected with it, are now not to be found in the India Office.*

I was told, however, that on one letter of mine, submitted ten months afterwards to the Secretary of State, the Duke of Argyll wrote what is now called a "Minute" on my letter.

That "Minute," by the kindness of Lord Cranbrook, has been sent to me. It consists of seven words, "My opinion is against re-opening the case." This minute, such as it is, was never, by word or by sign, communicated to me—the suitor who, under the direct authority of the former Secretary of State, had submitted the memorial, solemnly claiming adjudication from Her Majesty's Secretary of State in Council on all the points of difference between myself and Sir F. Halliday, in regard to many matters which had not before been laid before that authority.

Till a few days ago I never knew or had the slightest idea that any notice had been taken, or any "Minute," large or small, been written on the subject. No word, or hint, or indication of any such "Minute" or "opinion" had ever been vouchsafed, and the Duke of Argyll had left office without a sign.

Is such treatment, such contemptuous rejection of an elaborate memorial presented by a high officer, whose services had for twenty years been a subject of almost unvaried laudation and gratitude, to be regarded as "careful investigation," or a "final decision of the case," sufficient to prevent your Lordship's interposition? or is it not in itself calculated to arouse your Lordship's indignation, and call for your interference?

Such are some of the singular incidents which have marked the latter stage of this controversy, and which will, I trust, at length obtain the serious consideration of all those who are responsible for the administration of justice.

In conclusion, I give a Memorandum briefly describing another singular, but far more pleasant, event, and one which I shall ever look back upon as a bright spot in the gloomy atmosphere which for so many years has darkened the area of my chequered existence.

MEMORANDUM.

It has been suggested to me by many friends that the following rather remarkable episode,—closely connected as it is with the struggle which I have carried on for so many years, in the hope of obtaining redress for established wrong,—ought to be placed on record.

When Commissioner of Patna, at the commencement of the mutinies in 1857, I thought it my duty to place under precautionary arrest several leading members of the fanatic sect of Mahomedans now so well known by the name of Wahabees.

After my sudden removal from office by the then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Mr. Frederick Halliday, my successor in the Commissionership, Mr. Samuells, with the concurrence and approval of the Lieutenant-Governor (who published the statement in an official Blue-Book), described these men as "innocent and inoffensive," "mere book-men, against whom there was no cause of suspicion," and, in the same letter, suggested that I had been induced to arrest them *because of their*

loyalty, through the machinations of the men whom I had consulted, viz. *Syud Wilayat Ali Khan*, a wealthy resident of Patna, and *Dewan Mowla Buksh*, a Deputy Magistrate, my official subordinate. These men have since been decorated by Her Majesty, one with the Star of India, the other with the Order of the Indian Empire.

Subsequent events, as is now generally known, have shown the mischievous character and dangerous effect of these recorded opinions. Judicial trial, seven years after the mutinies, exhibited to the world these very men as confirmed and deadly traitors, who had for years carried on intrigues and conspiracies against the British Government, whose names were actually on the Government records as disaffected and dangerous men, at the very time when Mr. Halliday publicly declared their innocence! They were condemned to death, but, by commutation of sentence, they were imprisoned for life in the Andamans, where Molvee Ahmed Oolla, the identical leader of the confederacy, whom I had arrested at Patna, was nominally in confinement, in fact exercising an extensive influence when Lord Mayo paid his fatal visit to the islands and was murdered.

When the news of Lord Mayo's assassination reached England, I felt at once a strong internal conviction that the murder had been conceived and contrived by the Wahabees, the actual assassin being merely a convenient instrument.

I accordingly wrote and put into print a memorandum containing my reasons for this conclusion, copy of which I forwarded to the Secretary of State.

Shortly after this, when Lord Northbrook was appointed Viceroy of India, several leading members of

the Indian Council suggested that he should see and consult me on this subject of Wahabee fanaticism. I accordingly had an interview with his Lordship in London, and held a long conversation with him on the subject. The next day I sent him, at his request, a written memorandum of the suggestions which I took the liberty of recommending with a view to counteract the secret machinations of this sect, and prevent, as far as human precautions could avail, any further such outrage as that which had lately created universal horror. These suggestions proposed the organization throughout Bengal of a secret detective service.

It may here be mentioned that, prior to the assassination of Lord Mayo, one of this "innocent" sect had murdered the Chief Justice of Bengal on the steps of his Court in Calcutta; and, several years before, the Judge of Patna was attacked on his way from Court, and narrowly escaped with his life, after the trial and conviction of the noted leader whom I have already mentioned, Molvee Ahmed Oolla.

Memorandum laid before Lord Northbrook before his departure to India.

Wahabeeism.

This is the subject of the day. It is proved and admitted that there is a secret organization, of which the ramifications extend *throughout India*, and of which the avowed purpose is the undermining of the British power. Terrible proofs of this have been given. The question which concerns the public is the feasibility of applying a remedy.

To this end I would venture to suggest—

1st. That the authority of the Governor-General, on information given against a Wahabee, without reference to the "Habeas Corpus" Act, or any other legal or technical restriction, be so distinctly declared by the Legislature as to exclude the possibility of question or argument in a court of law, as has lately been the case.

2nd. That immediate steps be taken for the careful organization, throughout the Bengal Presidency, of a *Detective Police*, or secret service, under tried and competent officers, with a view to keep the Government acquainted with all that is going on in the principal towns in India, and thus preventing a repetition of that systematic *deception* which has for years past been carried on under the very *noses* of the authorities—a deception which appears to have been effective in casting a sort of glamour over the Bengal Government, and to such an extent that, during our most dangerous crisis in 1857, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal accepted, and endorsed with his official approval, the extraordinary opinion that the *Wahabees* were the "most innocent and inoffensive" of the Mahomedan population, and that, in arresting their leading molvees, I had probably been influenced by others, because of the Wahabee's loyalty!

At present Bengal is (unless *very recent* changes have taken place) entirely without any detective agency, and that in a country where *secret* intrigue is rife, and the authorities are necessarily so far removed from the mass of the population as to be totally unable even to hazard a conjecture as to their wants or feelings!

I really believe if a universal conspiracy of the entire population were to take place, it might be carried to a

very dangerous extent before the Government heard a word about it.

The Bengal Police is totally useless for detective purposes.

With unquestioned power of summary arrest, and a really efficient detective agency, we should be to some extent prepared to meet the dangers of Wahabeeism. There are, of course, difficulties in the case, and great care would be necessary in the selection of agents, both superior and subordinate; but difficulties were made to be overcome.

It appears hardly necessary to suggest, after the awful warning we have received, that when confirmed and influential traitors are imprisoned, imprisonment should be *real*, and not ideal; men convicted of deadly and extensive conspiracy should, so far as jail discipline is concerned, be prevented from a continuance of their mischievous influence by strict uncompromising confinement.

Past neglect in this respect is positively incomprehensible.

With the above precautions, ably and effectively maintained, I should look with some hope, not to the extinction, but at least the partial suppression, of Wahabee antagonism.

(Signed) W. Tayler.

Queen's Gate Terrace,
17th March 1872.

Now, when the intention of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to visit India was publicly announced in England, there was, naturally, a very wide-spread

apprehension that he might possibly fall a victim to Wahabee fanaticism, and as I had myself just heard from what I believed to be good authority, that the murder of Lord Mayo had been actually traced to the Wahabees, who were exulting over the bloody deed, and, as I was well aware of the almost universal alarm which existed, I thought it right to send a copy of my Memorandum to Sir W. Knollys, making no allusion to myself or my controversy with Government, but simply saying that, under the circumstances, the subject might at that moment be considered important.

The result was, that, as I was myself about to visit Bombay on my own affairs, I was requested, in a letter from Mr. F. Knollys, the Prince's Private Secretary, on the suggestion, as he said, of Sir Bartle Frere, to put myself in communication with him in India on the subject of my Memorandum, which, I need hardly say, I had submitted solely with reference to the possible danger of Wahabee fanaticism as connected with His Royal Highness.

Having been prevented by sickness from doing this during the few days His Royal Highness was in Bombay, and believing that I might be of some use in Bengal, and specially at Patna, where the Prince intended to go, I resolved to visit that Presidency.

When I reached Calcutta, I waited on Lord Northbrook, to whom I mentioned what had passed between myself, Sir Francis, and Sir W. Knollys. His Lordship then said, "Well, Mr. Tayler, things are very different here now from what they were in your time; I have established a secret detective service throughout India; and, consequently, have my eye on the Wahabee fanatics,

know where they are, and what they are about; and am, therefore, confident that the precautions which I have taken for the safety of the Prince of Wales will be effective."

Some days after this interview I went to Patna, and there, at my own old station, and in sight of my former residence, where my persecution commenced, and my sufferings were endured, I was separately and specially introduced to the Prince of Wales, by Sir Bartle Frere, in these words:

"This, Your Royal Highness, is Mr. William Tayler, the Commissioner of Patna in 1857."

This introduction, which took place in the Prince's private tent, after the formal and ceremonious presentation of the assembled officials, was made without any request or solicitation on my part; and was doubly gratifying from the warm and gracious reception which I met with from His Royal Highness.

At such a moment, and on such a spot, my long sufferings appeared like an unreal dream; and I almost forgot, in the cordial greeting of Her Majesty's son, that I was the condemned criminal of Mr. Halliday's persistent denunciations, who had causelessly arrested "innocent and inoffensive men," neglected his duty, and was "unworthy of trust"; who had been summarily dismissed from his high office, and whose entire administration amid the throes of rebellion had caused "public scandal and discontent."

To increase the visionary character of the scene, the only other person thus privately presented was "Syud Wilayat Ali Khan," the traitor, who had villainously induced me to arrest the "innocent and inoffensive"

Wahabees, and committed the heinous sin of loyally co-operating with me at the risk of his life!

He also was most graciously received by His Royal Highness, and eulogised for his services in 1857. He has since been decorated with the new order of the Indian Empire.

To epitomise the above in a few words :—

1. In 1857 I warned the Government of the dangerous character of the Wahabee fanatics; a warning which was, by the Lieut.-Governor, Mr. Halliday, contemptuously ignored.
2. In the same year I took timely action against the Wahabee Molvees at Patna, paralysing the entire sect by placing their leaders under precautionary arrest; while the Lieutenant-Governor publicly endorsed the declaration that they were "innocent and inoffensive men."
3. After my removal from office I continued my warnings in the daily journals; which, if attended to, might have prevented the murders of Chief Justice Norman and Lord Mayo.
4. After Lord Mayo's assassination I gave Lord Northbrook, on his appointment as Viceroy, a memorandum of the measures which I believed calculated to prevent such outrages in future; measures which Lord Northbrook carried out immediately he reached India.
5. And it was these measures, thus adopted, which Lord Northbrook himself informed me in Calcutta enabled him to feel confident of the safety of the Prince of Wales!

These are the facts to which I have alluded: I put them forth with no obtrusive purpose, nor as in any way entitling me to reward or recompense; but as actual incidents, forming a link in the long chain of strange events which have occurred during the last twenty years.

What I have been permitted to do in this matter was simply my duty; but as my judgment and action in regard to the dangers of Wahabee fanaticism were condemned by the Bengal Government in 1857, and subsequently formed the basis of defamation and slander against me, I confess it is some gratification to find that my views have since been utilised by the highest authorities, and, specially, that the precautionary measures which I recommended to the Viceroy tended, however slightly, to ensure the safety of the Prince of Wales during his late tour in India.

At the same time, so mysterious has been the principle adopted by the Bengal Government in my disparagement, that I should not be surprised if the proceedings which I have ventured to detail, were added to the catalogue of crimes and misdemeanours with which I have been so unsparingly charged.

WILLIAM TAYLER.

August 1878.

V.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

Athenæum, July 20th, 1878.

For Mr. Tayler, however, it would appear that there is no redress, though history has in an unmistakeable manner proved that he was deserving of the highest rewards in the gifts of the Crown.

Observer, 1878.

. . . The case of Mr. Tayler, Commissioner of Patna, through whose vigilance, firmness, bravery, and decision order was maintained in what was then the most disaffected city under British rule in India.

The Times, August 20th, 1878.

All the facts of the case, all the value of Mr. Tayler's services, have been laid before successive Secretaries of India, yet Mr. Tayler still remains without redress, without the honour which he so richly earned, without the award for his persecution being granted. Mr. Halliday is Sir F. Halliday and member of the Secretary for India's Council, but Mr. Tayler is plain persecuted Mr. Tayler still.

Morning Post, October 12th, 1878.

No man can read Colonel Malleson's defence of Mr. Tayler without coming to the conclusion that he is a much-injured man, and earnestly participating in the hope that his valuable services may even at the eleventh hour receive adequate recognition and reward.

Civil Service Gazette, 1878.

Mr. Tayler says he "stands here for justice"—and it is a very serious question how justice can be done to so deeply-wronged a man.

Daily News, November 8th, 1878.

Mr. Tayler rendered eminent services during the Mutiny—instead of being rewarded he was disgraced and ruined.

Court Circular, November 30th, 1879.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Tayler's case demands the strictest inquiry, and there is no possibility of doubting the enormous mass of evidence here set forth.

Spectator, December 28th, 1878.

Is it not about time that justice should be done?

Bombay Gazette, May 30th, 1879.

Mr. William Tayler, the man who saved, not only his own district and the many valuable lives, but also the whole of Bengal proper during the Mutiny.

Daily Telegraph, April 15th, 1879.

Injustice such as this can never be repaired: nothing can restore to the country the services it has lost, or to him who rendered these services the twenty-two years he has spent in undeserved degradation.

No doubt, history and the verdict of good men have effaced the stigma, but that is not enough; honour, equity, and justice demand that such reparation as may be possible should be as public and official as Mr. Halliday's order, which, on the 5th of August 1857, removed Mr. William Tayler from his appointment as Commissioner of Patna.

The World, August 9th, 1879.

One principle (on which redress is required) is that if a decision has been postponed for a certain number of years, it would be "re-opening a case" to pronounce it.

The other is still more curious; namely, that if A has been unjust to B, but gets decorated, B, when the injustice is found out, must be overlooked, because a distinction conferred on him would make A look like a fool. But why should not A look like a fool?

The Indian Statesman, February 20th, 1879.

Mr. Tayler suffered for his vigour, candour, and efficiency; Mr. Halliday, who was made "Sir Frederick" for his wretched subserviency, was the main actor in this affair, for poor Lord Canning knew nothing more than people about him chose to tell.

The Nation, March 7th, 1879.

By misrepresentations, groundless and scandalous inuendos, and divers other unworthy devices Mr. Halliday contrived to secure his (Mr. Tayler's) expulsion.

Dumfries and Galloway Courier, June 29th, 1879.

At this critical moment it has transpired that Mr. Tayler's memorial to the Duke of Argyll, and the various documents attached to it, have disappeared from the India Office!

The Examiner, July 5th, 1879.

Events have conclusively proved that Mr. Tayler was in every respect right, and Mr. Halliday in every respect wrong.

Examiner, July 12th, 1879.

One very great element in the question is Sir Frederick Halliday's veracity. . . . Curiously enough, in 1854 there appeared in the *Calcutta Englishman* a correspondence between a Mr. F. Halliday and a Mr. F. Courtney, Private Secretary to the Governor-General of India. The upshot of this correspondence is that Mr. Courtney accused Mr. Halliday of falsehood and underhand dealing. Is this Mr. Halliday the Sir Frederick Halliday afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and now a member of the Council of India?

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